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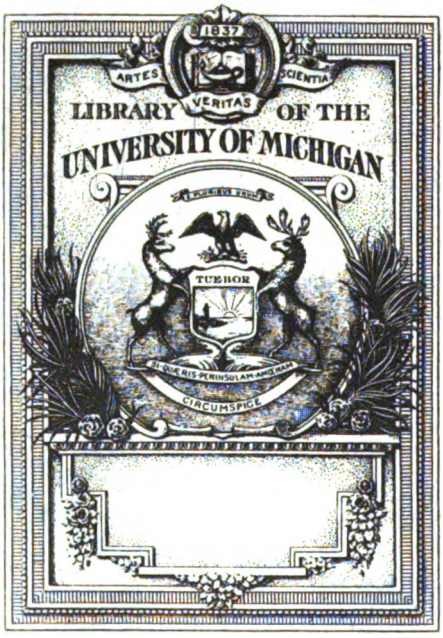

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THE

MYSTIC STAR:

A Monthly Magazine

DEVOTED TO

FREEMASONRY AND ITS LITERATURE.

JAMES BILLINGS, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF;

SOL. D. BAYLESS, P.G.M., AND S. ASHTON, ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

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Mrs. Geo. Campbell
2-26-1926

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VIII. A.L. 5868—JANUARY—A.D. 1868. No. 1.

REV. NATHANIEL STACY.

THE following letter is from our valued and much esteemed friend and brother—one of the patriarchs in the Masonic Fraternity. It has been given to few men, to date their introduction into the Masonic Temple sixty-three years in the past. What great changes have taken place during this period! What momentous events our venerable companion and Sir Knight has witnessed. Nearly all the modern improvements of our day have been invented since he knocked at the door of Masonry, and was admitted into her sublime mysteries, and his mind began to study her noble principles.

We have known Father Stacy for more than a quarter of a century, and our regard and affection increases with years. If of a truth it can be said of any one, it can of him:

"None know him but to love him,
None name him but to praise."

He has stood firm as the granite hills in his integrity to the Masonic Order. He passed through the Anti-Masonic raid made upon Masonry by the treacherous, unscrupulous, and unprincipled, and came out pure, like gold tried in the furnace.

He has been a faithful soldier in the cause; and just as true to right and every thing noble as the needle to the pole. His change is near at hand, and he is patiently waiting to hear the sound of the gavel from the Supreme Master. He has nearly finished his earthly labors, and is only staying a few more setting suns, ready to take his earthly demit, at the low twelve of this life.

We have many readers, who will be more than pleased, as we have been, to read this communication. We desire that every Mason would cherish his virtues, and live as strictly up to the principles of the Institution; and in the evening of life go down to the tomb with as bright an assurance of immortality. The memory of his deeds of love, mercy, and goodness will remain green and fresh in the minds of all who have known him. But few men upon this earth have lived nearer to the principles of right. In

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all of our acquaintance, we have never found one who exhibited more of the golden rule than our venerable craftsman. It seems that he has been living in that Grand Lodge above all through life, in the immediate presence of the Great Architect of the universe.

"COLUMBUS, PA., *Oct.* 24, 1867.

"MY DEAR BROTHER BILLINGS,—Your kind letter came while we were absent in the State of New York. And now I have taken my pen to try to answer it, at least, so far as to thank you for it. But I have serious doubts of being able to write so you can read it. Why, Brother Billings, you can not appreciate the weight and the infirmities of age that I am under. For eighty years I enjoyed hearing and retained my sight, so as to be able to hear preaching and see to write. But when you add nine years to that, you find me so deaf that I can not, with the aid of an ear-horn, hear a word that is said from the desk, nor in the congregation. Neither can I see plain enough to distinguish the ruling on my paper, or the letters I try to make; and can not walk without a staff, nor steadily with one.

"Still we live, and have lived together almost sixty-two years. Mrs. Stacy and myself enjoy such health as to be able to ride about, and spent three months among friends in New York last summer. I was very glad to hear from you and yours, and of your prosperity, and thank you for mentioning so many of our friends. Although I have lost nearly all my physical faculties, and most of my intellectual, I have not lost my cherished love for friends; I have not lost my faith nor hope; they strengthen and brighten as I approach my final goal. Though I have not heard a sermon for several years; and it is with the utmost difficulty I can read one. So you see I am totally unfit for any business; and Mrs. Stacy and I are waiting with patience, faith, and hope, till our '*change comes.*'

"I will try to answer your interrogatories relative to my Masonic history. I was initiated in Mount Zion Lodge, in Hartwick, Worcester county, Mass., in the fall of 1804; passed and raised in Hamilton Lodge, Madison county, N. Y., in 1805, and received the Mark Master's degree, holden under dispensation, in connection with Hamilton Lodge, in 1807. And in the summer of 1816 I spent two months on the seashore, and while there, I received, in Newport, R. I., the Past Master's and the M.E.M. degrees, and was exalted to the R.A.; and, in Aug., 1825, I was made a Sir Knight, in Danby, Tompkins county, N. Y.

"I passed through the fire of Anti-Masonry, and, like *Shadrach, Meshach,* and *Abednego,* came out without the smell of fire on my garments. In the fall of 1830 I moved to Columbus, Warren county, Pennsylvania.

"After the *whirlwind,* the *earthquake,* and the *fire* had passed away, there came a *still, small voice;* and a few of us, old Masons, who had maintained our integrity to the Great I AM, and lived as true watchmen of the Masonic altar, heard it, and obeyed. And, after a few meetings for consultation, we petitioned the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania for a charter, and obtained one. It bears date March, A.D. 1852, A.L. 5852, and I was named as the

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Master, and presided in the East, by being re-elected, until two of the senses most important to masons—seeing and hearing—became so much impaired that I could work no longer.

"Our Lodge found good materials, and we did a good work. We made many Masons, and some from the ranks of the Anti-Masons, after repenting, and giving us good evidence of their sincerity.

"Columbus Lodge, No. 264, is now in good repute and flourishing. It has now fifty-nine members, besides being the parent of two or more neighboring lodges. It owns a splendid hall, and a R. A. Chapter works in the same. A numerous lodge of Good Templars hold their sessions in the same hall, and have honored me with its name (The Stacy Lodge of Good Templars).

"There, Brother Billings, I have given you all the information I am able to. I do not go to the Lodge now. It meets in the third story of a high building, which I have not strength enough to reach; and if I could, I am unable to see the faces of the brethren across the room, nor hear a word that would be said.

"Mrs. Stacy and myself have substantially finished our work in the flesh, and are now happily waiting the hour of our deliverance. She joins me in cordial love to you and yours, and respects to all friends in your circle, we send kind greeting.

"The Lord bless, keep, and prosper you. Fraternally yours,

"N. STACY."

The following extracts are taken from his MEMOIRS, written by himself, published in 1850:

"Every body knows what havoc the anti-Masonic excitement made of churches, societies, and associations, and of religious bodies of every description, and of every denomination, through the length and breadth of the State of New York, and even much farther—in almost every State in the Union. And what scenes of discord it produced through all ranks of society, from the highest to the lowest. Political aspirants, demagogues, and partisans, laid hold of it to accomplish their disorganizing purposes—religious hypocrites who had joined the Masonic Fraternity to clothe themselves with a respectability that they were unworthy of, and to gain an influence which their moral character, together with their religious profession, without it could never acquire, and never deserved—took advantage of it, by renouncing Masonry, whose principles they never understood nor appreciated, to hoist themselves into popular favor, and fan the flame of discord to gratify their unhallowed ambition, and viler passions; and by these means, the most bitter and malignant spirit that ever characterized the most violent political factions, found its way into the church. 'Fire-brands, arrows, and death,' were hurled with relentless fury, until the peaceable kingdom of the Redeemer almost became an Aceldama.

"Before I ever came into the State, [N. Y.,] I united with the fraternity; and I here feel under a solemn obligation to state, that during all the trials, the obloquy and the persecutions I experienced on that account, I never, for a moment, regretted the step I had taken. But this hydra-headed monster,

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'Whose tongue outvenoms all the worms of Nile
Whose breath rides on the posting winds and doth
Belie all corners of the world.'

found its way into our ranks, sundering the cords of fraternal affection, which had proved invulnerable to the attack of every other enemy, and shook many societies to their centre, if it did not entirely prostrate them."

HIS DEFENCE OF MASONRY.

At a meeting of his church, preparatory to the communion, one of the members who demanded that our venerable brother should renounce Masonry, accompanied his remarks with many serious reflections upon the Masonic Fraternity, such as were heaped upon every Mason during this anti-Masonic period.

With firmness, and with christian fidelity, he arose and spoke with ardor and with eloquence almost bordering upon inspiration, in defence of the ancient and honorable institution as follows:

"Brethren and sisters, I rise not to attempt a vindication of Free Masonry against the charges which have been brought against it. I am extremely sorry to be under the necessity of saying one word on the subject. I had seriously hoped that *Universalists*, at least, would have the liberality to let people settle matters which solely belong to their own consciences without interfering—matters *exclusively* between their own consciences and their God. But I have risen to ask you, what you want of me. You know me as well as it is possible for you to *know a man*. Twenty-five years I have had the pleasure of preaching to you, and twenty-two years I have lived in your midst; so that you are under no necessity of inquiring of any man concerning me, for you yourselves know all about me that can be known by man. You are acquainted with my private character as well as my public fame, with my daily walk and conversation as well as my public labors; and, if I am guilty of any crime, of any immorality, or misdemeanor, *you know it*—you need no other evidence than your own personal knowledge, for you know all about me that *mortals can know*. And you know that I was a Freemason before you ever saw me—before I ever came into this country. If Masonry, therefore, has led me into bad company, if it has imbued my soul with bad principles, with a malicious, vindictive spirit, and led me into the commission of crime, it can not be hidden from you. I have never said any thing to any of you on the subject of Masonry, as I can recollect, unless by your request; and then I have fully and cheerfully explained to you its principles, without reserve. I have never said it was Christianity, nor equal to Christianity; but I have said, and I now say again, that there is nothing in Masonry, either in its principles or in its formulas, incompatible with the purest religion, or that should prevent the most devotional and fervent Christian from uniting with the order—that it enjoined the same rules of moral life—that the great *square*, by which it requires its votaries to try all their actions, was the golden rule of our Saviour: "All things, whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." I as much disapprove of,

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and condemn, the conduct of those concerned in the abduction of William Morgan, as any of you *can;* and I know no more about it than you do; nor have I any other means of knowing about it than you have; and I would use all the means in my power, as readily as any of you, to bring the perpetrators of that crime to justice. But one thing I do know that you do not, and that is, that the act was a total violation of the principles of Masonry, and must have been committed by men, though nominal Masons, who were criminally ignorant of its moral principles, and were influenced by a blind and perverse fanaticism, or, perhaps, by selfish and more criminal motives. *

"'But, I ask again, what you now want of me? Do you want that I should tell you, that for twenty-five years, while I have been advocating religion in your presence, and professing to be a warm admirer of the civil institutions of our beloved country, and an ardent supporter of good government, that I have all this time, been a base hypocrite? and been combined with a set of vile knaves and rascals for the overthrow of both, as Brother H. says I have? Or do you wish me now, for the sake of gratifying some splenetic mind, to become a hypocrite? Do you wish me to say that Masonry is a vile institution, when I know better? Now if you want either of these, my brethren and sisters, you *can not* have them. Thus far I have been an honest man; and, by the help of God, I'll die an honest man. I hold myself responsible to you for my conduct, and not only to you, but to the world—to the least child that walks on God's footstool. Point out to me a crime—a wrong that I have committed against any living being, that is tangible, that can be investigated, and I will crawl on my hands and knees, if I can not walk on my feet, until I make reparation. If you can not sit under my ministry, tell me so, and I will use my best endeavors to procure you a preacher who can edify you; or if you will hear me preach, but can not receive the elements of communion at my hands, tell me whom you would choose to break the bread for you, and I will exchange with him if within my power. All these things I will freely and cheerfully do for you; but do not ask me to renounce Masonry, for I WILL NOT DO IT. And I now say, for once and for all, *you have no business with it—you have no right to complain of me about, nor be grieved with it*—it is a matter exclusively between my own conscience and my God; and *I feel no accountability to you on the subject.* I will enter into no compact with you about it, nor agree not to sit in a lodge. I will do so if I please, and as often as I please, without asking your liberty. I will have my liberty in this respect; and while I cheerfully accord to you equal liberty, I beg of you never again to let this subject be brought into the church.'"

* During the Anti-Masonic excitement, many of the Masons honestly believed and admitted that Morgan was disposed of by a few members of the Fraternity, and like Mr. Stacy condemned the act. But the well informed in history since, do not believe that the Masons had any thing to do with him. That the political Anti-Masons and seceders managed the whole drama.—ED.

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[Original.]

GRAND LODGE OF ILLINOIS.

I HAVE long thought of writing an article for your STAR concerning the method of doing business in the Grand Lodge of the State of Illinois, but have not found opportunity until now. I understand that it has been the practice for years, and I know it was done in that way at the recent session, to submit all the work of consequence to committees, some of it before the commencement of the session. Elaborate reports were made on most important subjects, and unread, were passed to the hands of the Grand Secretary, to be printed in the minutes of proceedings, as having been adopted by the Grand Body. Some were allowed a reading, but in the most hurried manner, and the members were but little wiser in regard to their contents, than they would have been had they not been read at all.

So far as the discussion of reports or measures were concerned, there might as well have been a standing rule that no question should be discussed, for that is the practical effect of the method adopted. The results of such a state of things are only evil. They can not be otherwise. While we impugn no man's motives for introducing this method of doing the business of the Grand Lodge, we can not avoid condemning it.

One result is, that the business is principally done by a score or less of the members, while the others are admitted only as spectators, and practically have no voice in matters in which they and their Lodges are deeply interested. And this follows from year to year. The same members are appointed on committees, and, of course, the same members shape the business that did that work in previous years. An oligarchy is thus established in a body where all ought to "meet upon the level." The legislative power is concentrated in the few, and the many are practically ignored. It was a common remark at the last session, among new members, that the real Grand Body comprised those upon the stage, those in the parquette were spectators.

Under these circumstances, the interest of members in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge flags. Why should it not? When a member feels that he is ignored in making up the awards and decisions of the body of which he is a member, he will soon conclude that he has not much business in it. When the platform does the business there is little interest for the dress circle, except the play be very exciting.

But the method of doing business is very objectionable on another account. Matters are hurried into the hands of a committee, a report thereon made and adopted without reading, and ordered to be printed in the minutes. It would be very strange, indeed, if such reports reflected the will of a majority in every instance. It would be a miracle if they should. In that way any committee can get through almost any measure, with the pretended sanction of the Grand Lodge, and have it go to the world as the action of the Grand Body. Whether cases have occurred where the will of the majority has been thwarted in that manner, we do not pretend to

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say. It should be sufficient reason for condemning and discontinuing the practice, that it presents a favorable opportunity to do so.

The practice is objectionable on another account. No members but those in the secret, have any knowledge as to what has been done in Grand Lodge, until they get the printed minutes of proceedings. As this latter business does not happen to take place for some time after the close of the session, Lodges labor under great disadvantages in this regard. Were the reports read, laid on the table, or printed so they could be examined, and then time given for their discussion, this objection would be obviated, and the work be done understandingly.

The excuse for this method, and the only one which we have heard, is the lack of time. Then we say emphatically, *take more time.* The work of the Grand Lodge, if worth doing at all, is worth doing well, and it is impossible to do it well in the time allotted by those who manage it. With a constituency of 2,500, with Lodges numbering over five hundred, and a thousand members present at a session, no sensible man will contend that all the business that will come before the Grand Lodge can be well disposed of in sessions covering about twelve hours. And that is about what is now allowed.

The objection to longer sessions, we understand to be founded on the increased expense. This is a serious objection, but it is not an insurmountable one. By well-digested legislation the printing bill would be materially lessened. The amount of printing done would be less, and the salaries of officers could be materially decreased. We do not propose to go into a detailed statement of the manner by which the expenses could be kept within their present limits, with double the length of session now allowed, but we are confident that with just and liberal salaries to officers, and economy in the printing department, a session of the Grand Lodge of four days can be held, and the expenses not increased, but rather diminished.

PEORIA, *Jan.* 1868. W. R.

THE CHAPTER AND ITS LABORS.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

In those early traditions derived from the East,
It is stated that ever, from the wisest and best,
Was always selected to preside in the chair,
He who could rule, with Plumb, Level, and Square.

So once on a time an emergency came,
For which it appeared there was no one to blame;
The chair was vacated, and one must be found
To fill up the vacancy; so the ballot went round.

The lot had then fallen on one young and bold,
Who was placed in the chair like Masters of old;
Pledged in due form, as a good man and true,
The welfare of Masonry, to keep still in view.

Thus all in due form, and bound by a token
Stronger than a cord which can not be broken:
The emblems of office are placed in his care,
And wisely instructed how to rule in the chair.

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But a man may seek honor, distinction and fame,
Who lack the requirements to carry the same;
And when placed in position, and expected to rule,
Is the butt of observers, and the veriest fool.

Thus so in a case which we now have in view,
The novice in office, knew not what to do;
Innovations attempted, and laws set aside,
And decisions declared, which none would abide.

Confusion and turmoil, and chaos prevailed,
The chair and its honor, were not well sustained;
One older and wiser, more skilled in the art,
Took the chair from the novice, more light to impart.

'Tis then that our rights were all duly explained,
In such wise, that the landmarks be ever retained;
And Masters be qualified to act their part well,
As none but true Past Masters ever can tell.

HAIL "MYSTIC STAR."

BY T. F. GREEN.

Hail! MYSTIC STAR, may thy bright cheering ray,
Beam brighter and brighter on New Year's day.
Until all those who look to the East for the light
Shall greet thee with welcome, be cheered by thy sight.

Hail! MYSTIC STAR, in the days that are past,
When shrouded in darkness, with grief overcast,
Our hearts filled with sorrow, with anguish and gloom;
We welcomed thy coming, foretelling the noon.

Shine on us still—our guide 'long the way,
That leads us on safely to unending day.
Be thou our own, our bright polar star,
Shining for all, both near and afar.

Hail! bright MYSTIC STAR, thy work is to bless,
Ours to wish thee increasing success,
A "Happy New Year," to thee and to all,
On whom the bright beams of effulgence shall fall.

Increasing success. May thy columns run o'er
With the best (as of old) of mystical lore,
May thy light still increasing, continue to shine,
Till many glad "New Year's" have blest thee and thine.

Malden, Jan., 1868.

JURISPRUDENCE OF OHIO.

THE W. Master of a Lodge is amenable only to the Grand Lodge or the Grand Master for his Masonic conduct, and no appeal lies to the Lodge from his decision.

In the absence of the W. Master the Senior Warden succeeds to the chair, filling the station vacated by himself by appointment. In the absence of the W. M. and S. W., the J. W. shall preside. Or either may, in his discretion, call a competent Past Master to the chair, the Warden or Wardens retaining their stations. In the absence of the W. M. and both Wardens, no Lodge can be formed.

Should the W. M. elect decline to be installed, the Wardens in succession being installed, shall succeed to the duties of the chair, and fill all vacancies. In case the W. M. and Wardens elect decline installation, the W. M. and Wardens last installed shall continue in the discharge of their respective duties until their successors are elected and installed,

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which election may be held by a dispensation from the Grand Master, as hereinafter provided.

Neither the W. M. or Wardens of a Lodge can resign during their term of office; nor can a brother elected to an office in a Lodge decline to be installed, unless he has served in the same station the year preceding.

A Past Master is one who has been regularly elected and installed to preside over a Lodge of Master Masons.

The officers of a Lodge shall not be petitioners for a new Lodge during their continuance in office.

No religious test shall ever be required of any applicant for the benefits of Masonry, other than a steadfast belief in the existence and perfection of Deity; and no Lodge under this jurisdiction shall receive any candidate without the acknowledgment of such belief.

No Lodge shall initiate into the mysteries of the craft any person, whomsoever, without first being satisfied by a test, or otherwise, that the candidate has not made application to some other Lodge and been rejected; and if it shall appear that he has been rejected, then the Lodge shall not initiate such person without the unanimous consent of the rejecting Lodge.

The degrees of Fellow Craft and Master Mason shall be conferred only by the Lodge initiating, unless by consent of such Lodge.

No Lodge under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, shall confer the first section of the E. A. degree, or the first section of the F. C. degree, or the first and second sections of the M. M. degree, upon more than one candidate at the same time.

THE PRIMITIVE RITE OF MEMPHIS.

THE Primitive Rite of Memphis is gaining quite a strong foothold in our country, and it is creating some alarm from many quarters. We say let it, like every other Order of Masonry, stand upon its own foundation. We entertain no fears whatever of its being an enemy to any order founded upon eternal truth and right. Our worthy correspondent seems to view the object of this Rite from a different stand-point from us. As we have said heretofore, the columns of the STAR are open to Masons to express their respective ideas upon all subjects connected with Masonry, in a brotherly manner. We are willing that the *pro* and *con* be written and published.—[ED.]

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—In the August number of the STAR, Bro. Rounseville enquires if your columns are open to articles on the Rite of Memphis. You answer "Most assuredly—we want every thing connected with Masonry calculated to do good. And further, as far as you can judge, the Rite of Memphis presents the most consistent chain of facts." Your correspondent, C. C. P., also extols the Rite very highly, and says its greatest eulogy will be the examples of its membership throughout the world. Which world does C. C. P. mean? The Rite of Memphis has had its day in the old world, and has been banished from every nation in Europe. When I took the degrees and the Royal Arch, R. S. M. and T.M., K. of J. R.C., K. of St. John and Malta, most of which I have

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had for forty years, I supposed I had all that Masonry could give me, and was satisfied with its teachings. Now is presented to me the theology and cosmogonies of the Chaldeans, Persians, Chinese, by Confucius; of Egypt, by Hermes; of Greece, by Orpheus; of Persia, by Dyemschid; of India, by Bhudda Thaueasam, the founder of the Bhugavat; Ghita; 3,100 years before the Christian Era. In the Memphis Rite we would say to the young Mason, *Beware!* The Memphis Rite has more connection, we believe, with the worship of the twelve celestial *Gods*, than with Craft Masonry, which breathes peace and charity the most simple and sublime which has ever been taught to man. We do not consider the Memphis Rite a school of science and philosophy, which can be attained by all who are disposed to study. But Masonry is more grand, more sublime, than any form of ancient mysteries. Masonry, some day, will embrace the whole race of man, uniting them by love, science and labor, and it should be the object of every brother to solemnly engage his efforts and influence. Your correspondent, C. C. P., tells the young M. M. that three avenues of advancement are open to him. *Dangerous doctrine!* The right path is the R. A. Capelery Masonry, and to which the Rite of Memphis will be found a mortal enemy. Few, very few, will ever take the R. A., R. and S. or K. T. degrees, after taking the ninety-five degrees of the Memphis Rite. He will disappear, and be lost to the lower degrees of Masonry, and become lost and confounded with the theology, worship and mysteries of the ancient eastern world. Becoming disappointed, the end will not be better than the beginning. If, after a brother has taken the R. A. and K. T. degrees, he wishes the Memphis Rite, so be it. But it is not right to give them to newly made M. M.

C. L. M.

JANESVILLE, *Jan.* 1868.

MASONIC ETIQUETTE.

EDITORS MYSTIC STAR:—Some two weeks since, on my way to the Oil Regions, I was obliged to lay over at Meadville, Pa. Arriving there at 7 P. M. I enquired of the gentlemanly clerk of the hotel if there was a Masonic Lodge in the place. He informed me that there was; also, that there was a meeting that night. He being a brother, invited me to go to the Lodge with him. When we arrived at the hall they had just opened. I sent in my name as W. Master of the Saginaw Valley Lodge, No. 154, Saginaw City, Mich. I waited full half an hour, and then word was sent out that they were too busy to examine me. You may judge of my chagrin and disappointment, in not being admitted as a visitor. Such Masonic discourtesy it has never been my lot to meet with before, and I hope I never shall again. There could have been no excuse for the want of members to examine me, for I should judge from the hats hanging in the anteroom there must have been from thirty to forty present. And I would say to the W. M. of Meadville Lodge, if he should have occasion to visit Saginaw City he will always find our latch-string outside, and never *too busy* to

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examine a visiting brother. Hoping he may never treat another visiting brother in like manner, we extend to him our fraternal regards.

D. M. BENNETT,
W. M. of Saginaw Valley Lodge, 154.
SAGINAW CITY, Mich.

[In nearly all Lodges, especially in Pennsylvania, the December meeting is the busiest of the year.—ED.]

Communicated for the Mystic Star.

THE following communication was prepared by order of the Knoxville L., No. 66, A. F. and A. Masons, for transmission to the several Lodges of the State. By a subsequent order the committee was directed to offer it to the Masonic journals of the State for publication, as the most effectual means of securing for it the attention to which its importance entitles it. The Lodge regards the object worthy, the plan feasible, and the *times propitious*. It may be added that the returns made to the Grand Bodies, recently in session at Springfield, indicate that an addition of nearly fifty per cent. might safely be made to the estimates of the committee.

SAM. L. CHARLES,
Sec'y Knoxville Lodge, No. 66, A. F. and A. M.

To the Masonic Fraternity of Illinois, Greeting:

The undersigned having been appointed a committee of Knoxville Lodge, No. 66, A. F. and A. M., to prepare an address to the several Lodges in the State upon a subject which has engaged the attention of said Lodge, would most respectfully and fraternally solicit your attention to the subject matter of this communication, hoping it will commend itself to you, although but inadequately presented.

The question, so frequently asked, whether the Masonic fraternity is doing all that its wealth and influence would naturally lead its members to expect, took form in the following resolution, adopted by our Lodge, to wit:

"That a committee of three be appointed by the Master to inquire whether it would be expedient for the Masonic Fraternity of Illinois to establish a Collegiate Institution, having for its chief object the gratuitous education of orphans of Masons, and children of indigent Masons; and, if in their opinion expedient, then to report a definite plan of procedure for procuring the necessary funds, and for putting into operation such an institution."

As expressing our own views, we adopt a portion of the report of the committee appointed by virtue of said resolution, as follows:

"That, in the judgment of your committee, a portion of the revenues of the fraternity might with propriety be set apart for the establishment of some kind of an institution, wherein the class of persons named in the resolution might receive aid of a permanent character, under circumstances which would neither impose a sense of dependence, nor a feeling that they were the recipients of charity under the usual acceptation of that term. It seems not less the dictate of common justice than of enlightened prudence, that the large revenues of the Order should, in part, at least, be so

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invested that the descendants of its members may receive a positive, unequivocal benefit therefrom. Upon inquiry as to the best disposition of the Lodge funds to secure these objects, none seem to promise a more certain accomplishment of the desired result than the establishment of a school as contemplated by the resolution.

"While a Hospital or Asylum for indigent and disabled Masons, their widows and orphans, commends itself to our sympathies and sense of justice, yet the benefits of such an institution, as applied to individuals, are confined mostly to the life-time of such individuals, and would require for their support a renewal of appropriations annually through all time. On the other hand, the instruction in the various departments of Science and Morals, which would be imparted by a well-conducted Collegiate Institution, benefits not only the immediate recipient, but diffuses benefits and blessings upon every individual with whom he comes in contact, or who is reached by the emanations of his mind. They also descend through all time in increasing volume and force. It, therefore, seems to your committee that the appropriation of funds to the establishment of such a school by the Masonic fraternity would be such an appropriation as promises more good, both directly and indirectly, than any other.

"The fraternity in Illinois embraces a vast amount of talent and wealth, and consequent influence, and it is perhaps safe to say that no other association in existence enlists more fully the good will, affection, and permanent, abiding regard of its membership. It seems to your committee that this talent, wealth and influence, ought to be made available in such a manner as would more fully than now confer the benefits of our ancient Order upon the wives and children of its members.

"In reference to the feasibility of the plan, the following considerations are presented:

"There are at least four hundred Lodges in the State, in active, vigorous operation, having an average annual revenue of not less than three hundred dollars, with an average annual expenditure not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, leaving an annual surplus of fifty dollars, or twenty thousand dollars for the whole State. Nearly, or quite all the Lodges have a fund on hand averaging several hundred dollars; so that each Lodge might easily appropriate from such fund, to an object which should commend itself as worthy, at least one hundred dollars, or forty thousand dollars for the whole State. This would give sixty thousand dollars in one year, a sum sufficient to erect a collegiate building costing forty thousand dollars, a boarding-house costing ten thousand dollars, and still leave ten thousand dollars for the purchase of furniture and apparatus. Having accomplished so much, it seems safe to presume that the Lodges would appropriate at least seventy-five dollars the next year, or $30,000 for the State, an amount sufficient to put the school in active operation.

"A first-class school having been established, it would, of course, receive the patronage of Masons generally, and of others, to such an extent that the revenues thus derived would

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defray a large portion of its current expenses. Hence, future appropriations by Lodges, and donations by brethren who might desire to connect their names with the Institution, by the endowment of Professorships, or otherwise, thus leaving a worthy legacy to their posterity, and at the same time gratifying a commendable personal pride, could be applied to increasing the extent and usefulness of the Institution, or to its endowment.

"When it is remembered that the number of Lodges in the State is considerably more than four hundred, and it is probable that other bodies of Masons, as Chapters, Councils and Commandaries, would co-operate in this work, your committee feel a good degree of assurance that their estimates and expectations are not unreasonable. * * *

"And, finally, the committee feel assured that the matter, if properly presented, will commend itself to the fraternity, and elicit a favorable response—will be the means of utilizing the funds of the fraternity more fully than at present—will ultimately result in the establishment of a school which will be a tangible evidence to the world of the beneficent influence of Masonry—will provide the means of relieving a distressed brother, and of contributing aid to his orphans, and will be worthy the ancient Order, and stand a perpetual, living monument, in which every member will feel a just pride, and in whose benefits he will feel that he is entitled, through his children, to participate."

In addition to the considerations thus presented, we would call attention to the now universally admitted fact, that the safety of the State, the perpetuity of liberal institutions, the progress of liberty among the nations, and the enlightened vigor of the Church, depend upon the moral and intellectual culture of the people. The pure and exalted teachings of Masonry meet a more ready reception, and make a more abiding impression upon cultured than upon uncultured minds. These controling interests all combine to enforce the duty of making the most liberal provisions for the education of the youth of our State and Country. We do not forget that the State has made large and judicious provisions for common schools, nor that the different religious denominations have established schools of higher order; but we can not be blind to the fact that these higher schools are not sufficient in number to meet the demands of the people; neither are they open to any but those who are provided with means to defray the heavy expenses necessarily attendant upon their course of study. By the action contemplated it is proposed to provide means of instruction in branches more advanced than those taught in the common schools for the orphans of Masons who are themselves unprovided with means, and the children of worthy Masons in indigent circumstances, under such restrictions as may be found expedient and necessary, thereby enabling them to earn master's wages, exert a master's influence, and do a master's work in the world, instead of remaining ignorant, inefficient, and incapable of doing work above the capacity of laborers in the quarries.

The establishment and maintenance

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of a school as proposed, by funds contributed by the whole fraternity, in the benefits of which each member has a right to partake, will relieve those gratuitously educated there from that feeling of dependence and degradation which ordinarily attends the reception of charity, however skillfully disguised.

All the details of the enterprise may very properly be left in the hands of the Grand Lodge.

Brethren, if the suggestions of this paper meet your approbation, and if the subject-matter commends itself as worthy and practicable, may we not hope they will receive your serious attention, and that you will make your conclusions known in such manner as may seem to you best? We would respectfully suggest that if your representatives to the Grand Lodge were authorized to give expression to the views of your Lodge, it would be of advantage. To us it seems a matter of very great importance, fraught with possibilities of good almost incalculable, and a work in harmony with the spirit of Masonry, and in no wise contravening the interests of our ancient and beloved Order.

In behalf of KNOXVILLE LODGE, No. 66, we subscribe ourselves respectfully and fraternally yours,

A. W. MARTIN,
P. H. SANFORD,
SAM. L. CHARLES, } *Committee.*

We give the foregoing our cordial support. The Masons of Illinois are numerous, and hold a large share of the wealth of this great State. A section of country not to be excelled for agricultural purposes on the face of the globe. Let Illinois be brought to its highest state of cultivation, and it will feed, clothe and educate twenty millions of people. And why should the Masons remain all the while idle? Why not put some of the immense wealth under the control of the brotherhood into institutions of learning, and thereby erect a monument for Masonry, in bright and cultivated minds that will reflect the grand utility of our fraternity to generations yet unborn.

NARROW-MINDED.

WE notice indications of a disposition on the part of one or two sects of religionists to get up a demonstration against the Masonic Fraternity, for what reason does not yet sufficiently appear. If they entertain the hope of being able to crush out the institution, we refer them to the veracious history of Don Quixote's raid on the wind-mills. If they run a tilt at our sails they will surely come to grief. If, as they profess, they really believe that Masons indulge any such ideas as putting down religion or overthrowing the State, they should go to the nearest lunatic asylum, and, by close communication with the inmates, they will acquire ideas infinitely more reasonable. Why, in the name of common sense, should we, who are of all sects and forms of religion, and who find it best for our peace and comfort to allow every man to enjoy his own convictions unmolested—why should we entertain the desire to bring upon our heads the anathemas that would meet us on every hand the moment we undertook to prescribe a mode of

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faith, and, on the other hand, why should we desert our vantage ground of neutrality and consent to fight the battles of any breed of intolerant zealots? Is there no way of making them understand that the duties of religious teaching belong to tne church and its ministers, and not to an association of men who write upon their banners Virtue and Morality, but do not claim, and in the very nature of things can not exercise the offices of religion? Can they not understand that if the Masonic institution, casting aside its own laws, putting away its own work, forsaking its own traditions, forgetting its own device of brotherly love, relief and truth, ignoring the fact that Masonry offers the sole bond of union which may be accepted by all men without regard to wealth, rank, station, creed, nationality or political affinity—can they not understand, we repeat, that, if Masons were willing to do all these things, and accept the propagation of any faith, they would be met at the very outset by the contending claims of all the different sects, and that in making a selection of any one, the weakest or the most powerful as the object of their championship, they would merge the world-wide influence of a Grand Cosmopolitan brotherhood, seeking only to promote the best interests of all men, and to break up the foolish prejudices of mankind, that finally we may all learn to have greater reverence for God, and greater love for one another, into the pitiful interests of a sect so foolish as to suppose that the Almighty founder of heaven and earth had made them the sole depositories of his infinite wisdom?

We can account for the vagaries of these gentlemen on no other hypothesis than that they are so thoroughly convinced that they alone possess the keys of heaven, that they will not tolerate a difference of opinion. But, then again, we ask ourselves in despair, why are we specially selected to be the target for their fiery darts? Of all the people in the world, we are the most fully posted in the art of minding our own business. We interfere with no other institution, and in our assemblies will allow nothing of the kind to be mooted. We go to the church, the cathedral and the synagogue; we vote on every possible side of political questions. We have no pulpits in which to advocate the religious doctrines of any man or set of men, or from which to cavalierly send legions of our fellow beings to the endless torments of Hades. We leave that to the synods and conventicles, and only set up as our standard of belief, the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. Our affiliates must believe in these things at least; beyond them they may go, unquestioned by us, as far as their consciences may dictate, or their religious teachers may lead.

In view, then, of the fact that the Masonic institution so scrupulously guards against the slightest interference with the private convictions of its members, that it fellowships men of all creeds, and leaves them free to worship as, and where, they please, we fail to perceive why it is that the leaders of any sect should choose to denounce us, except it be that the spirit of the ancient Pharisees is still alive, and that not satisfied with

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burning, hanging and drowning those whose consciences would not allow them to look heavenward through the glasses of these would-be heavenly vicegerents, they seek now to trammel the minds and to cramp the thoughts and the wills of men within their own narrow bounds.

When these resolvers and denouncers reflect that the sects they represent are, as compared with the numbers of the human family, or even with the aggregate of Christian denominations, but as buckets of water compared to the ocean, as Chinese crackers to the roar of a park of artillery, they ought to be ashamed of their own insignificance, and confine their sniveling cant to their own bosoms. Reading and thinking men will not be deceived by them, and if they think that they can arrest the wheels of progress and turn back the world to the days when oracles came forth from Memnon, and auguries from the entrails of beasts, they are mistaken. Mankind has advanced to a higher level, the plow is in the furrow and it must and will move forward. So of Masonry. Born of light, the pledged enemy of intolerance and bigotry, it has ever borne its part in the struggle for advancement, befriended alike pastor and flock, king and people, in all that tended to make men better worthy of an immortal destiny. Built upon the stone of truth, its foundation can not be moved, and although an occasional storm may carry off here and there a pinnacle, the great moral temple will remain intact, and the work will go on; our Lodges will exist, our banners be displayed, our numbers increase, and day by day, and step by step, we shall advance to the opening of the seal, when sects shall disappear, when the brotherhood of man shall be established, and all knees bending, every tongue shall confess that God is all in all.—*Eclectic.*

CONSECRATION AT ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

THE Consecration and the Constituting of Monitor Lodge, No. 522, A. F. & A. M., and the installation of its officers, took place at the Masonic Hall, in this city, on Saturday evening, October 26, A. L. 5867.

The Hall was filled to overflowing with members of the fraternity. The M. W. Grand Lodge of Illinois was represented by P. D. G. M., P. B. Ring, as Grand Master; George H. Daniels, as Deputy Grand Master; Rev. W. D. Atchison, as Grand Chaplain; A. L. Clark, as Senior Grand Warden; Geo. W. Renwick, as Junior Grand Warden; and Wm. Rose, as Tyler.

The ancient rites of Consecration, with all their solemn and impressive ceremonies, having been performed, the Grand Master then proceeded to install the officers of Monitor Lodge:

S. A. French, W. M.; N. J. Bloomfield, S. W.; Geo. S. Follansbee, J. W.; Geo. A. Bowers, Treas.; F. H. Moseley, Sec'y.; Rev. W. D. Atchison, Chaplain; Geo. Hunter, S. D.; D. G. Currier, J. D.; J. A. Linnell, S. S.; L. C. Stiles, J. S.; Geo. W. White, Tyler.

At the close of the installation, the brethren were invited to repair to the Sherman Hall, where an excellent supper had been prepared under the direction of the Stewards.

The whole affair passed off in a pleasant and genial manner, and can not but have a happy place in the memories of those who participated.

May the course of Monitor Lodge, so auspiciously begun, be ever onward and upward.

May its members transmit, unimpaired, to succeeding generations, the most excellent tenets of our institution.

May brotherly love prevail, and every moral and social virtue cement them. "J. W."

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

[Original.]

FREE-MASONRY AND WOMAN.

"WELL, but Uncle, this is all well enough. It is true, no doubt, that the men find their connection with the Fraternity pleasant and advantageous. As they travel about the country it makes acquaintances for them, and pleasant indeed, it must be, to feel that they have friends wherever there is a Lodge of Masons, upon whom they can freely call for aid in any emergency. But how can it be of any possible use to us women? How will any body know that I am a Mason's daughter? or how would I know a Mason if I met him, and actually needed assistance? Can you tell us how it has ever been of any use to a lady, in your experience?"

It was my pet niece, Katy, that asked the question. The circle about the fire-side, for it was winter, consisted of my niece and daughter, both young ladies, engaged in some do-nothing business like crocheting; my wife engaged in the less romantic employment of mending childrens' clothing; and myself, comfortably situated in my easy chair, leisurely smoking a good cigar. In fact I was enjoying what a lately deceased poet (Halleck) so happily describes as a

"Free and happy spirit, that unseen reposes,
In the dim, shadowy mist that hovers o'er you,
When smoking quietly, with a warm fire before you."

Instead of answering Katy's question at once, I stopped to think, and in the quiet that followed, my thoughts ran back to several never-to-be-forgotten scenes in my own personal experience, where Free-Masonry had been of great advantage to woman.

"Katy, ask your Aunt if she remembers a trip to Chicago I took in 1855, starting in a snow storm."

"Do you, Auntie?" said Katy.

"I think I do," replied my wife. "Your Uncle would start from home in spite of all I could do or say, just as a regular old-fashioned snow-storm was setting in, and the result was as might have been expected, and ought to teach men to take their wives' advice. He was nearly a week getting to Chicago, when, had he waited quietly at home, as I wanted to have him, until the snow storm was over, he could have gone through in a little less than two days. By-the-by, girls, there is a Masonic story connected with that trip, ask your Uncle to tell it."

"Do, Uncle, do tell it," chimed in both the girls, and I of course yielded to their importunity. So, lighting a fresh cigar, and arranging myself before the fire in as easy, comfortable position as possible, I began:

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I left home (we lived in Connecticut then) on Tuesday morning, a north-east wind and a few scattering snow-flakes, together with a certain chilliness of the atmosphere, betokened snow to come in abundance; but I thought my business could not admit of delay, and therefore started, as she says, contrary to her advice and wishes. No trouble as far as New York; but when we crossed the river to take the cars on the Erie railroad, it was storming so furiously that the ferry-boat was delayed, and we left the depot nearly an hour behind time. I took what was termed the Buffalo and New York City route, as I had a little business in Buffalo. Starting late seemed to delay us all the night long. The snow constantly increasing, impeded our progress, and the result was that we arrived in Buffalo about noon on Wednesday, as tired and hungry a set of travelers as need be. After getting dinner, we did our best to find out, if possible, when a train would leave for Dunkirk, but the information we received in answer to our inquiries, was decidedly mixed. One official thought the train would start in about an hour, another in two or three hours; a third said the train was just made up, and would back into the depot in five or ten minutes. Such information to tired travelers, who had been in the cars all the night previous, (there were no sleeping cars then,) and only one warm meal in twenty-four hours, was any thing but satisfactory; and, therefore, as the night drew on, I strolled to the baggage-room, and making friends with the baggage-master by the gift of a cigar, soon found out that the train which left Buffalo in the morning for Dunkirk, was stuck in the snow not more than one-quarter of the way there, and that a large force had been sent down to dig them out, and, if possible, get them back to Buffalo, all hope of getting through that night having been given up. While making arrangements with the baggage-master, and leaving an extra quarter with him to send a man to the hotel to give us warning in case the train should leave very early next morning, two ladies came up, inquiring about their baggage. As I looked at them, I noticed that they were the same persons to whom I had very reluctantly offered my seat in the cars the night before, when leaving Jersey City. "Saved my cake and credit, too," thought I, as they refused it with a "thank you" as cold as the storm beating on the roof of the depot building, and with a look which said plainly that in their own estimation they were abundantly competent to take care of themselves. When, therefore, they failed to obtain the desired information, simply because they did not state the train they came in on, I could not help doing myself the malicious satisfaction of telling them where their baggage was, with mine and that of others who had come on the same train, and finally went with them, and showed it to them, with the help of the baggage-master. They thanked me kindly, and started for the waiting-room, when the one who had, as yet, taken no part in the conversation, suddenly turned and asked if she had not seen me last summer in Dr. Curtis' church, in Chicago. I replied that I spent the summer in

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Chicago, and frequently attended that church. "Did you not usually sit with Mr. B——?" Yes, I answered, and then calling me by name, she introduced herself and lady companion, as near neighbors and acquaintances of my friends, the B.'s. But this has really nothing to do with my story; it is only to show that I had pleasant traveling companions, who put themselves entirely under my guidance and care for the remainder of the journey. We all stayed at the hotel that night, and the next morning, after a comfortable breakfast, secured for ourselves the best seats we could find in the cars which started for Dunkirk. The road had been opened, and with the exception that our speed did not keep pace with our wishes, we got along very well. Three o'clock P. M. found us waiting in Dunkirk for the passengers from the train which left New York the night before. It arrived finally, and with it came a renewal of the storm of the day before, wind north-east, and a drifting, blinding snow. Our car was soon crowded with passengers, and we moved slowly out of the depot. The company I was with were nicely situated near the stove, in the centre of the car, and having secured to myself a "yesterday's New York paper," I became quite unmindful of the fact that we were running very slowly, and only thought that day-light would soon be gone, and I would have to give up reading for the night. I was sitting, or rather half-reclining in the seat nearest to the stove. The part of the seat which I did not fill, was occupied by coats and shawls belonging to our party. My attention was diverted from my paper by the rustle of a lady's dress, and looking up, I saw a plain-looking lady, whose dress and appearance showed at once that she was not American, standing by the stove endeavoring to warm her feet. She looked not only cold, but tired, and sick. I therefore instantly offered her my seat, and so disposed the shawls that she could partly recline, stepping back myself to the next seat with one of our own party. She attempted to speak as she sat down, but failing to utter any intelligible word, buried her face in the shawls, and burst into tears. This, of course, attracted my attention to her, and as she sat up afterwards, and proceeded to enjoy the fire, I apparently reading my newspaper, indulged myself in the bad habit of reading my new neighbor. The reading was something like this, beginning at the foot, as it was extended towards the stove. Those shoes were not made in America, I think France. Size two and a half, possibly twos. Wool stockings. That's not French—looks a little Scotchey. Dress. Hallo! I thought that was a faded sort of calico, or cheap delaine. I see now that it is one of those mixed-colored India silks. She must be English. Shawl—might be Scotch or English—certainly one or the other. Can't have been in this country long, any how. Face plain, it is true, but I'll bet a dime that she knows something. Here she looked at me, and, of course, I was so busy reading my newspaper, and so conscious of being inventoried myself, that I did not see the bonnet at all, which I suppose you will say is just what you expect of a man. How-

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ever, my Yankee curiosity was excited, and I made up my mind to try and find out something about her, so started to break the ice-barrier of non-intercourse.

(*To be continued.*)

[Original.]

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER AND REFORMED INFIDEL.

It was a bright summer's evening in June. The sun was just sinking behind the tall, blue mountains of New England, gorgeously decorating a battlement of clouds, hanging about the mountain's verge, with golden and crimson hue. The scene was lovely and grand—enriched by streams of mellow light, gleaming through the broken crevices of the clouds, and long, blue shadows stretching far across the valley.

At this hour, so mild and tranquil, the stage coach lumbered slowly down the turnpike, toward the village of Glenwood. It contained one passenger, who, on catching a glimpse of the village, put his head out of the window, and inquired of the driver:

"Friend, what is the name of this place?"

"Glenwood, sir—one of the finest little towns in all New England."

"So, so," soliloquized the traveler, "here, then, I will tarry for a few days, that I may fully enjoy its beauties. I have heard of its fine scenery, and the morality of the place; but the *latter* is nothing to me."

Glenwood was, indeed, a quiet and beautiful place, and had won many friends and admirers. Within its quiet precincts, many a weary traveler lingered to refresh him on his pilgrimage, and breathe its pure mountain air. It was situated at the entrance of one of those pleasing and fertile valleys of which New England boasts, and was noted by the tourist for its picturesque and romantic scenery: many a lover of nature having drank deep from its fountains of beauty.

On the east side of the village lay the beautiful valley of Glenwood, teeming with wealth and fertility. On the south, was a gradually rising eminence, covered with lofty pines, and spontaneous verdure, terminating at the east end of the village in an isolated promontory—rugged, barren, and desolate—which, breaking off abruptly, wound away into a mountain range south. On the north, rose a chain of undulating hills; some covered with venerable hemlock and green verdure, others barren and rocky—all extending back to the mountains, which barricaded the west, from horizon to horizon.

Down the deep mountain gorge, a limpid stream found its way, forming little cascades here and there, as it went dancing from rock to rock, winding through the edge of the village, southward, until its sparkling waters was lost sight of by the passing traveler.

Twilight was deepening. The mountain gorge was dark and lonely, as the stage-coach hauled up in front of the village inn. A few idlers were loitering about the door, all anxious to see the traveler as he alighted from the coach, and walked into the hospitable "Traveler's Home."

The stranger was a fine-looking man—about medium height—young and handsome, not over twenty-one years of age. He was well dressed,

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and carried a straight, athletic form. His features were fair—high forehead, dark hair, and piercing, black eyes, sparkling with the fire of intellect. He spoke the English language fluently, and conversed freely on the various topics of the day, which added greatly to his fine manly appearance.

Early next morning, he sallied forth to look about the village. The morning was serene and pleasant—not a cloud darkened the scene. A fine breeze was astir, cool and invigorating, bearing on its unseen flight the perfume of many a perishing flower.

The first object which attracted his attention, was the village church. It stood on a commanding eminence, surrounded by tombs, flowers, shrubbery, and trees. The white monuments, containing the memory of other days, met the eye boldly from the inn door, glittering in the bright light of morning. The sight of those hallowed grounds created a desire, at once, to enjoy a walk through their shadowy paths, and lounge in the sombre shade of the stately elms, that were drooping their branches so mournfully over the white stones, marking the resting place of the departed—and hither he bent his steps.

After loitering about the church, through the garden of graves, reading the inscriptions on the tomb-stones, and occasionally plucking a flower from the grave of some quiet sleeper, planted there by some loved hand, he turned his attention to the lofty eminence on the south side of the village. The church grounds, with their sacred associations, beauties and morals, joys and sorrows, no longer charmed his restless spirit. New ideas, new scenes, new attractions, filled his mind with beautiful dreams of science, art, and grandeur.

As he toiled up the mount, he accidently stumbled on a path, winding hither and thither among the venerable pines, but still onward—up Nature's polished eminence.

It was much worn by casual footsteps, but whither it lead, he did not know; yet he determined to trace it to its end.

As he wandered on, the graphic scenes of all those horrible tales of crime, associating secret paths leading to dens of wickedness, strongholds in the rocks, retreats of murderers, felons, outlaws, and vagabonds upon the face of the earth, rose up vividly before him. At one time he fancied he heard the sound of approaching footsteps; at another, the clash of arms, and the death-cry of the slain; as one is apt to do in indulging in such dark and fearful reveries.

Presently a "change came over the spirit of his dream," dispelling all superstition—the source of the path was discovered. It lead to a finely-constructed summer-house — angelic bower of rural beauty and solitude—which commanded a noble view of the village, valley, and opposite hills.

Taking a seat on a rural bench, constructed between two trees, a few paces from the lovely retreat, he sat for a moment viewing the scene. It was grand, in all the beauties of midsummer. He had never beheld so noble, refined, and elevating a view—one so charming, glorious, sublime!—and so pleasing and inviting to the artist's pencil. For a moment he seemed lost in grandeur; then, starting

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up, the young artist—for such he was—opened his sketch-book, and commenced sketching the scene.

His whole soul seemed engaged in the noble work, and he saw nothing but the magnificent panorama stretched out before him—heard nothing, until he was disturbed by the barking of a dog.

"Come, Rover," said a female voice, "come, sir, be still!"

Looking up, the young artist saw a lovely female—the very star of beauty—standing a few feet from him, apparently much confused.

"Pardon, lady," said the student of art, "perhaps I am intruding upon the rights of your rural precinct."

"Not in the least, sir," replied the modest girl, "this shady retreat is free to all who desire solitude, and love a fine view."

"The scene is grand," remarked the young artist, "I have never beheld as beautiful a view in all my life—not even in all my extensive wandering."

"Beautiful, indeed," returned the lovely maiden. "It has been the delight of many a stranger. Many sketches of it have been carried off by passing travelers—even by some of our most noted artists.

"Come, Rover," she said to a noble-looking Newfoundland dog, standing by her side, "come, let us away, we may disturb the gentleman."

And with steps as light and soft as if she were treading the golden streets of the celestial city, she glided down the woodland path leading to the village.

The young artist watched her departure with reverence and respect, until she was lost to view; then, finishing his sketch, he returned to the village inn, ever dreaming of the little blue-eyed maid, with deep black hair, he had met on the mountain side.

She seemed his guardian angel, constantly lingering by his side, as if fearful of his wandering from the path of rectitude and honor. She was with him in his morning walks through the long summer days, during the tranquil hours of twilight, when the shades of evening were gathering around, and even at the dead hour of midnight.

He could not banish her from his mind for a moment. He dare not. Whenever he strove to drive her from his side, his heart murmured, and his feelings threatened to rise against him. Thus a short time passed, when he learned she was the only child and daughter of the Rev. W., minister of the village parish, and former Grand Master of the State.

One fine evening he called at the residence of Rev. W.'s, bearing a card of introduction from one of his most esteemed parishioners. His name proved to be Lyman ———, a graduate of Harvard College, and student of art, under the instruction of A——, an eminent professor residing in the city of Boston.

After Lyman —— had been ushered into the snug little parlor by a servant of the family, Mr. W. entered the room, with a welcome smile upon his countenance. He was always happy to receive the friend of his friends; and Lyman met with a kind reception from the aged minister, whose once raven locks were now thinned by the lapse of years.

Presently, the modest, charming Ida—the flower of the village—glided

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into the apartment, more like a stray seraph from the spirit-land, than an earth-born visitor.

She was beautiful—aye, beautiful as the wildest dream of a poet's fancy. Her form was slender, yet straight, and finely moulded. She was just blooming into life — only eighteen years of age—having walked amid flowers and sunshine during her whole existence. Her cheeks were rosy, and her violet eyes, as blue as a clear June heaven at noonday, sparkled with love and tenderness. She loved the Saviour, and long had given her spirit in his keeping. The folds of linen which covered her bosom, just swelling with the charms of life, hid away a heart which had never broken a promise. She was high-minded and proud —not proud of the treasures of earth, but of a stainless character, and bright intellectual powers.

"She moved upon the earth, like some blest spirit,
Diffusing light and love o'er all she looked on.
Her golden ringlets o'er her polished brow,
Cluster'd, like silken vines around the shaft
Of some unspotted column. Like twin suns,
O'er the fair heaven of her cheeks, her eyes
Shed matchless lustre! Through her parted lips,
Sweet as the scented gales of Araby,
Her breath stole o'er the sense. Divine proportion
Dwelt in her form, graceful as poets feign
The Queen of Beauty's, when she smiling rose,
Bright as the day star, from her purple wave."

She blushed deeply on recognizing Lyman ——— as the person whom she had met in her hill-side ramble; but it soon vanished, leaving her countenance serene and pleasant.

Lyman found her possessing refinement and education, as well as her amiable parents. She conversed freely, used good language, and evinced a well-stored mind. Her society was pleasing and enticing. The two hours which he passed in social enjoyment with Ida and her parents, seemed the happiest of his wandering life. He never spent time more agreeably; and did not depart without receiving an invitation to return his call, even from the lovely idol of his being—Ida W.

As weeks glided away, he called frequently at the residence of the minister; many were surprised, and even wondered if Lyman ———, the student of art, and heir of wealth, whose respectability was unequaled at home as well as abroad, had fallen in love with the modest and accomplished Ida W.

Months passed, and still he remained in the village, occupying most of his time in artistic skill; occasionally he enjoyed an evening walk with Ida. He had taken many sketches, and painted some beautiful pictures—one of which graced the minister's parlor—being a view of the village and valley of Glenwood.

Winter came, with its frosts and desolation, and one cold morning it was whispered around that Lyman ——— was about to leave the village. Many doubted the rumor, but, finally, believed, when they saw him take leave of his friends, and depart in the stage-coach.

This movement led them to believe that Rev. W. had declined giving Ida in marriage to Lyman ———, as he did not return. But soon it was whispered about by the postmaster's wife that Ida W. had received certain letters, postmarked Boston, which she believed to be from Lyman ———; and that others had been dropped in the office for him, but by whom she did not know.

The village gossip ran high on the

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subject for some time; but when spring returned, it had entirely died away. And one delightful evening, when they thought not of Lyman ——, he again entered the village of Glenwood.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE HAILING SIGN.

BY S. ASHTON.

It was a stormy day in the winter of '39, I had done a hard half-day's work, and was on my way to dinner, when, on looking up the railroad, I saw at the distance of about half a mile, the hailing sign of a Master Mason. Of course, I was startled at the sight, and went to meet the man who had thus attracted my attention. When I came up to him I found that he could not speak a word of English, and I knew nothing of any other tongue. Neither of us understood a word the other said, but every Mason will imagine how we managed to understand each other. He proved to be a Prussian of some eminence, who had been left by the train of cars, and all whose available cash and means had gone on to Washington. He had stepped out at a station, and was out of the cars when the train moved quietly away.

Well, I took him home with me, and had the gratification of a Mason's heart to notice that he did full justice to our homely fare, and that he seemed to feel at home. When I first introduced him to my wife, and insisted on his making free use of every thing as his own, and when I made him feel by my acts that I was his brother, even though I could not talk his language, I saw the tears start from his eyes, and thought that he must have inwardly blessed the tie that bound me to him, and impelled me to relieve his necessities. Of course, I felt that, as a Mason, I could not do too much for him, and, as I afterwards found, my wife stood and silently wondered at the unwonted assiduity with which I strove to make him comfortable. This was the first practical illustration of the kind that she had ever seen, and she never objected to my going to the Lodge after this, and never again told me that the Masons were a set of "dratted fools" for spending so much of their time and money in such "tom-foolery."

The Prussian stayed at my house for about a week, and during that time I went round and collected from the leading brethren of the neighborhood, sufficient money to keep him from want until he should regain his baggage, and he bid us adieu, the most grateful man I ever saw. I have seen men who were thankful for favors, but all that I ever saw before was nothing to this. It may be that I was the more impressed with its intensity, because it was expressed in actions rather than words. But I shall never forget it.

About a year afterwards I received a visit from the Prussian Minister, then a resident at Washington, who, after reminding me of the incident recited above, presented to me, in behalf of the unknown stranger, the gold watch I now carry, and which has engraved on the case the representation of a man at a little distance giving the hailing sign of a Master Mason.

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EDITORIAL.

ANCIENT YORK MASONS.

We presume that all modern Masons would like to be considered as belonging to the ancient craft. The York Rite is the system that all true Masons practice in England and in America. It takes the name from the City of York, a place where the first Grand Lodge of England was organized. It is the opinion of Masonic writers, that the York Rite communicated all that there was in Masonry in three degrees. But, subsequently, and in our day, it is considered that the three degrees, and all in the Chapter, and those of the Council belong to that Rite.

Notwithstanding there may have been introduced, from time to time, many changes, yet all the "*landmarks*" have been retained. And by landmarks we do not include all which some pronounce as such. What we wish to be understood as being the landmarks of Masonry, are, such things as are *immovable*. Introducing changes to regulate the craft, without disturbing the ancient corners, can not be considered unmasonic.

As the scientific and philosophical minds began to expand, and unfolded the speculative type of Masonry from the operative, they began to frame a moral philosophy harmonizing with all the mental and intellectual sciences. Consequently, they were obliged to introduce changes, but careful not to remove any landmarks. By so doing, the craft could retain the ancient work, and promulge her principles.

In this way Masonry has been improved in her lessons, and, as time rolls on, and minds advance to a higher state of refinement, and to a greater state of purity, it may still make changes, and adapt itself to the state and condition of mind in the advanced and refined sensibility.

All institutions and organizations must undergo remodeling and revising in order to be fitted for the different respective periods, or ages. They may, if established in truth and equity, retain all the former landmarks; as with Masonry. If the first survey of a section of country is correct, the corner stones can never be removed without doing injustice to some one. Now, we as Free and Accepted Masons, of the Ancient York Craft, claim that the first survey of Masonry was correct, and, therefore, none of her landmarks can be removed without impairing her claims upon our fealty.

The landmarks are considered as permanently fixed as truth, therefore immutable. Consequently no ambitious or reckless craftsman can ever be allowed to disturb them. In fact, they never can be removed, unless truth, love, righteousness, faith, hope and every moral virtue, become destroyed.

The York Rite derived its name from the City of York, in England, where the first Grand Lodge assembled. This Grand Lodge was organized in the year of 926 of the Christian era. It was created out of an assembly composed of all the Masons in that realm.

Prince Edwin received a charter from King Athelstane, his brother, for the Masons of England in 926. After this, Edwin summoned all the members of the Order to convene at York; they obeyed, and organized a Grand Lodge, and he was their Grand Master, and from which place of meeting, and the ritual of the English Lodges, Masonry is known as the "An-

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cient York Rite." Before the craft became numerous, they met in annual communication, and were called assemblies, from the fact they were composed of all Masons.

But, as time rolled on, and the craft became more numerous from time to time, they began to develop their needs, and the order devised means to supply their wants; until we find Masonry with her numerous Grand Lodge jurisdictions in every government and State, all claiming to work the Ancient York Rite; in fact, it is the only true system of Masonry. The different jurisdictions may vary the work in many items, may improve the phraseology of Masonic ritual, and at the same time strictly retain all the essentials, and is York Masonry.

We have heard individuals say when an ungrammatical sentence had been corrected, "Well, it is not as I was taught, and it is not York Masonry." How foolish! Suppose that the Ancient York Brotherhood were wont to meet upon the highest hills, and in the lowest vales, and we, in our country, meet in finely decorated halls, are we to be denied the name? Not by any means. Neither are we when we improve the internal workings of Masonry, to make it harmonize with the established laws of our language.

SYMBOLICAL MASONRY.

The system of Masonry has ever been presented, more or less, by symbols and allegories. Its hieroglyphical language and true understanding can never be learned by the nominal and indifferent. The sublime mysteries must be carefully studied—her lessons must be learned, before the mind can drink in, and adopt her principles as its own. Among the faithful, from time to time, her language, while clothed in mystery and secresy, has been transmitted from generation to generation.

Those who have possessed stern fidelity, have been the custodians of Masonry, and her principles have been taught by symbols, and we see no good reason why it should not remain the same in future, till such times when the entire race of intelligent beings become so far improved and elevated, that each one will be as naturally born into the moral and spiritual element of Masonic principles, as we are born to breathe the common air.

The grand mission of Masonry is but just beginning to unfold its mysterious parchment, and making its internal impress upon the minds of men. It has a great work to perform, and one of its greatest developments is to divest its members of unmasonic selfishness; to remove the grossness of thought from the mind. This, all know, is a work of time, and must be accomplished by the progressive movements of society.

We may take the marshy glen, and stagnant pool, and apply skill and art and drain them, and soon produce a fine cultivated field. Then introduce the improved implements of industry, and reap a golden harvest.

But when we take mind and intellect, in the rough, uncivilized state, in this barbarous condition it becomes the hard toil of ages. So Masonry, together with that system of pure and undefiled religion, must continue to work, letting its light shine more and more, unto the perfect day. The work must be arduous, constant, and unabating. Self-sacrificing minds must continue to labor without reward, and explore among the rubbish, and lay firm, deep, and strong, the foundation of the real edifice of Masonry. The lukewarm, indifferent and selfish, are unsafe to be employed to work upon the temple. Therefore, the prudent necessity of having her convocations secretly managed, so that the best plans, the most matured and wise designs, may be carefully examined and adopted to accomplish the noble work.

We claim that Free-Masonry embraces all of the natural and moral improvements that any party can devise. Masonry encourages the neophyte, in the first instance, to put his trust in God, and fulfill his duties to Him, ever bearing in mind his obligations as a citizen to his country and gov-

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ernment, where he may reside. Masons are continually taught obedience to the laws of the land, consequently, the Fraternity, as such, has never, and indeed never can engage in conspiracy against the government. They are instructed to be courteous, practice amity to all worthy brothers, and live on terms of friendship with the world. To deal equitably with all, and exercise Christian and Masonic compassion toward frail humanity.

There is no system of moral ethics which inculcates more forgiveness, and looks more after the welfare of all, by keeping circumscribed within due bounds with the world. We are taught to richly reward our friends, and lend a helping hand to the distressed of all nations. Every symbol of Masonry illustrates some valuable truth. It is the phonographic system of moral and spiritual ethics, and to the Craft they impart wisdom, strength and beauty.

OUR NATION—II.

After our people had settled our domestic arrangements with sister States, and applied themselves to the arts of peace, they began to develop a genius that astonished those who sat in darkness. The steamboat—the magnetic telegraph—the powers of electricity, are among the long list of American inventions and discoveries that have drawn towards us the special attention of the world as a nation of inventors. Does the aristocracy desire a lesson on shipbuilding? We send them the yacht America, which, in her sailing qualities, so exceeded any thing they ever saw, that one of their sprigs of nobility actually examined her hull to discover some secret machinery of propulsion. Are their bank locks picked, and is their money stolen? Hobbs goes over, supplies them with locks that nobody can pick, and leaves one there as an everlasting gauntlet of defiance to their national ingenuity. Is their nobility at a loss for rational amusement? Morphy teaches them the game of chess, and checkmates their best players. Have they been braggarts on the field and turf for a thousand years, and yet lack the first rudiments of horsemanship? We send them Rarey to tame their Cruisers, and teach them humanity to brutes. Are their Arctic explorers lost in the fogs or frozen up in the regions of perpetual cold? We send a Kane and furnish them with the first tidings of their lost navigator. Even after the day of peaceful progress closed upon us, and we entered the night of civil war, and devoted our energies to the arts of destruction, the production of a Monitor that convulsed the world, and set at naught all their wooden walls, showed that fifty long years of peace had not altogether paralyzed our efforts at warlike invention.

Now all these inventions — these civil and military triumphs are not paraded under the vain idea that the place of a man's birth has any thing to do with his natural abilities. By no means. The men whose discoveries and inventions we mentioned would have developed the same powers any where under similar circumstances. It is not the place, whether in America or Europe, where a man is born, but the genius and the circumstances that make the hero, and develop invention. The nation whose people are free to think, to speak, and to aspire to the highest honors, is more favorable to the development of the natural powers in any of the departments of usefulness.

Stay, if 'twere possible, the course of time. Turn back the hands upon the dial, and then instead of placing this people on the cold shores of North America, carry them to Africa. And what then? Why, long ere this, that down-trodden, neglected continent would have blossomed as the rose. Civilized, Christianized, and redeemed, it would have been as much feared and respected at this day as are the United States of America. Permit people to choose their own rulers, make their own laws, manners and customs, own their own soil, and be their own kings, and they will ever be the terror of despots.

This principle has always been the fighting ground between the Old World and the New. And it will be so until monarchies

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are no more. They will ever be jealous of the natural boldness of the citizen-sovereign, and of the simple demands and requirements of unclothed justice. Chains clank, and thrones totter wherever man speaks forth and contends for natural rights. It will be vain therefore, to expect that the aristocracies of the world will ever peaceably submit to the progress or prevalence of human rights. They may be quiet for a while, but only as the volcano slumbers, to break forth in fearful efforts to crush out surrounding life.

LANDMARKS OF MASONRY.

No doubt but this heading will cause a smile with many, from the fact, we have so often heard it mentioned, that every thing said, spoken, or which has become a law or rule, are denominated as *Landmarks;* and when pronounced as such, it is unmasonic to even breathe a thought to the contrary.

In a broad sense, without stopping to enumerate items, Masonic Landmarks are those things which are immovably fixed, that holds the Fraternity together—the customs and principles—without which the magnificent Temple of Freemasonry could not stand. Remove *truth*, as a fundamental obligation to be observed, and let the brotherhood turn to falsehood, and the walls of our edifice would fall, and come to naught. Discard and disregard wisdom, and no two ashlars from the human quarry would become fitted for any place in the temple.

Rules, by-laws, edicts, and constitutions, that may be created and adopted for our government, are not *Landmarks*. Any thing which can be created and made to serve our ends in the generation in which we move, may be altered, amended, or entirely destroyed by our successors, and still not molest a single *Landmark*. Language may be changed, so as to more fully express the meaning of a future generation than the one in which we live and move. A different system of diplomacy may be needed in a century from this time than the one which answers our purpose. The ritualistic workings of the Order may, at some future period, become so remodeled as to harmonize more beautifully with the traditional legends of Masonry. Let it be done at any time, and no Landmark is removed.

Our talented Brother Mackey records some items as Landmarks, which, in our judgment, can be removed, and not impair the real Landmarks of Masonry. Some that pertain to the authority and power of a constitutional Grand Master of a Grand Lodge jurisdiction. The Grand Lodge, which has been created by the united action of the subordinate lodges, together with the Grand Master, may be abolished, and no Landmark of Masonry would be touched. They are things which have been created for convenience, and, perhaps, they may be abolished for convenience. A Grand Lodge, with all of its organized machinery, and the subordinate lodges that created it, may all become extinct, and not meddle with a solitary Landmark of Masonry.

MASONRY IN THE SAGINAW VALLEY.

BAY CITY.

We were highly entertained, and much pleased with our recent visit in this portion of the State of Michigan. The first Masonic courtesies were manifested in a friendly manner by our worthy Comp., Rev. Brother Nash, of Bay City. His kindness we shall ever remember with gratitude. He was elected W. M. soon after settling with the brotherhood, and the Fraternity are prospering finely in this locality. Bay City is a place improving rapidly, and rising into note, and must make a great city in time. It is now in communication with the "rest of mankind" by railroads. It lies upon the head of Saginaw Bay, is in the salt region of country, and in the great lumbering district.

Masonry is gaining a foothold, which will tell in all future periods of time. Her banner is fairly unfurled to the breeze, and generations unborn will gladly and rejoicingly peruse her history. May our breth-

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ren who now stand upon the watchtower be prudent and discreet, reflecting credit upon themselves, and honor upon the Institution.

EAST SAGINAW.

This city is situated upon Saginaw river, some fifteen miles from the bay. It is one of the go-ahead towns of the North-west. In a few years it has grown into a thriving city. Here, too, salt "saves them." Extensive lumbering business is carried on in all its branches.

There the Masonic Order have established the several organizations, and are doing a great good for the coming generations.

SAGINAW CITY.

This lies upon the opposite bank of the river, some two miles from East Saginaw, and as they have lately opened a railroad communication, it has given new life and energy to the place, and they are fast coming up to their rival.

In this city we have two lodges—one German. Our German brethren have been unfortunate during the last season, in having the hall and all of their furniture burnt. They are not disheartened or discouraged in the least. They are an industrious and true people, and stand firm in the promulgation of Masonry.

The American lodge here has prospered finely under the Mastership of our worthy brother, Dr. D. M. Bennett, who, for several years has occupied the East, until now, declining to serve them any longer in this capacity, the Lodge most cheerfully passed the following resolution, which clearly expresses his worth, and the appreciation of the brethren of his value, and the interest he has taken in their behalf, and for the good of the Order:

"*Resolved*, That the thanks of this Lodge are tendered to Brother D. M. Bennett, W.M., for the zealous fidelity and impartiality with which he has so long labored in behalf of the Fraternity; alike with honor to himself, and the promotion of the tenets of our Order, and the prosperity and perpetuity of this Lodge. Hoping and trusting that he may ever find in the fond memory with which his untiring efforts for our good, shall be cherished by each of us in all future time, some slight acknowledgment of his worth."

SOUTH SAGINAW.

This is a city situated in a triangular form to the other Saginaws. It has a lodge of working Masons, under the guidance of our old friend and brother, Colonel Quackenbush. The brethren have re-elected him again for W.M. He is a good, faithful member of Masonry, untiring in his efforts to build up the true principles of the Order. May his Masonic shadow never be less.

SAGINAW LODGE, MICHIGAN,

Elected the following brethren as officers: M. Hodgson, W.M.; G. C. Warner, S.W.; W. Fitzgerald, J.W.; F. E. Hoyt, Treasurer; W. J. Howard, Secretary.

SAGINAW VALLEY LODGE:

L. F. Eaton, W.M.; J. Braussau, S. W.; E. Sanders, J.W.; D. M. Bennett, Treasurer; N. S. Wood, Secretary.

SALINA LODGE:

M. W. Quackenbush, W.M.; A. Linton, S.W.; J. Staats, J. W.; W. Carter, Treasurer; S. S. Linton, Secretary.

OBERLIN COLLEGE.

THE fact comes to us well authenticated that the managers of this Institution of education have commenced a warfare against Masonry. It dismisses students belonging to the Craft, and opens its batteries as enemies to the Fraternity. This they have a perfect right to do, say some. They may have a legal right, but we very much question their moral right, in a land of freedom.

How a college can fulfill its destiny in harmony with the great principles of this American Republic, and exclude persons whose moral characters stand above reproach is a problem that we are unable to solve. This college has ever been conducted upon the exclusive principle. Its ultraisms have been conspicuous, and have gendered ill-will, strife and self-righteousness. All its leading and prominent features are antagonistical to all the grand

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ideas of this American government. In politics a ridiculous shame. In religion narrow and contracted. In morals bigoted and disgustful. Tyrannical in their notions of government, and seceding in sentiment.

The leaders of this college have ever manifested hatred, spite and revenge towards Masonry. Let them wage their warfare to their hearts' content. It can not injure us, we shall only know our real enemies, and every Mason should govern himself accordingly.

Such minds are dangerous, and unsafe in any place of trust. If they have the education of our youth, they will be moulded into forms, and directed into channels of thought which would destroy the magnificent superstructure of our nation, and defeat the noble design of a free and enlightened government. As we have said, they may have the legal right to establish such a college, but one thing we are sure of, no Mason, yea, no lover of this Republic, has a moral right to sustain it.

MASONIC REPROOF.

We have many who assert that the Bible contains no lessons of Masonry. Solomon, in his wise ideas, has left upon record many sayings harmonizing with lessons which are frequently inculcated in the Order. "Poverty and shame shall be to him that refuseth instruction; but he who regardeth reproof shall be honored." The object of Masonry is, to improve those who are initiated into the Fraternity. To make them better, holier, more truthful and more useful. And, one Mason can not confer a greater favor upon another, than when he reproves, for the purpose of benefiting. And let it be given upon Masonic principles, and no brother will be angry. But when given in such a way as to underrate the ability of the reproved, and arrogantly assume that he is of little worth, your reproof is not regarded. Neither should it be, because coming from such a mind, and manifested by such a spirit, it can not be instructing, and improving. But let it come from the heart, and it will reach the heart, and manifest a response which will be honorable to all, and creditable to Masonry.

LANSING, MICHIGAN.

But a few years have rolled into the history of the past since this town was located. We well remember the hard sayings of many citizens of Michigan, in consequence of locating the capitol in the wilderness. But all admit now that it was a wise act. In a short period Lansing has grown into a city. It is moving ahead in all "modern improvements."

Its Institutions of learning are of the first order, and do credit to the enterprising inhabitants. Within the last season many fine blocks have been erected, which would honor any city in our country.

Masonically, we have a word to utter for the city of Lansing. Her record is fair. She has two Lodges, a Chapter, Council, and, we believe, a Commandery, all in good working order.

We were invited to visit No. 33, by our old friend and brother, J. P. Cowles, who is the worthy Master, and is one of the best workers of which Michigan can boast. He has one of the most retentive memories of any man we know. He is one of the few who can exemplify the work and ritual through all the degrees of the Lodge and Chapter.

Masonry is doing a noble work in this thriving city, and if the brotherhood continue to carry up the walls of their moral edifice plumb, a bright future is before them.

MARRIED:

At the residence of the bride's father, in Newville, DeKalb Co., Ind., on Thursday morning, Dec. 26th, by Rev. E. Hall, Chaplain of "Wm. Hacker Chapter, No. 63," Com. John M. Combs, M.D., and Secretary of "Wm. Hacker Lodge, No. 326," and Miss Cornelia, eldest daughter of Bro. A. W. Allen.

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THE GRAND LODGE OF MICHIGAN.

The Grand Communication of the Grand Lodge of Michigan was opened in ample form by Grand Master Coffinberry, assisted by the Grand Officers. After the the proper committees had reported, the Grand Master delivered his Annual Address. This was one of the best Masonic addresses we ever heard. It is one of the ablest documents put upon record. The Lodge voted to have four thousand copies printed for distribution among the Lodges. We intend to present it to the readers of the STAR as soon as we can.

All of the discussions were characterized by the true spirit of Masonry. It has seldom fallen to our lot to meet with greater talent, and where there was a truer spirit of kindness manifested. Each brother seemed to be imbued with a feeling not to intrude upon the rights of his brother. We have attended a great many conventions and assemblies in our life, and we must say that Masons can discuss subjects upon which they differ widely, and treat each other as brothers of the same household. Yea, how good, and how pleasant it is,—more, how heavenly it is to see them dwell together in unity on earth.

The Grand Lodge had the report of a former committee upon funeral and burial services under consideration. The report had been carefully examined by those who were firm, unfaltering Christians, whose deep piety could not avoid presenting some sentences and terms which were sectarian; such as an Israelite Brother Mason could not conscientiously subscribe to. And many shades of Christian faith were represented in this assembly. The discussion commenced, and earnestly; all declared that they had no desire or inclination to impose a service upon a brother which was *un-Masonic*. Each wanted a *religious*, but not a *sectarian* service. Concessions were made to have it come as near Masonry as possible, and no one sacrifice principle.

There was a large amount of business which came before the Grand Lodge, and disposed of quite satisfactorily to all. There were twenty-two new Lodges chartered in this jurisdiction. This State is making a noble Masonic record. But few Grand Lodges can boast of having a better history, a more enlightened Craft, and a truer Brotherhood.

The Grand Lodge, in conjunction with the Grand Chapter, took into consideration the building of a Masonic Temple in the city of Detroit. They contemplate the cost to be over one hundred thousand dollars. This will be a commendable work. Let there be a choice location selected, and the rents in a few years would pay for the property.

Grand Master Coffinberry was re-elected. We have no man in the West who stands higher in the estimation of the Masonic brotherhood. Masonry prospers under his well directed management and wise supervision. He is one of our best Masonic jurists at the present day. Clear in his rulings and decisions. A man in whom young Masons can safely confide and learn wisdom. He is one of the hard workers for the Craft; he loves Masonry as he loves his own being and existence. He makes every brother feel as if he was with a true friend and brother.

The Craft need such men to guide the ship of Masonry. When men of wisdom and skill are placed at the helm, the vessel will be more likely to ride safely across the rough sea, and be moored in the harbor where calmness reigns. Most of the Grand Officers were re-elected; they are all true and worthy men of the Order. We expect to see many of them promoted to the highest honors of the Craft. This much we can say, in truth, they are all qualified to honor any station which may be assigned them.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF MICHIGAN.

G. H. P., Geo. C. Monroe, Hillsdale.
D. G. H. P., W. G. Webber, East Saginaw.
G. K., C. H. Brown, Kalamazoo.
G. S., W. V. Morrison, Albion.
G. Sec., J. Eastman Johnson, Centreville.
G. Treas., R. W. Landon, Niles.
G. Chaplain, Rev. W. Stowe, Port Huron.

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G. C. H., J. W. Finch, Adrian.
G. R. A. C., Geo. W. Wilmot, Fenton.
G. S. and V., B. Porter, Jackson.
G. Sentinel, W. V. Griffith, Detroit.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND COUNCIL OF HIGH PRIESTHOOD.

Comp. E. Sprague, St. Johns, M. E. P.
" M. Clark, Bronson, M. E. V. P.
" S. Blanchard, Tecumseh, G. C.
" G. B. Noble, Detroit, G. T.
" D. B. Tracy, Petersburg, G. R.
" H. A. Tillotson, Marshall, G. M. and C.
" J. A. Shingledecker, Dowagiac, G. C.
" P. H. Taylor, Ionia, G. C.
" A. McElcheran, Ann Arbor, G. S.

OFFICERS OF THE GRAND COUNCIL.

J. T. Haden, Hillsdale, T. I. G. P.
O. S. Spaulding, St. Johns, D. G. P.
J. W. Champlin, Grand Rapids, G. T. I.
M. Walter, Pontiac, G. P. C. W.
Wm. Barclay, Detroit, G. T.
O. Burke, Detroit, G. R.
H. S. Noble, Monroe, G. C. of G.
Rev. G. E. Peters, Detroit, G. C.
T. G. Beaver, Niles, G. S.
W. V. Griffith, Detroit, G. Sent.

GRAND OFFICERS OF THE GRAND LODGE.

G, M., S. C. Coffinberry, Constantine.
D. G. M., A. T. Metcalf, Kalamazoo.
S. G. W., A. Partridge, Birmingham.
J. G. W., E. R. Sandon, Detroit.
G. T., R. W. Sandon, Niles.
G. S., Jas. Fenton, Detroit.
G. S. and V., S. Blanchard, Tecumseh.
D. D. G. M. of the Upper Peninsula, T. V. Flanner, Hancock.
G. C., Rev. Jas. Boyington, Pent Water.
S. G. D., J. B. Banpton, Detroit.
J. G. D., W. Green, Colan.
G. A., J. W. Gilbert, Detroit.
G. M., D. R. Stroud, Hudson.
G. S. R. G. R. Hurd, Monroe.
G. P., J. Newell, Port Huron.
G. T., W. V. Griffith, Detroit.

DEATH OF GRAND TYLER SCHNEIDER, OF PHILADELPHIA.

No member of the Craft was ever more popular among the brethren than Bro. Schneider. None whose death was ever more generally regretted, nor whose memory will be more fresh and green in the affections of the brotherhood. Reticent and circumspect among strangers, and social and affable among friends, he was just the man for the position he occupied, for which his peculiar faculty of remembering names and faces so aptly qualified him. His excellent reputation as Grand Tyler was as wide as the Nation. His fraternal worth was known to those only who were favored with his acquaintance. We were among the latter. We knew him well, and can truly vouch for his Masonic worth both as a brother and an officer. The tidings of his death came upon us with a shock such as we seldom feel for any beyond the circle of our own immediate household. "We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

BIBLE LANDS, with glimpses of Europe and Egypt. By S. Dryden Phelps, D.D. Chicago: Clarke & Co. Price $2.00.

The popularity of a writer depends not so much upon the information conveyed as in the manner of doing it. In this particular Dr. Phelps has evinced great skill in the quaint style with which he interests while instructing his readers. Of all themes, the history of Bible lands is perhaps the most dry. The arid nature of the soil seems to infuse itself into the description. But not so with the descriptions before us. They may not be so keenly relished by the giddy as mere fiction, but those who seek knowledge in its most attractive form will buy this book. The typography and binding of the book speak eloquently in its praise.

DELAY.—In consequence of a desire to insert in this number the report from the Michigan Grand Lodge, this issue is somewhat later than usual.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VIII. A.L. 5868—FEBRUARY—A.D. 1868. No. 2.

(Original.)

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE YATES CITY LODGE, No. 448, AND EUREKA CHAPTER, No. 98, DEC. 27, 1867.

MAN is a social being, endowed by his Creator with powers that distinguish him from the brute. He has a special mission in the world—a mission above and beyond that dictated by mere animal instinct, and in the consummation of this mission are exhibited those peculiarities distinguishing him from those inferior orders, whose position in the scale of animated life, is essential to the great plan.

In order that the great aims of life may be attained, men are brought into contact. Mutual dependence is apparent, and the instincts of our natures seem to indicate the close connection of those relations. Although at the head of animated life; although possessed of an immaterial principle, as of material form; although in possession of unlimited power and unbounded ambition, he is, nevertheless, the most dependent of all — individually accomplishing but little, a prey to a thousand circumstances. Thrown out of his social relations, he is unknown save as a wanderer, without a motive, without influence, and without enjoyment. His path is beset with thorns and briers, his days are cloudy, and the evening of his life is bitter and sad. He looks forward with no expectation, and gathers no experience from passing events. If he reflects at all it is upon a blank world and a barren enterprise. He is neither attracted or repelled by the hot breath of summer, or the cold blasts of winter. There is no dignity in his demeanor, no intelligence in his eye, no music in his speech, and no poetry in his life. His demeanor is debasing, and his eye betrays that brutality which alone characterizes his every day life. His speech is but the ejaculation of a perverted nature, and his life none other than treachery and violence, too sad to record, and too aimless to follow. He is a stranger to those tender emotions that are aroused at the cry of suffering humanity, and which so much embellish the heart of those who love their fellow men. Such a condition is unnatural, and does not furnish the necessary stimulus whereby are brought out those su-

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perior powers which characterize the human species.

Within the social relations, within the bonds of society, manhood is developed, and the path of life embellished by those happy associations that are every where found as we turn to the busy throng. Within the special relations are brought out those powers of mind, and emotions of heart, those deep emotions and holy desires that render life desirable, and the intercourse of friends indispensable. The social nature must be developed, its demands must not pass unheeded, its condition of growth and expansion must be satisfied; it has a voice that must be heard and obeyed. It contemplates the present with delight, and reflects upon the past with satisfaction. In the future are objects worthy of attention, and whose approach is anticipated with pleasure.

In the past are those whose memory is precious, whose life has left an impression upon us, giving tone and character to our thoughts. The composition of our social nature is peculiar, and must be guarded with the strictest care, and protected with assiduity and zeal. Life is a conflict, every day brings its cares, its toils, and its misfortunes; every day looks upon sorrow, pain and woe; every day is there treachery, envy and duplicity; every day introduces us upon a fresh page in the book of social intercourse, and read it as charitably as we may, no interpretation is free from criticism. Amid all this confusion, in the very presence of the storm and passions of life; amid threatening clouds in the social atmosphere; amid the dark and stormy night of passion, there are slumbering fires whose light, though dim, ascends into the darkness, and by this contrast becomes visible, and guides the voyager of life to a safe haven. Under the splendor of the noonday sun, the moon and the stars, the lesser lights are not discernable, but as the orb of day goes down behind the western hills, these lesser lights fill the mind with wonder, and we instinctively call on God to witness our admiration of his wisdom in the beauty of the noctural heavens. It is by these lights alone that we are now guided, and if these fail us, the instincts of our nature bid us wait for the morrow, not complainingly, but confidingly. So in the great plan of social life, the author of our being is not unmindful of his work. His wisdom is seen above and around us, in material forms and in immaterial principles; in social organizations and in individual life. Every person has a guiding star, something in the future for which he strives, and which he hopes to attain, and as he reaches one goal, another presents itself with superior attractions.

So of society, its composition is no less attractive. Here, interests may he more diversified, but they must harmonize in the general plan. Principles must rule, be they high or low. If the more exalted ideas do not prevail, then those of minor importance direct the thought, and if there be chaos, our instinct tells us to wait for the morrow for there is no day that does not bring something new, and the slumbering mind may be aroused to new activities.

Man, in the primeval ages of the world, was not so much guided by the

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principles of a higher life, as by instinct; he sought the protection of the individual, and the perpetuation of the species. There were but few interests in common, and these were in war, where the baser passions alone were inflamed. Individuals were not brought in contact save by their brutish natures, or to secure some physical superiority.

Communities were easily formed, and as easily destroyed. Man lived a wandering life, and carried with him country, kindred and home. He was not held by local attachments, and was a stranger to those exalted ideas of country and home, words so full of meaning to those whose souls have been touched by the fires of divine love.

Then there was no coöperation, no mutual interests. Wants were few, and these were easily supplied. But as time wears on, the star of hope arises; the immaterial principle is seen clothed in royal robes, with the sceptre of love triumphantly waving over all the world, bidding sad hearts rejoice, and weak knees be strong. The elements of social intercourse are now made to harmonize, and they develop a power before unknown. As society advances, it becomes more complicated, and interests are more conflicting, but it is this diversity, this conflict of ideas that makes it more desirable to maintain its integrity for whatever principles or interests prevails, their perpetuation and power depend upon the defense and support of the fundamental or organic law. No political party in any government will seek to destroy the main idea of that government, because, in so doing, it destroys itself. The assassin who raises the murderous hand upon his brother, falls by the re-action of the blow, not, perhaps, with the seeds of corruption in his body, but what is worse, he is morally corrupt — dead to every noble feeling, with the fires of an outraged conscience consuming him. The farther advanced is society in intelligence and civilization, the finer are its threads, and the closer are they woven. Interests, though various, are dependent — each individual is a member of the same body, and if one member suffers, all feel the pain. To protect my neighbor is to protect myself; his prosperity is my prosperity; his song is my delight. It is shame in a powerful nation to make tributary and dependent a feeble neighbor. It is a disgrace for a strong man to challenge an inexperienced youth in a trial of physical strength, and he would feel no pride in his victory. It is only when equals are matched that victory has a conscious pride, and may claim respectability. So the friction of social intercourse polishes manners and engenders fine sense. The less intelligent will strive to be the peer of the learned; the statesman works his way to position that he may enter the forum and contest the position of those whose errors he thinks should be exposed. All are competing, and all have competitors, and this competition and this strife keeps society in motion. The stronger the winds upon the tall oak, the deeper its roots strike and the farther they extend. Its leaves may rattle in the breeze, and its branches twist and writhe in the storm, but when the fury of the storm is over, it stands as majestically as ever, shielding alike the little warbler and the patient ox.

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Society may be convulsed as parties and individuals urge their favorite ideas, or seek to establish new rules of legislation and political influence, but after the battle, how calm and quiet are the contending forces. Beaten in the forum and before the masses, the politician quietly studies anew the lessons of political economy, and the policies of parties, and if he is seen again it is upon new issues — issues that have grown into importance or been developed by increased civilization.

When we consider the composition of society, it is matter of admiration that so many conflicting interests — that so many diverging purposes are made to harmonise and contribute to the general weal. The idea impresses us that more than human sagacity contrived; that more than human power sustains, and more than human perfection adorns and beautifies. These influences are impressed upon social life in many ways.

Many are the organizations having in view some particular end, for the advancement of some specified object which takes in particular classes of individuals, and all of these organizations may contain more or less discordant elements. Some of them may have especial reference to the habits of men, and seek to correct them. Others have in view the spiritual welfare of the race, and would point out the way of life, if indeed it refrains from dictating the form of faith.

We have about us institutions for various and multiplied purposes. Such as need the wants of all classes, and call forth the gratitude of all people —such as are adapted to the capacities of the untutored, and that meet the wants of the most advanced in science and art. Some call down the language of the stars, others read upon the sands the history of the past, while others see in the passing moment truths that are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver." But of all institutions, either ancient or modern, of all organizations, that of Masonry claims a position more ancient, and a purpose second to none but Christianity. To Christianity it pays homage, being based upon the holy principles of eternal justice. It acknowledges the power of God, the truths of revelation, the mission of Christ as she dedicates her organized bodies to those venerable saints through whose life and teachings are unfolded the kingdom of heaven in the hearts of men. This institution is peculiar, and unlike any other in its internal working.

While it would advance the highest interests of society, and improve the social relations of men; while its aims are high, and its success unparalleled, it would adhere with pertinacity to the ancient landmarks, and guard with fidelity against innovations. The antiquity of the Masonic ritual claims a reverence and respect which Masons delight to honor, and they bow humbly and meekly to its requirements. Men of all nations, callings, and professions, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, unite in Masonic labor, and enter the body equally humble, equally destitute, and are taught the same instructive lessons of brotherly love, relief and truth. All who trust in God, labor with assiduity and zeal upon the spiritual temple, carving for

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themselves a name that is a tower of strength in the moral world.

As Entered Apprentices we commence our first step in Masonry, and feel the full force of the several lectures. They have a moral power and bearing which all realize. Here we are brought face to face with the various conditions of men, and feel, for the first time, the full force of the expression, "charity suffereth long and is kind." The great principles of brotherly love are here inculcated, and the duties of man to man clearly elucidated. To this grand idea men of every country, sect and opinion assent. This is a rallying star around which all gather with admiration, and from this centre there radiates an influence that is felt by the great heart of the world.

To commence their Masonic career, all start from the same point, throwing off all disguises of the world, and bearing their breasts to the stern decrees of conscience, and calling on God to witness their devotion to the principles of this great and humane institution. We are told that the great thought is to make men better, and consequently happier; but that this may be the result, we must feel that there are common interests; that the brotherhood of the race must be understood; that there are personal duties and public obligations; that the best society is linked by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection; "that we should seek to soothe the unhappy, to sympathise with their misfortunes, and compassionate their miseries." Truth is presented as a divine attribute, and the foundation of hope; and furthermore the exalted virtues of temperance, fortitude, prudence and justice are not forgotten, but they claim that attention which their importance demands; that consideration due from the dignity of human nature, and the highest attributes of social order.

What thought can be more sublime than that men of every country, sect and opinion, can unite in the great idea of universal benevolence and recognize in each other a brother in the work of redemption from the many ills of the world and errors of society. Advancing with a conscious pride that we are upright in our new relations, with motives that serve the end of human desires, there are presented before us new objects of thought and of contemplation. Experience adds her charms, while the silver locks and ripe intelligences give their sanction to the work. As the first step introduced us into the great principles of brotherly love, relief and truth, the second presents to us the great field of nature, of science and of art, into those callings and those professions that embellish civilized life. The Mason, therefore, while he studies the great problem of religious obligations, must not pass as unimportant, the many questions of political integrity and social activity; he must not fail to make himself acquainted with those departments and those objects of investigation that enter so largely into the industry of society, into its prospects and success. He sees that universal education is strength, that art and science, and philosophy, that morality and religion, have a common mission, and attain the highest civilization. He who builds upon proba-

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bilities builds upon the same, while he who makes life a matter of fact, and society in its most perfect organization a necessity, finds a safe anchorage in the most terrific storm, he finds himself fortified against all assaults of human passion. He who sees God in the distance finds hope feeble and expectation doubtful, while he who owns Him in the present hour, who acknowledges His omnipresence, is baptised into the spirit of His grace. He who studies nature's book finds it a trestle-board on which is delineated work in which angels may delight to engage, work surpassing the finest and most perfect of our conceptions. Youth has its aspirations, manhood its work of constructing and moulding public sentiment, while age rests upon its laurels so faithfully won. Another step and we see a most sublime example of integrity, and are taught another lesson in human experience, in the practical problems of life. What are the complaints and importunities of the envious, the frowns of the inexperienced and uninitiated, compared with the conscience void of offence? Better fall and be forgotten, than to live perjured and execrated by an outraged community. Better go into seclusion and be forgotten, than become a by-word and a reproach among men. We can not prize too highly that man's integrity who withstands the allurements of vice, the temptations of the flesh, the lusts of the eye and the pride of life; but much more should we prize that integrity that is true to social life, to society, to humanity and to the grand idea of Masonry. In this third step there is not only the Master's regard in the conscious thought of fidelity to the Craft, but there is a verification of the truth that justice will sooner or later overtake us, if we walk not according to our obligations. Although our thoughts, words and actions, may be hid from the eye of man, yet the all-seeing eye of Jehovah is upon us. As the sands of life are soon exhausted, the scythe of time gathers in the harvest, and whether our sheaves are filled with golden grain or are wanting, the destroyer stays not, but strikes, and all fall alike in his path, to be gathered up into the garners of a waiting world. Conscience vindicates herself, and stands out in royal robes. Who, passing along the thread of life, does not see God in those forms of society that have stood the test of passing generations? Who, as he looks forth from the windows of the soul, does not recognize the drapery of heaven in the emblems of a pure heart? Who does not see in man's frailty God's opportunity? That His foot is upon the sea and upon the land; that with one hand he upholds the arch of heaven, and with the other strews flowers in the path of the weary pilgrim.

Do our Masonic labors carry us further on the way of experience, we find the symbols instructive, the moral inferences practical, and the work square and true, and that he who would be rewarded for his labor must be worthy to receive the penny. God is just, and will reward His own with immortal crowns. Do we sit in authority, we are reminded of impartial justice. Most excellent are those whose voices mingle in sweet har-

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mony, in praise to God that there is a spiritual altar where the incense of a pure heart ascends unceasingly to heaven. Here our Masonic temple is complete, it throws back upon the world its reflections, and challenges the admiration of the great and good, the high and the low, the rich and the poor. He who has been faithful is now rewarded, and no reward is more appropriate. He who has seen me, has seen the Father.

Those who take upon themselves the obligations of our Order, have a work before them and they should not shun to declare it. The forms and ceremonies of initiation is not all there is of Masonry, and he does not honor the fraternity who studies it no farther. Its principles are eminently practical, and we should strive to honor them. Our organization is not political, and we should make no use of it to further these ends. It is not denominational, though we acknowledge the fundamental truths of Christianity. It is not sectional or national, and within the body we should avoid all personal ends or sectional purposes. It is universal, extending from east to west, and from north to south, in every nation and in every clime. Selfishness, rivalry and personal piques are a curse to any community. Let us spurn them and stand upon the dignity of manliness, for then we can see the world. That Mason who can not stand upon his integrity and defy the world, is illy prepared to appreciate civil liberty.

In conclusion I would say to my brethren, to the fraternity, your position is an honorable one, and may your fidelity to its interests be most successful. Let it be a tower of strength to this community, see to it that truth has bold utterance, that art and science have a helping hand, and social life most worthy ornaments. Carry with you the white banner, the banner of purity and peace, and when your days on earth shall end the Supreme Architect on high will receive you into that spiritual lodge above, acknowledged and approved, most excellent masters.

(Original.)

THE LODGE AND ITS LABORS NO. 3—M. M.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

Attend all ye Masters, the summons obey;
To your Lodge room repair. O, come, come away;
A craftsman found worthy and highly praised,
Is anxious and ready—he wants to be raised.

The Lodge is in order, the word from the east
Is quickly replied to by south and by west;
The candidate proved, as to knowledge and skill,
Is elected and ready, with a hearty free will.

The Master most anxious to have all proceed,
With the strictest decorum, calls all to take heed,
The occasion being solemn, and danger quite near,
All stand prepared, with due caution and fear.

We now have the candidate admitted with care,
Advised of his danger, and kneeling for prayer,
He is joined by each brother with Masonic amen,
As he rises to travel life's journey again.

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His present condition and danger made clear,
Still onward he travels, with a friend ever near,
Gives proof of his labor and skill in our art;
And again he is pledged to be faithful in heart.

More light is imparted — more secrets revealed;
Yet still from his vision doth much lie concealed,
And when he concludes that his travels are o'er;
To his grief he then learns the worst lies before.

Now solemn and fearful he stands before all,
And prays by himself, that no evil befall;
His road is most dangerous — assassins are round;
And his life may be taken if his virtue be sound.

The trial is over — the grave is passed through:
Fidelity rewarded — He is raised up anew;
The grand solemn substitute a form is given,
And a Master stands forth in the ranks of the living.

He now stands erect on fellowship's plan;
With all those true feelings which bind man to man;
And in form most ancient he speaks in the ear,
What none but true Masters are worthy to hear.

And now comes our Master with carpet unrolled,
Giving lectures of value; beyond precious gold;
The temple — its furniture — its jewels and treasure,
Are explained and described by Masonic measure.

PERU, Ill., Jan., 1868.

MASONRY, like death, is the common level on which kings and peasants, rich and poor, meet upon the same equality.

[Original.]

ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE RITE.

A FEW months since I furnished you one of the beautiful historic charges of the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Free Masonry, according to Memphis. Enclosed you will find another, containing the historical part of the twenty-ninth degree, and which like the other sent you, has never been published in the English language.

W. R.

The Patriarchs of the Mystic City believe in the infinity of God; in the divine truths made known to the Sons of Light, who carefully study our mysteries, which, from the remotest times have been propagated by the Patriarchs of our Rite. Enoch, the son of Seth, and the grandson of our father Adam, disseminated truth before the waters destroyed the world. But men, grown proud, refused to listen to the man who walked with God. Noah, as all the Patriarchs, alone gave ear to the divine teachings, treasured them in his heart, and taught them to his sons, who, profiting by the words of wisdom, with their families, were saved from the deluge. Mizraim, the second son of Ham, two thousand years before the Christian Era, settled with his seven sons in Egypt, which country was called Mizraim, after the Patriarch of that name. These families made an early migration into the land of Canaan, into the west and into the south, peopling Africa and Ethiopia, and making Memphis the chief city of the Mizraim branch of the family of Ham.

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Thebes, Heliopolis and Karnak were erected by this people, and down to the present time, their gigantic ruins excite the wonder and admiration of the modern traveler, and the stupendous temples that remain landmarks of the science and industry of Egyptian Masonry. Theut or Thoth, called by the Phenecians Taunt, and by the Greeks Tlennes, was the founder of the Egyptian dominions. The Egyptians named the first month in their year Thath, in honor of him. He was, according to Diodoms Seculus, chief minister to Osiris. He invented letters, instituted rites; taught astronomy, music, and the rudiments of science, and caused his instructions to be graven on stone tables or columns, which he dispersed over the country to enlighten the people. One of the principal uses to which these symbolic inscriptions were applied, was to teach the doctrines of religion, and the maxims of political and moral wisdom.

"And Memphis, ere the reedy leaf was known,
Engraved her precepts and her arts on stone,
While animals in various order placed,
The learned hieroglyphic column graced."

Masonry was taught in these days as a religion, and religion assumed to instruct in the arts and sciences. Today the enlightened brother professes Masonry as a religion, and what religion can be purer or more simple. In our temples we practice to believe in and love God and our neighbor, to assist the needy, cheer the afflicted, pardon our enemies, nurse the sick and cultivate virtue.

This sublime Masonry extended from the plains of Memphis and the city of Heliopolis, to the palace of David of Israel, who, with his dying breath recommended Solomon to erect a temple to the Sublime Architect of the Universe. King Hiram was at the same time diffusing the light of Masonry in Tyre. The youthful Solomon, by his advice journeyed to Memphis and the City of the Sun, where he was initiated in the social mysteries by the Hierophants, who there preserved that master-piece of Enoch, the precious Delta, which had been transported to the banks of the Nile by the family of Mizraim.

After the initiation of Solomon, the Hierophant informed of his mighty project, and full of confidence in him as a Neophite of Memphis, sent him the sacred symbol of the Patriarch Enoch. The prophetic books of the Patriarch Hermes imposed this as duty.

From the time he carried this glorious design into execution, nations fraternized. The sacred fire burned in Chaldea; its flame enlightened Palestine, and peace reigned throughout the East, until Cambyses carried fire and sword into Egypt, making it a theatre of death and devastation. Checked by this frightful catastrophe, the march of civilization was stopped, and Masonry long lay dormant.

But the Saracens, after their first conquests became more subdued in their manners, and protected, or at least tolerated Masonry. They suffered the Patriarchs to conceal the archives, and the written doctrines of our Order, upon the banks of the Nile. This concession on their part was the more meritorious, because the spirit

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of Masonry was essentially progressive, and opposed to the fatalism of the Moslems.

To the Crusaders do we owe the resuscitation of Masonry, and its introduction into Europe. Despite their misfortunes, the East long continued to be the land of religion and of glory to the champions of the cross. Their eyes were ever turned towards the glorious Sun of Palestine, the palm trees of Idumea, and the plains of Ramah, where the infidels reposed under the shadow of the olive; towards that field of Ascalon which still shows vestiges of Godfrey de Bonillon, Tancred, Philip Augustus, and Richard of the Lion Heart; towards that Holy City, freed for a time and then subdued and chained, appearing to them as to Jeremiah, sitting solitary and drowned in tears, bereaved of her people and of her temple.

Five times during two centuries did the warriors of the West direct their march against the Moslem powers, and that gigantic strife which caused the shedding of seas of blood, was fertile in most precious consequences to humanity. It gave rise to the establishment of Masonry among the nations of Europe. The valiant survivors brought back with their banners, the light of Masonry from the banks of that famed river, where once trod Osiris, Hermes, Orpheus and Sesostis the Great. From the sacred spot, the pure centre, beneath the stony vault, from the thresholds of those mighty temples, they had obtained a dim view of the mysteries of light and truth.

The cities of Thebes, Memphis and Heliopolis, were the only depositories of high Masonic Science, the primitive and most ancient rite which has descended to us unchanged in its character, and fortified by authority unquestionable. It is the true Masonic tree, of which all others are the branches. There are twenty-one Rites, all one in their doctrines and in the first three degrees, only differing from each other in the details. They are:

1. The Indian Rite, possessing three degrees of Science.

2. The Chaldean Rite, which has three degrees of construction, and three complicated.

3. The Rite of Memphis, a continuation of the mysteries of antiquity, possessing originally ninety degrees of work, and six of office and merit, but reduced in the year 1866, by the Grand Orient of France to thirty-three degrees.

4. The Persian or Philosophic Rite, with seven degrees of instruction.

5. The Swedish Rite, the Templar system, nine degrees of instruction.

6. The York Rite, ancient free and accepted, is composed of four degrees; the fourth is the Royal Arch divided into four sections, making in all seven degrees.

7. The Rite of the system of Schroeder, of seven degrees of instruction.

8. The Rite of Swedenborg, or the Illuminati of Stockholm, of six degrees.

9. The Eclectic Rite is composed of three degrees.

10. The Scottish Rite, ancient and accepted, possesses thirty-three degrees.

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11. The Modern Rite of the Grand Orient, embracing the first eighteen degrees of the Scottish ancient and accepted Rite, but after the first three, which constitute symbolical Masonry, the others are only worked in the first degree of each Order.

12. The Rite of the system of Temendorf has seven degrees.

13. The Scottish Philosophic Rite twelve degrees of Science.

The Rite of the Three Globes, or of the Supreme Interior, has ten degrees.

15. The Rite of Fessler, or the Grand Royal Lodge of York. This is identical with the Friendship of Berlin.

16. The Rite of Philaletes or Truth-Lovers is composed of seven degrees.

17. The Rite Niconatis, or Sublime Masters of the Luminous Ring.

18. The Rite of the Perfectly Initiated has seven degrees.

19. The Rite of Kilwinning consists of twenty-five degrees.

20. The Rite of Mizraim ninety degrees, divided into four Sciences.

21. The Perfect Initiate of Asia of seven degrees.

This ends the instruction of the Degree of Patriarch of the Mystic City.

HIGH TWELVE.

We have an old tradition, delivered down orally, that it was the duty of Hiram Abiff to superintend the workmen, and that the reports of the officers were always examined with the most scrupulous exactness. At the opening of the day, when the sun was rising in the east, it was his constant custom, before the commencement of labor, to enter the temple and offer up his prayers to Jehovah for a blessing on the work. And, in like manner, when the sun was set in the west, and the labors of the day were closed and the workmen had departed, he returned his thanks to the Great Architect of the Universe for the harmonious protection for the day. Not content with this devout expression of his feelings morning and evening, he always went into the temple at the hour of high twelve, when the men were called from labor to refreshment, to inspect the progress of the work, to draw fresh designs upon the tracing board, if such were necessary, and to perform other scientific labors, never forgetting to consecrate his duties by solemn prayer. These religious customs were faithfully performed for the first six years in the secret recesses of his Lodge, and for the last year in the precincts of the Most Holy Place. At length, on the very day appointed for celebrating the capstone of the building, he retired as usual, according to our tradition, at the hour of high twelve, and did not return alive.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

THE GREAT LAW GIVER OF ISRAEL.

BY C. A. G. RAYHOUSER, M.D.

That Moses was the greatest man that ever lived is conceded by all who have a correct knowledge of his brilliant career. His fame has survived the lapse of ages and the ravages of time, and will descend to remotest ages, while other names, however brightly they may shine in the galaxy

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of fame, will be lost in the vortex of oblivion. Highly honored of man he is still more highly honored of God, who has himself said that "there arose not a prophet since in Israel like unto Moses, whom Jehovah knew face to face."

Moses knew God "face to face," a privilege granted to no other person on earth. This mark of the divine approbation, was exhibited in no other instance — an honor conferred upon no other individual, and it shows the exalted estimation which the divine being placed upon the character of the great man in Israel.

The laws enacted by Moses come nearer perfection than any other code ever devised by man, and their originality asserts the greatness of their author.

Other legislators have had the advantages of example and precedent. They were guided by the experience of their own and other times. They had before them the statutes of the past, which they improved or modified to make them applicable to their own time or country.

But Moses had none of these advantages. After rescuing his people from the most abject bondage, and while wandering in the wilderness, he gave those laws, which in purity and sublimity, have no equal in the world — without precedent, example or precept. Previous to his time there were no laws which an enlightened legislature could imitate, and those of Moses were therefore, purely emanations of his own giant mind, and strictly original. It may well be questioned whether such an enlightened code could have been devised under similar circumstances, by any other human being. To these laws the present advanced state of civilization is indebted. Upon them, all just laws in Christendom are founded, and from them the whole Christian world, is deriving great and innumerable benefits, and will continue to do so through all coming time. The statutes of Solon, and Lycurgus were regarded as of an enlightened character, and based upon truth and justice, but they could not preserve the people from anarchy, for, in a comparatively short time, the nations for whom they were made, became enshrouded in moral night, and engulphed in political chaos. But the laws of Moses had the power to preserve his nation for nearly four thousand years, and are still in force among that scattered people, and likewise honored and respected by all Christian nations.

The code of Plato was far in advance of his age, but it could bear no comparison to that of the great legislator of Israel. It subserved its purpose, and is laid aside forever; but Moses' laws still survive unequaled and unparalleled.

Taking these facts into consideration, we must concede to him the most brilliant talent and wisdom, known in the history of man. Both statesmanship and science are greatly enhanced by his works. His wisdom and knowledge have enriched the whole world. His works are used as text-books by almost every writer on geology, geography, chronology, astronomy, natural history, ethics, theology, poetry, and criticism.

The moral character of Moses is without a blemish, as is fully proven

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by his mandates which enforce the strictest justice and the purest morality. His moral courage was indomitable. No opposition could daunt him, and no obstacle swerve him from the path of duty.

His abilities as a warrior are not less conspicuous than his capacities as a statesman. The fact is seen in the admirable military arrangement of his army. His plans of military organization excel all others, and have, in all ages since that time, been adopted as models to be imitated. They are in vogue at the present time in all civilized nations, including our own. He was the first to divide the army into companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and corps, assigning a commander to each division. This he did without previous example or suggestion, and has thus exhibited the highest order of military talent. Surrounding nations were awe-stricken at the wisdom displayed in the arrangement of his camps, by which he could guard against surprise, and resist the approach of enemies. In marshaling his forces he proved himself to be the greatest general in any age.

He was skilled in all the learning of Egypt, which is acknowledged to have been in advance of any other nation at that period. He was educated for the throne of Egypt, and of course neither the civil nor military education was neglected. When Egypt was invaded by a large Ethiopian force, he was appointed by Pharoah to to lead the Egyptian armies. He repulsed the invaders—drove them to their strongly fortified cities, which he captured and returned in triumph. This event occurred before he was divinely appointed to lead the hosts of Israel, and therefore it can not be argued that he was aided by any thing aside from his own natural abilities. In his march through the wilderness, he fought and conquered the opposing nations. He moved against Sihon, king of Heshbon, whose vast army he entirely annihilated; captured every city and destroyed the male portion of the inhabitants. The same results were effected in his expedition against Og, King of Bashan, whose people were a race of giants, and who were regarded invincible, and were skilled in the known arts of war, but they yielded to the superior generalship of the leader of the Israelites. Opposed by the Amelekites, he gave them battle, and utterly routed them, and thus cleared the way to the promised land.

Moses truly possessed all the sublime qualities that constitute a great man. We have viewed him in the capacity of statesman, governing more than three millions of persons just released from the lowest and vilest servitude; full of superstition, devoid of mental cultivation, and but little if any above the grade of the wild uncouth savage. But the system of government instituted by him, founded upon Justice and religion, raised them above their former level to the high position which they enjoyed as a peculiar people. The institutions, bequeathed to them by the great law giver, gave them prominence among the nations of the earth, and made them honorable in the sight of their cotemporaries, and those institutions have since that day continued to illuminate the morai and political world.

The magnanimity and self-disinter-

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estedness of Moses should not be overlooked. Educated with special reference to the throne of Egypt, Pharaoh announced to him that he should be his successor. Here was an opportunity to revel in all the pomp and pageantry of Oriental greatness. He refused, and chose rather to unite his fortune and destiny with those of his people — to participate in *their* joys and *their* sorrows.

He never kept any of the spoils taken from the enemy for himself, but always distributed them among his countrymen. He was content with the high reward of an approving conscience, and the smiles of an approving God. These noble qualities of themselves constitute true greatness, and added to his transcendent intellect, make him almost superhuman. It may truly be said, "there arose not another like unto Moses, whom Jehovah knew face to face."

REYNOLDS, Ind., Dec. 1867.

JURISPRUDENCE OF OHIO.

AFTER a petition is regularly received by a subordinate Lodge, and entered upon its minutes, it shall not be withdrawn without the consent of the said Lodge—at least three-fourths of the members present concurring therein.

A Master Mason regularly admitted is not compelled to apply for membership to the Lodge nearest his residence. Any Lodge may legally receive his petition.

Membership of a Lodge from first to last is voluntary on the part of the member. He may, for reasons satisfactory to himself, by consent of the Lodge, and without thereby subjecting himself to Masonic discipline, withdraw his membership; and until he affiliates, he voluntarily renounces all claim to Masonic consideration.

Lodges may deny to unaffiliated Masons the privilege of visiting and Masonic charity, the privilege of joining in public processions.

In all cities and towns where there are more than one Lodge, it shall be the duties of the secretaries of said Lodges to give notice in writing to all other Lodges situate in said city or town, of all applications for initiation, stating their age, occupation, and place of residence: provided, that when more than one Lodge shall hold their meetings in the same room, then, and in that case, a register shall be kept upon the secretary's desk, setting forth the aforesaid particulars, which shall be read at such stated meetings of said Lodges.

No candidate shall be received in any Lodge but the one nearest his residence, without the written assent of such nearest Lodge, except where two or more Lodges have concurrent jurisdiction; in which case, either of such Lodges may entertain the petition. And any Lodge, wantonly violating the jurisdiction of another, shall be liable to the Lodge injured in double the amount of fees chargeable for the degrees so conferred, and to arrest of Charter—either, or both—at the discretion of the Grand Lodge, or of the Grand Master.

OF BALLOTING.

The ballot for admission to each degree, as well as for membership, shall be unanimous, and every member present shall vote.

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In balloting for a candidate, should one black ball only appear, the Master shall order a second ballot; and if one or more black balls still appear, the candidate is rejected. No debate shall be allowed after the ballot is ordered, and no inquiry permitted as to who may have cast the black ball.

A vote by ballot can not be reconsidered.

A vote to sustain charges, or to suspend or expel a member or a Mason not a member, who may be tried by a Lodge, shall in all cases be taken by ballot, a majority of all the members present being necessary to find guilty or to suspend, and two-thirds to expel.

A Lodge shall refuse to confer a degree upon a candidate elected, if any member shall subsequently object thereto. Such objection to be made in open Lodge, or by written communication to the Lodge, should the objecting member from any cause, be unable to attend. The brother objecting shall not be interrogated as to his reasons for the objection, but may assign them should he desire so to do.

When an unfavorable report shall be made from a committee, the same proceedings shall be had as upon a report in favor of the applicant.

After a candidate is declared rejected, his case can not again be considered by the Lodge unless a petition be presented at a stated meeting thereof, signed by him, which petition must be referred to a committee, and lie over for consideration to the next stated meeting.

SUSPENSIONS, EXPULSIONS, AND RESTORATIONS.

Suspension of a member for a *definite time*, does not exonerate him from payment of dues during such suspension.

A member suspended for an *indefinite time*, on charges and due trial, is not chargeable with dues; but on restoration may be required to pay such amount in lieu thereof, as the Lodge in its discretion may determine: Provided, the amount so required to be paid shall not exceed the dues with which such member would have been chargeable during the time of such suspension.

Members suspended by the W. M. for non-payment of dues, under the 22d By-Law of the Grand Lodge, are chargeable with dues during such suspension.

The expiration of the time for which a brother may have been suspended fully restores him without further action of the Lodge.

Payment of all dues for which a brother is suspended, under the 22d By-Law of the Grand Lodge, together with the dues until the time of payment, fully restores him without action of the Lodge. The fact of payment and consequent restoration shall, however, be entered by the secretary on the minutes of the stated meeting of the Lodge next thereafter.

A Lodge has no authority to levy a tax or assessment upon its members aside from the dues prescribed by its by-laws.

A sentence of suspension or expulsion by a Lodge, shall be in force (from the passing thereof) until reversed by the Grand Lodge, or by the Lodge pronouncing the same.

The power of restoration exists in both the Lodge passing sentence of

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suspension or expulsion, and in the Grand Lodge. If exercised by the Grand Lodge on appeal reversing the sentence of the Subordinate Lodge, such reversal, if upon the merits of the case, operates to restore the brother to all the rights and privileges of Masonry, not to membership in the Lodge. If for error in the proceedings, it restores him to membership also. In the latter case the cause shall be remanded to the Lodge for further trial. If the Grand Lodge shall restore a suspended or expelled Mason without appeal for any cause, such restoration operates to restore him to the benefits of Masonry only, not to membership.

An application to a subordinate Lodge for restoration from suspension or expulsion shall be by petition in writing, signed by the applicant, and presented at a stated meeting, and lie over for consideration at least one lunar month, and be considered at a stated meeting of the Lodge. The vote thereon shall be by ballot. A majority of the members present may restore from suspension. The vote to restore from expulsion must be unanimous. Restoration by a subordinate Lodge operates to restore the applicant to Masonry and membership in such Lodge, provided he was at the time of suspension or expulsion a member of the Lodge restoring him.

THE ACTION OF THE GRAND CHAPTER OF OHIO.

"*Resolved*, That this Grand Chapter indorses the positions taken by the M. E. Grand High Priest in his address, and the committee on Foreign Communications in their report, in relation to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.

Resolved, That this Grand Chapter, being thoroughly convinced of the legality of the organization of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, does now recognize it as a legal Grand Chapter, and extend to it the right hand of brotherly love and friendly greeting.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be and is hereby instructed to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia."

There being a difficulty in Maryland and the District of Columbia, the Grand Chapter of Ohio passed the above.

Formerly the Grand Chapter comprised in one jurisdiction the State of Maryland and the District of Columbia. During the period of its existence four Chapters were organized. In process of time three of these chapters were desirous of forming a new Grand Chapter, with power to rule, manage and control capitular Masonry. They obtained permission to do so from the Grand Chapter of Maryland, and took the steps proper for that end. But Potomac Chapter No. 8, the oldest in the District, refused to unite their destinies with the other three in the new Grand Chapter, and passed a resolution that the new Grand Chapter was "irregular and clandestine." Potomac Chapter made an appeal to the Gen. Gr. High Priest, who took sides with them.

Therefore it is a subject upon which all Grand Chapters should speak. And Ohio has put herself upon record, firmly fixed upon what is right and Masonic. We hope that all others will do the same.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

[Original.]

FREE-MASONRY AND WOMAN.

[*Concluded.*]

"Very cold to-day, *Miss?*" (accent on the Miss.)

"Very," she replied. Humph! thought I, ice don't break easy. The Miss, I think, suited any how.

"Would you like to look at last evening's New York paper," proffering mine.

"No, thank you, I brought one with me."

"When did you leave New York?"

"Last evening."

I looked upon the conversation as ended. It was certain the lady did not wish to continue it. I therefore changed my tactics, and was debating with myself on the propriety of advancing the acquaintance by the aid of the lady beside me, with whom I was discussing the fact that had I taken my wife's advice I should have reached Chicago just as soon as now, when, on looking up, I found the lady in front of me waiting for a pause in the conversation, to say something herself.

"Will you please tell, sir, if this train goes to Cincinnati?" she asked, speaking slowly and hesitatingly.

To which I replied that the train we were on only went to Cleveland, but that this was the only route to Cincinnati. She could take cars at Cleveland that would land her in Cincinnati without change, etc.

The ice was now thoroughly broken, and I soon found out that she arrived in New York only two days ago; that she came over in a Liverpool packet ship of which my old school-mate, Capt. W——, was master, and that the agent in New York, (with whom I happened to be personally acquainted,) instead of sending her to a hotel alone, had kindly taken her to his own house in Brooklyn, and had himself seen her safely on the cars the night before. Furthermore, that she was traveling without escort, (except a servant girl she had brought from England with her,) to Cincinnati, where she had a sister living.

After this she freely entered into conversation with our party, and helped us to while away the long hours until we reached Cleveland. Here, having ascertained that the Cincinnati train had been gone several hours, and none other to leave until the next morning, she went with us to the hotel. After supper we spent an hour in the ladies' drawing-room, all enjoying the society of our new acquaintance, who, among other things, proved herself to be an accomplished

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musician; her piano music being entirely new to us, was the pleasantest feature of our evening's entertainment.

One trait of character in her had all the time attracted my attention. She seemed afraid of all gentlemen except myself, and would not hold conversation with any of them. The next morning, when attending her to the cars, (which left an hour before ours did.) I determined to ask her the reason of this. So having seated her comfortably in the cars, with tickets, checks, etc., all right, I took a seat in front of her, and asked why she happened to get acquainted with me, when she seemed not to wish to make any other gentleman's acquaintance? I brought it in as well as I could, while she was thanking me for my kind attention, and asking me to call if I should come to Cincinnati. "If you have five minutes to spare I will tell you." "Fifteen before the omnibus goes back," I answered, "and much more comfortable waiting here by the fire, than in the cold omnibus."

"You must know, to begin with," she said, "that I left home with many doubts as to my ability to find my way from New York to Cincinnati without any escort; but the fame of American gentlemen for politeness and attention to ladies traveling alone, was so proverbial in Europe, that I finally consented to make the attempt, my sister in Cincinnati assuring me over and over again in her letters, that I would not have the least bit of trouble. Any gentlemen, she said, would be glad to render me assistance, if I needed it, on the cars or elsewhere. I did not find it exactly so, as the sequel will show. You remember how it snowed, and how cold the wind blew, while we were at Dunkirk changing cars. I stood in the depot watching my luggage until I was nearly frozen. My girl had not entirely recovered from the prostration of sea-sickness, and was only a trouble to me. Finally the luggage was loaded into a car, and away it went. I did not know, and could not tell where; but as the baggage-man said it was all right, I gave up all further care and trouble about it, and made the best of my way to where several trains of passenger coaches stood. Does this train go to Cincinnati? I asked of a stupid-looking Irishman, who seemed to have something to do with coupling the cars. If he answered me I did not hear it for the wind and the storm. 'All aboard,' shouts some body. 'Don't stand on the platform there, ladies, step right in, the platform is icy, and it is dangerous to stand on them when the cars start;" and we found ourselves almost pushed inside the car, and occupying a seat near the door, before we fairly knew what we were doing. Just as the cars began to move slowly out of the depot, it occurred to me that I might have stepped into the wrong coach. It certainly seemed to me that we were going the same way that I had come. I turned to a gentleman sitting near me, (at least he appeared to be one,) and asked: Does this train go to Cincinnati? He turned his head slightly, and replied gruffly, '*Don't know.*' Rather cool, thought I, but then it is a cold day, and there must be some bears among the animals, and

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rising, I stepped forward a seat or two, to where was sitting a well-dressed man, so comfortably wrapped in shawl and furs, that I did not in the least expect to find him encrusted in ice; and touching his shoulder to attract his attention, again asked the question: Will you please tell me, sir, if this train goes to Cincinnati? You ought to have seen the look he gave me. I can feel it yet. It seemed to scan me from head to foot; and there was almost a sneer on his lip, as he replied, "The conductor will be along presently—he will tell you." I can assure you that I found my way to my seat as soon as possible, and sitting down, tried to think. My thoughts seemed all confused. It can hardly be, mused I, that this is the right train, or these folks would certainly know it, and say so. Growing desperate over this idea, I went to the door, and opening it a little, tried to see if I could possibly tell in what direction we were going. The cold wind rushed in, bringing with it a blinding shower of snow in my face; but colder and more cutting to my heart was the action of a man sitting near, who, with powerful hand, pushed the door from my grasp, and closed it with a crash. I sank almost to the floor, and tottered to my seat. So much, said I to myself, for the vaunted politeness of American gentlemen to ladies traveling without escort. As for me, I have done with them. The car will stop somewhere, and I have money enough to bring me back if it is the wrong place.

Then, the excitement being over, I began to feel sick in body, as well as in mind. My feet seemed fairly stiffened with cold, and this continued until I was compelled, from sheer pain, to try and reach the stove. I had much difficulty in doing it; my limbs were benumbed with cold, my feet like clogs of ice, and the motion of the car sadly disturbing my balance. Approaching the stove, at last, you spoke kind words to me. I attempted to reply, but could only weep. Afterwards, when you spoke to me, I tried to think of you as one of the same kind of American gentlemen I had just been talking to, and would not continue the conversation. But accidentally I caught sight of your watch key. I thought I knew the device; and watching closely, found I was not mistaken—it was the square, the compass, and the letter G. My father is a Mason, and, in England, Masons are gentlemen. I thought you would not wear the emblem unless you were a Mason, and ventured to ask again, if I was on the right road to Cincinnati? and I have been thankful ever since that I met you, and that I found in you a real Freemason."

I rose, shook her hand at parting, thinking of many things, and thanking the old watch key for a pleasant acquaintance, and, also, for the greater pleasure it had given me in doing a kindness to the daughter of a brother Mason.

My story is ended. Will it do Katy?

"Have you that watch key now, Uncle?"

Yes, but I don't wear it often, for fear of losing it. I prize it highly. It was your Grandfather's, and was made about the year 1800.

"Uncle, are all men who wear Masonic emblems Masons and gentlemen?"

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My cigar was out, and throwing the stump into the fire as I arose, I replied,

"They ought to be, and if they live up to what they profess, they are."

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER AND REFORMED INFIDEL.

(*Concluded.*)

His unexpected arrival created quite a sensation among his young friends. They all thronged about him, happy to extend the hand of friendship, and congratulate him on his safe return; some whispered Ida was married; others that she was still single, and waited his return; all having so much to say, and so many questions to ask, that they nearly bewildered him.

As soon as he could steal away from his friends, that evening, he went to see Ida W——. She had heard of his arrival, and waited his coming with kisses and tears of joy.

The meeting was a happy one, blended with love and long absent greeting. He thought her more beautiful than ever. She seemed more like a visitor from some bright world—the angel of her sex, or the star of some loftier sphere—too fair, too lovely for earth. Her voice was sweeter, and more musical, than the soft melodious strains of an æolian harp; and her eyes far outshone the wealth of Solomon, or the glory of the Queen of the South.

As time rolled on, he enjoyed many happy hours in the society of his angel love—and she was to him more than gold is to the miser. He watched over her with the eye of a guardian spirit, still dreaming of happier days yet to come.

Wandering far up the mountain side, one fine Sabbath afternoon, they came to the quiet retreat where first Lyman spied the darling object of his heart. Here they took a seat on the moss-grown bench, between the two stately pines, and talked of the beauties of nature, after which he told her the secret of his heart. "Dear Ida," said he, in a soft musical tone, "dear Ida, I have long worshiped at your shrine, and would now reveal to you the cherished secret of my soul. I *love* you sincerely, ardently and devotedly. Will you be mine?"

There was a pause—a moment of silence as deep and profound as the bright hills looked eternal around them. Ida seemed lost in deep, deep thought; her eyes rested upon the ground; then looking up fondly, with a sweet smile upon her face, placing her hand into his, she simply said—"thine, thine only—no, thine and God's."

Lyman H—— was happy, a great weight was removed from his heart. He no longer feared, lest he might lose the idol of his affections. She had answered sincerely, and he believed her as true to her promise as the needle is to the pole.

That evening he conversed with Mr. and Mrs. W——, on the subject of their union. They cheerfully consented, and on the following evening the nuptial day and hour was fixed.

The evening came with its hopes and promises of future bliss and happiness, while preliminaries were being arranged for the bridal tour, when in this flush of hope Ida discovered that Lyman was an *Infidel*. He pronounced Revelation a fable. He could see no

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all-seeing Eye, for there is no God, was the sentiment of his heart. He could not think of there being a High and Holy Being, who rules the destiny of men and nations. The idea to him was preposterous, and no one, he said, could make him belive that there was a spirit who could touch the hills, and they would smoke—the stars and they would vanish, or the sun and it would refuse to give light.

The idea of his fiendish belief struck terror in the young and beautiful girl's heart. From her early years she had always been taught by a kind father the existence of a God, and had learned to love and fear Him.

At first she entreated, and tried to win him back from his erroneous belief. She pointed him to the midnight sky, woven with gems and stars—to the earth with its ten thousand evidences of animal and vegetable life; its verdure, forests, mountains, rivers, lakes, and man so fearfully and so wonderfully made—the crown of all nature, who, rising like an Alpine peak above every thing grandest on earth, he is the point nearest heaven, and most allied to God. Whence came all these things? By chance? He could not answer—he could not believe under any circumstances. Despairing of winning him by love or persuasion, she threatened him with breaking off the plighted vow—but all in vain. He could not reform—could not give up his infidel doctrine. Heart-sick, and weary with the thought of becoming the wife of one who denied the existence of her God whom she had learned to reverence in her childhood years, was too much for such a tender heart, and she went to her parents with tears in her eyes.

"Father—dear father—Lyman is an unbeliever, though born and reared in a christian land."

"An unbeliever," repeated the venerable pastor. Ida it can not be, you are mistaken."

"Truly not, father. He says there is no God—denies there being a heaven. He says we die—are laid in the grave—and are as if we had never been."

"And will you wed him thus believing?"

"No, father, never, I can not—will not—as long as he scorns that Being who created and redeemed me."

"Well, Ida, you may do as you please; but remember that you have but one life to live and one death to die—you have taken up your cross, and though it is heavy to bear, yet by patience and prayer it will lead you to the house of the blessed—the place of eternal happiness and everlasting life; whereas casting it off and following Lyman, you may go down to wickedness and despair."

"I will never turn from your pious and holy teaching, father, Lyman must give me back my vows."

"Yes, Ida," said Mrs. W——, "let him depart in peace, you will never live happy with him. If he believed I would never say a word against your union; but as it is he is not worthy of your heart and hand."

"I will speak with him," said Mr. W——, "and endeavor to recall him—it is never too late to reform."

Here the conversation ceased; Ida was again happy. She hoped that the

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piety and wise counsel of her father, and his exemplary life for so many years would convince him of his wrong, and she would yet bow with him at the marriage altar.

The next morning Lyman received strange and unexpected intelligence. A large firm in Boston had failed; and having funds of his in their possession, his presence was solicited immediately, as the greater portion of it was recoverable.

He was all excitement; and without taking leave of Ida and her parents, departed *en route* for the city.

The week following his exit from Glenwood, Ida was prostrated by the hand of disease. Its ravages could not be checked, and in the course of a few days she lay at the point of death. She was resigned and willing to change her mode of existence—happy in a dying christian's hope. She only desired to see Lyman and again warn him of his danger, ere she left this world.

Mr. W—— dispatched a letter to him, informing him of her illness, and her desire to see him and speak with him, before life's frail journey would be over.

She was sensible of her danger, and knew he could not return in time to exchange with her the long farewell. Already there was a cold touch upon the pale brow, and a deep chill in life's crimson current. It was death's signal—the grim monster was fast approaching. She knew that soon, with her, the scene would change. But she dreaded not the coming moment—that moment at the thought of which the monarch trembles on his throne, and the heart of the bravest warrior quails.

It was Sabbath evening when she died—beautiful as was the solemn hour. The sun set; its crimson rays had faded into pale light, just gleaming above the horizon, one by one the stars came out, as twilight deepened into night. The full moon rose gradually over the eastern hills, casting its silvery light down upon a peaceful scene. All nature was hushed in sweet repose. The twinkling stars, the bright moon, the ethereal blue above, and the green earth beneath, all combined, added beauty and impressiveness to the spirit's transition. Her beloved parents, with sympathizing friends, were gathered about her bedside, calmly watching her as her spirit drifted slowly out upon the ocean of death. No one moved or spoke. All was silent as the grave, save occasional deep sighs, and the voice of prayer that ever and anon arose in their midst.

She was beautifully pale—fast sinking into that long, dreamless sleep, which has no waking on earth. But not a murmur escaped her lips. She bore her sufferings with the fortitude of a soldier—the soldier of the cross; and was happy in the thought, though soon she would be transferred to a brighter, higher, nobler, and more refined state of existence.

For a short time she slept sweetly, gently, when rousing up she said in a feeble tone:

"I have had a dream—dreamed of Heaven. I saw all its dazzling brilliancy, its lofty grandeur, its unparalleled sublimity. There was God, the Prince of the World, the Spirit of

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Truth, and the Redeemer of man. There were angels, and seraphim and cherubim, in regular order around the Great White Throne. There were millions upon millions of kindred beings, roaming amid the beauties of Heaven, and singing anthems unto the Lord of Hosts. There was little Alice—my dear sister, who died seven years ago—robed in spotless white. She was a seraph of celestial beauty—a spirit of untarnished purity. A halo of innocence, enriched by streams of light from the golden altar of Heaven, encircled her form, brighter than the rainbow's hues. A crown of righteousness was upon her brow, and in her right hand she held the scroll of everlasting life. She kissed me sweeter, far sweeter, than she had ever done on earth, and said in a voice, the very soul of music—'Ida, dear, you are soon coming home. Oh, then, we will live for ever amid the pleasures of God, singing praises unto Him, even when eternity shall have lost itself in its own vastness!'"

Relapsing into silence, she rested quietly for a moment, when she again said:

"Father—mother—when I am gone, cut off one of my brightest and best ringlets, place it in my Bible, and give the book to Lyman when he returns. Tell him, as my dying request, to study its holy precepts, and believe that he may be saved. Tell him of my golden dream, and how I died in the hope of a living Redeemer, and re-union in the bright spirit-land. Oh, I am going now—slowly dying—dying! I hear sweet music and the rustling of angel's wings. Little Alice is coming, I hear her musical voice. You will all come soon; we will meet in Heaven. Farewell—farewell!"

Her hour had come, she could speak no more—death choked her utterance. She smiled pleasantly—waved a parting adieu with her lilly white hand, and like one sinking into a gentle slumber, or like a June cloud, calm and serene, she passed away in the morning of her existence, to bloom again in Paradise! Morning came, the sun gilded the eastern horizon as of yore, but sorrow and bereavement had entered the village of Glenwood—the ominous whisper went round through the town that "Ida Weston was dead!" It was mournful news. Many rosy cheeks paled as the ear caught the whisper—many bosoms heaved with grief, and many young hearts were affected to bitter tears. Preparations were made for interring the dead—the betrothed bride of Lyman H——, who was still absent; and on the following day she was laid to rest in the quiet village churchyard. The funeral was very largely attended, and as the burial hour drew near the crowd seemed to increase, others joined the long procession, as it moved slowly on toward the garden of graves. The scene was grand and imposing in solemnity. A heavy gloom rested on every countenance; and the chime of the bell, tolling to the memory of the departed, sounded mournfully sweet. Its plaintive notes even echoed far over the hills, when they stood around her grave, and saw her lowered to rest. Then, for a moment all was silent, but when the hoarse rumbling of the clods, falling upon the lid of her coffin, broke harshly upon the ear, not a tearless

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eye was there, as they listened to the voice of prayer, and heard the solemn consignment, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the voice was almost drowned by bereavement and lamentation.

That evening Lyman H—— returned, repairing immediately to the residence of Mr. W——, the now sorrowing family. He had not heard of Ida's death, and on being apprised of it his heart threatened to cease its palpitations. What to him was life, when the idol of his heart was gone! The golden chain that bound him to earth was broken—the being who "lent enchantment to the atmosphere of his existence," was sleeping in the silent grave among yonder beautiful cluster of elms. The same day he visited the grave yard, and as he stood by that new made grave, sacred with all the recollections of an early acquaintance and pleasant memories crowding upon his mind of the youthful bride, he wept like a child, and even secretly wished that he was resting by her side in the quiet chamber of death. On his return from the grave of his bretrothed, Mrs. W—— gave him the Bible and glossy ringlets, which were saved for him. She then related to him Ida's beautiful dream—how happy she had died, and her hope of meeting him in Heaven! Tears flowed freely as he listened to her mournful story, but could not believe in Heaven—a place of eternal happiness and felicity. Mr. W——, the venerable Grand Master, argued with him on the subject, explained and pointed out to him "the way, the truth and the life," but all in vain—vain. He could not be persuaded to abandon the path of errors; and in a few days departed for Boston, still clinging to his Infidel doctrines.

* * * *

Seven times the spring violets had bloomed and died—seven times the summer flowers had budded and bloomed, and the beautiful harvests been gathered in—seven times the fruitful autumn had gladdened the heart, and its beauties withered and died—seven times the snows had sifted upon the earth; and the fierce winds of winter whistled and sighed over the New England hills, since Ida Weston was laid to rest. In that time many changes had taken place in the village—many sad vicissitudes of life. Mr. and Mrs. Weston had both been gathered home to their fathers, and many others had found a resting place, all sleeping quietly in the little churchyard of their native village.

It was again a bright summer's eve; the sun was fast sinking behind the western hills, the stage-coach rattled down the turnpike and into the village of Glenwood, but entirely changed during the lapse of seven years. Among the passengers who alighted at the "Golden Eagle,"—formerly the "Traveler's Rest"—there was a pale young man, dressed in clerical style, who was about forsaking friends and leaving home to preach the gospel in far off heathen lands.

During his brief stay in Glenwood, he met with a few of his early friends and associates, who had grown up into men and women around their own dear fire-sides; but those whom he loved best were scattered and gone. Some, having found a home in a more congenial clime; others were tossing upon

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distant seas; others slept in foreign graves, far from the scenes and loved ones of home."

"All perchance to meet no more,
Till life's drear waste is o'er."

He visited the lovely retreat—the place which to him was more dear than all earth beside, but time had shorn it of its beauties—had erased it from the face of the earth. Other hallowed places of resort—once the scenes of love and happiness, had wasted away into nothing. Alike to his loved and early friends, all their beauties and endearments were scattered and gone. Every thing had changed, and he too was changed. His countenance was pale and dejected, and his heart sad and lonely—pining under crushed hopes and early memories.

Some one suggested that he should take a wife with him.

"No," said he, "I have one wife in Heaven."

The night before he departed on his mission of mercy to heathen lands, long after midnight, he might have been seen kneeling by the side of a grass-grown grave in the little village church-yard, alone, earnestly engaged in prayer! A small Bible and ringlets of glossy hair lay by his side—the head stone of the grave was nearly hidden from view by the tall grass; but by pushing it gently aside, one could read: "*Sacred to the Memory of Ida Weston!*" X. Y. Z.

BERRIEN SPRINGS, MICH., *Dec.* 28, '67.

THE LIGHT radiating from a Masonic Altar may reach every mind, for it fills the universe, and shows to all the path to a better life and a brighter world.

[Original.]

MY SHIPS.

BY ISABEL ST. CLAIR.

O, my fleet outnumbered the very stars,
When first they set their sails for sea;
Yet I know by the wrecks that have marked the year,
They will never all come back to me.

One went down when we sorrowing laid,
Our petted bird with its broken wing,
In the grave which our dimpled hands had made
For its resting place by the mountain spring.

We had known no deeper griefs than this,
And our tears fell fast on the gleaming sands
As we heaped them over its ruffled breast,
And patted them down with our baby hands.

And one when my lover in pinafore,
In a jaunty cap and mittens red,
Went whistling by our very door,
With a rival miss on his painted sled.

And one, when I lost the prize at school,
And hiding away in the woods to cry,
Kissed the dews from the drooping leaves,
Thinking they wept as well as I.

My grown up ships are stranding, too!
Some go down when the skies are fair
When not a cloud against the blue,
Warns of the tempest hidden there.

But yet I've other ships and brave,
Sailing out to the unknown sea;
And I charge thee, wind, and I charge thee, wave,
To bring them safely back to me.

I know they will come, these golden eve's,
So trim the lights, on the cliff, and tell,
The reaper to leave his unbound sheaves,
And listen and wait for the signal bell.

WAUSEON, Ohio.

THE church, the school-house and the lodge, indicate the progress of civilization in every land.

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EDITORIAL.

GOODS WORKS ARE IMMORTAL.

If every member of the Masonic Fraternity could have the idea indelibly stamped upon his mind, that deeds of goodness, in all future ages through which he may be directed to pass, will always live, and be the evergreen sprigs of his existence; it seems that a truer life, harmonizing with the principles of Masonry, would be the life of every Mason. When a Mason candidly reflects upon the great moral precepts of the order, he finds that it is utterly impossible to shut out or obliterate the works of love and mercy forever.

There is no philosophy in the dark thought that the dead swallow every thing which was once dear and valuable to them, or was valuable of them. The high and lofty thought, the manly and magnanimous endeavor that gushes forth like a living fountain from an overcharged soul, can never cease to vibrate harmonious sounds upon the side of good. That sweet music, which ever refines the soul and lifts it up to God, which elevates the thought, purifies the mind, and divinely quickens the spirit, can never be lost amid the multitude of inharmonies which may be produced in human life.

It appears, then, that Masons, as they are privileged to know and enjoy all the advantages of the moral teachings of Masonry, should present a faultless life of unselfishness. One which will contribute to good, and that will harmonize with the lessons constantly inculcated in their social entertainments. In those lessons of good, which, in their tendency, directs the mind in holy contemplations, is the Acassia; a fitting emblem of immortality. But as that evergreen can not always bloom at the head of our graves, let every Mason, by his upright life, place upon every page of his mortal existence, deeds of righteousness that will outlive all the fleeting things of time, and record in history, deeds of immortality which may be ever green throughout the wasteless seasons of eternity.

The wealth that we may accumulate, the struggles for worldly fame will vanish and disappear with the tinseled trappings of earthly glory. But every act, thought and consideration for good, will bloom forever upon the banks of the river of life —continually producing happiness here in this world, while anticipating the reality in the life to come. It is from all that we find beautiful, good and true, and every thing which contributes to moral and spiritual elevation, that we weave the web of our destiny and being. When we perform a good deed, utter a noble thought, produce a harmonious sound, some fellow mortal will see the act, hear the words, and becoming attracted by the vibrating note, will catch the inspiration of song, and will be directed heavenward. The higher the members of the Order can elevate the moral standard, the nearer will they come to being true and upright Masons.

A Mason should never be content to live no better than those who have never been conducted across the threshhold of the inner courts of the temple. Every act of a Mason's life should be worthy of being recorded as an immortal deed in his history. Every mental and moral stumbling block should be shuned as we would shun the den of the poisonous reptile. Every evil habit and practice, which, in their practical results, are likely to lead astray, should

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be abandoned. All things that prevent us from subduing our passions should be studiously avoided.

The moral character of an individual is made up out of the acts he does. Those acts are shaded by his professions and pretensions. If he professes one thing and practices another, he becomes a hypocrite to what he pretends to be. And the good or bad effect upon society depends upon the confidence reposed in the man. A person may oftentimes gain the confidence of a community by the relation he may sustain to some organization. He may assume to possess that which he has not, and be that which in heart he does not feel, relying upon his membership for success. Persons of this grade have produced the ups and downs in the Masonic Fraternity. They have blockaded the way, and in many places Masonry has failed to accomplish the good that might have been performed through the instrumentality of its organization.

The moral character of a true Mason will grow out of and be in harmony with the pure precepts of Masonry; and if this could go upon record with every craftsman, no evil could possibly be uttered against the institution. The deeds of Masons would then be in history — in harmony with the principles of Masonry — immortal. As the Landmarks of Masonry are immovable and permanent, it is hoped that her members may become the honored and trusty Landmarks of the Fraternity, whose deeds may ever remain fresh and green throughout all coming time.

OUR NATION—III.

ARISTOCRACY is our natural foe — the enemy of our race. Not any more so because it may be English, it is our bane under any guise, but we feel and notice the English more because of a similarity of language and an international acquaintance. It hates us for the very ability we demonstrate to govern ourselves, and for every success that attends our efforts in the cause of human freedom.

We do not here forget that for a hundred years or nearly, this same English aristocracy has exerted its utmost power and expended countless treasure in an earnest endeavor to crush out the inhuman traffic in negro slaves; that it has emancipated slaves in Jamaica, and captured slavers on the coast of Africa. All true. But all this, and more, is no argument in favor of any humanity in the English government. It is a noticeable fact that the rankest abolitionists have ever been the greatest domestic tyrants. It seems to be a peculiar human weakness, that those who are so keen to scent out and discover distant oppression and suffering, are unable to appreciate the wrongs at their own door, or the evils within reach of their benevolent and philanthropic aspirations.

The English philanthropist could hear the sharp crack of the slave driver's whip clear across the Atlantic, but was deaf to the appeals of the starving thousands in suffering Ireland, or amid the cotton mills of his own Island. He could commiserate the groaning, well fed slave "way down in Alabama," but does not seem to know of the infinitely greater horrors suffered in the living graves of merry England. But a short distance from his own proud mansion, hundreds of feet below the surface, there are human beings who have never seen the light of the sun nor the green earth. They are born there, drag out a few years of miserable existence and die there. And among other duties they are harnessed to cars by which minerals are conveyed towards the pit's mouth. It is readily imagined how a power to tyrranize and do a wrong is much more likely to be abused, away down in the earth, that when exposed to the open light and the scrutiny of the world. And there are those here around us, too, who are afflicted with the same imperfections and frailties. They are, in this respect, "near sighted," and can see minor objects of commiseration away down South, but fail to know of greater ones at home. They can object to the tyranny of slaveholders, and the usages and laws of the South, but can not recognize the same spirit when practiced within their own doors.

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Now, in all this we do not say that slavery is right. We do not apologize for it in any way, but admit that it may be all that its worst enemies say that it is. We do not say but that England deserves much credit for her endeavors to put down the traffic, but merely contend that the war, which for so many years she waged against it, is no proof that she does not hate free governments and the progress of human rights. Nay, if we take her course during our late conflict into consideration, her whole history does not prove that she is opposed to slavery at all.

When rebellion broke out, every one who took her public acts as the index of her sentiments, expected that her whole moral and physical force would be exerted against the projected establishment of a nation whose chief corner stone was to be human slavery. The disappointment, however, was universal, to find her on the side of this retrogression towards barbarism. All the prestige of her long established magna charta, of the renown of her great men — her Wilberforces, her Howards, her Foxes — are all thrown aside in the bitterness of her hate towards plebeian rule. Before our rebellion broke out, our men of war dare visit any port in the world, but England, on that pretext, shut her ports against them. Why was this? It was done under the miserable plea of being "strictly neutral." It is known, too, that nearly all of the munitions of war used by the rebels, came from England.

Now, how all these things can be, without involving the complicity of England, we can not say. Nor will it avail any thing to say that the items just narrated were matters of private enterprize, for which the government is not accountable, for if there was a will there certainly was a way to prevent such goods coming here from their ports for such a purpose.

EXPULSION.—Brother Jonathan C. Applegate, of Mount Olive Lodge, No. 48, F. and A. M., Delphi, Ind., has, by action of said Lodge, been expelled for unmasonic conduct. *Published by order of the Lodge.*

SMALL THINGS.

How many there are who become mere drones in human society, because they have not an opportunity to accomplish some great thing. No one should be idle in consequence of being surrounded with conditions which prevent doing something that will produce a great sensation in the world.

Look out upon the broad and extensive fields of nature. See the bright and sparkling dew drop. Clear as a diamond, pure. We do not see it refusing to gather upon the humble violet, because it can not accommodate the commercial world like the great ocean. It performs the mission designed, and is as useful to the plants, as the ocean to the business world.

The small rippling stream is unable to bear the great shipping interest of commerce, or yield the enormous dividends to manufacturing companies; but it can water and irrigate some barren nook of earth, and cause some drooping flower to flourish, and cheer some desponding mortal, cause the flower to bloom and blossom by the way side of some poor wandering pilgrim of humanity.

So with us, if we can not move the masses, and feed the great multitude, we can speak peace and love to some one of the down trodden of earth. If we are unable to do the great things of the world, it is no reason why we should sit as idlers all the day, and neglect doing some small deed.

Now, we find this class of men in the Masons' organization. When summoned to do something, or lend an influence to promote some undertaking, they refuse because what they can do is so small. If each one would work for good, in every capacity, the aggregate would tell mightily for the cause in which we are engaged.

If all the little rivulets feeding our great lakes should be dried up, we should not have our Niagara. So, if all the small deeds of humanity were neglected, we should never see those great ones. A small act may prompt us to one of greater magnitude. It may develop the ability to

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accomplish a nobler deed. The widow offering her mite, brought forth an eulogy from the lips of a wise reformer. It was all that she was able to do, and the act was a noble example. Let none neglect the doing of small things, for they are sure to bestow their rich rewards.

"PLEASANT ARE THE ASSOCIATIONS OF THE PAST."

DEAR BROTHER BILLINGS.—Your kind inquiry of my prosperity was received last month. I am well pleased with my new home in the west. Business has opened up fully to my expectation. I find here at Washington, a thrifty Lodge, Chapter and Council, and a warmer hearted lot of brethren I never have found since I traveled from the east to the west. But I should feel lost without the MYSTIC STAR. Inclosed please find another year's subscription, for it is a greater pleasure to read its pages than ever before, because there I often see the names of those we have met long years ago, which calls to mind pleasant interviews we have enjoyed together in the morning of life — to read lines traced by the same hand we have grasped while climbing the rocky coasts of human life — actuated by the warm heart lodged in the faithful breast of him who has bowed around the same altar where we have bowed. It is like the re-appearance of a bright summer morning at the close of a dark and stormy night — we live the day over again. Thinking perhaps there are many weary wanderers like ourselves, and thus a chain of memories be awakened, and, perchance, the mind be led to the contemplation of old scenes around which cluster pleasant reminiscences of pleasant interviews along life's journey. We lately met a number of brethren at Galesburg and Abingdon, Ill., who, like ourselves, had passed the noonday of life; the hair was frosted about the temples, and their movements were of that deliberate character which indicate that the elasticity of youth was gone, and that they had reached the autumn of life. Old friendships smiled on every face, hands were grasped with an eagerness which told that hearts were all right, but the day of separation was approaching, when the grave would intervene. We talked of old times, of youth and of pleasure past. But a change was approaching — a change had come. We were no longer young — the "grasshopper was becoming a burden;" our bonds were still growing stronger; our union of hearts and hands still more intimate, and together we were approaching the land where hearts should not only be unveiled, but united firmly and forever. This was a pleasant reviewing of old friendships.

T. J. GASSETT, M.D.

WASHINGTON, Iowa, Jan. 26, 1868.

PROFANITY.

IT is passing strange that any man of good ordinary common ability, and who has had a fair opportunity to learn what is polite, should so far demean himself as to use profane language. And still more so when it is uttered by a member of the Masonic Craft. We have some who seem to act as if a simple plain statement of the truth would not be believed, unless they confirm it by uttering all the names of the Deity, in conjunction with all the curses known or imagined in the world. Observe closely and these utterances will be given upon all occasions, applied to all subjects, with the same vehement emphases.

But suppose that a true, sober, matter-of-fact-man sits as a hearer — one whom the community pronounces a moral philosopher. What are his reflections? He says if what this man utters is truth, why use such useless oaths? Of what utility are such horrible utterances, which grate so harshly upon every ear of refinement? Good strong circumstantial evidences, to my mind, says the moralist, that what he says is false. Evidently the man is doubtful whether it is true, and is endeavoring to make it appear as true by his oaths. But survey the moral status of the man who uses profanity, and you will find that

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his intellect is afflicted with a chronic weakness. So teaches moral philosophy. The utterances of oaths furnish no evidence of truth or common sense. It requires no qualification of the mind, no expansion of intellect, no development of the mental powers to swear.

Then, after an individual has stepped across the threshhold of the Masonic Temple, and voluntarily pledged himself to observe the moral law, to never mention the name of God only with due homage and reverence, that he should so far demean himself as a man and a Mason, as to profane every name by which he is known, is a shame and a disgrace.

When a member of the Masonic Fraternity — we will not say a Mason, for all who are members are not in spirit Masons — recklessly takes every sacred name of God in vain, it does not prove that he is characteristically great or independent, nor that he professes any high degree of moral culture. When we look above, around, and beneath, and extend our thought to the utmost bounds of this beautiful and smiling world, filled with the sacred presence of the Grand Architect of the Universe, it should fill our thoughts and minds with the spirit of the same divinity.

THE EXPANSION OF USEFULNESS.

In every department of human effort there is ample room for an almost unlimited improvement. Each is, as it were, a world to itself. There is a world of inert matter — a world of motion — an animal world — a world of literature — of science — of trade — of morals — a religious world, and last, though not least, there is a Masonic world. Each has had its beginning; but as yet the end does not appear. Like the world of mathematics, each of the others may have a unit or starting point, but the end is infinitude. This position may seem at first somewhat assumptive, but a little reflection will, we think, set us right.

Take, as an example, the science of religion. One would readily suppose that, based as it must be upon the principles of eternal truth, advancement or improvement were excluded. If true at all, it must have embraced the whole truth at first, leaving nothing to learn. Yet for all this, no one thinks that the religious world has made no improvement during the long centuries of its existence. We still "grow in grace and in the knowledge of God," and still improve our Christianity as the ages roll on. The religion, Christian though it were, which in times past permitted the burning of heretics, the cruelties of the inquisition, the drawing and quartering of men for political offences, which to this day is the law of England, was not so merciful nor so good as the religion of to-day. So, we see, that religion itself, though based upon truth, is susceptible of improvement, and a little consideration will show us also that it has not yet reached its zenith. And if this principle of improvement and enlargement of usefulness be true of religion, much more is it true of any other science. It is true of literature. The literary world has expanded its usefulness, and become more beneficial as it is to-day, than ever before. It is true of the sciences and the arts They are enlarging their fieldsof usefu operations, and becoming more and more practical.

But just now, we are speaking of Masonry more than of any other, and we believe that it can be made infinitely more useful than its most sanguine friends have ever believed. We are just entering upon an era of practical glory such as we have never seen before. The recent movement in Knoxville Lodge, No. 66 (Ill.), for the establishment of a Masonic college, a plan of which was published in the last number of the STAR, is one among the many ways in which this glory will be developed. In this and various other ways, the usefulness of our order will yet be manifested. Its benefits will run as streams of living waters into all the ramifications of life; irrigating the waste places, and causing "the desert to blossom as the rose."

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"THE MASONIC TIDINGS."

THIS is the title of a Masonic paper published at Warsaw, N. Y., by W. John Ransom. He has adopted as his motto, the very expressive Shakesperean phrase: "Tidings, my Lord — Tidings," and is, as the title page informs us, Master of Lodge No. 549.

We have no doubt that with such a man for Master, the Lodge has been very successful, especially in regard to its finances. The Tidings entered upon a new volume with the new year, and in order to make a good impression at the start, appropriated an excellent article taken from this journal, and making up about one-fourth of his paper. The article was written by one of our most valued correspondents, and cost us a liberal pecuniary remuneration; but Bro. Ransom, in his excellent management and superior economy, contrives to make up a very creditable first number without any such cost. Indeed, we are at a loss which to admire more, his good taste in approving the article, or his financial ability in getting so much without pay or permission, or even the ordinary credit to the MYSTIC STAR. If "Lodge 549" is managed so adroitly, its financial condition must be "lovely." Bro. Ransom, in a display line, advertises that his is the "cheapest Masonic paper in the world." We have no doubt of it. But we freely confess that though we have been for many years in the editorial ranks, we have never yet learned to publish a *cheap* paper.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WE have received per the publisher, Bro. J. C. W. Bailey, THE WORSHIPFUL MASTER'S SPECIAL HELP. A monitor for the Master of the Lodge, containing all information proper to be published, which is necessary to qualify him for the important duties of his station. $1.

THE SENIOR DEACON'S SPECIAL HELP. A monitor of those special duties peculiar to the office; a work that every Senior Deacon, however old or experienced, will find useful in every particular, in his responsible duties. $1.

THE SECRETARY'S SPECIAL HELP. A work that is invaluable to this officer, being a complete and perfect guide to all the duties of a Lodge Secretary. $1.

This series is eminently practical and useful, and is worthy the attention of the craft.

All these works are for sale at this office.

MASONIC CHART.

Mr. J. Frank Cowgill, the enterprising publisher, has laid on our table the most beautiful specimen in this line that ever blest our sight. All the emblems of the order are artistically portrayed in a speaking picture, and in colors of living light. To see it, is to desire one to decorate the parlor wall, or to place in some familiar position that it may speak to us daily of duties that Masons should never forget. The price is $2, to be had at room 45, Reynolds Block, Chicago.

MARRIED:

At the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. Joseph S. Large, of the Episcopal church, on the morning of January 22, 1868, Sir Kt. SAMUEL THOMPSON, of Columbus, Ohio, to Miss OSEE M. BAYLESS, eldest daughter of Sol. D. Bayless, P. G. M. of Indiana.

THE MYSTIC TEMPLE.—This is a new journal published by the Fraternal Publishing Association at New York, every week. No. 1 is on our table, and we most cordially extend to the enterprise our right hand and hearty fellowship. The No. before us is filled with good matter. The firm promise to give "*the best Masonic paper in the country.*" This is saying a good deal, and it is plastering it on pretty steep; when we have already a great number — not a single exception — that are and were, long before the Temple appeared, the *best* possible. Now, we do not believe that there is any chance for such talk. They can not fulfill their promises. That the "Mystic Temple" will be equal we do not

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doubt; but that it can be the best, or even better, is out of the question.

We hail its appearance with Masonic friendship, trusting that it will be a valuable accession to our list of journals. Price, $2.00 per annum.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

A NEW FEATURE.

We have been frequently applied to, by subscribers throughout the country, for the names of good reliable men, in the different branches of trade in Chicago, who are Masons, and who would religiously deal upon the Square. In answer to this general appeal, we have arranged to publish a limited number of advertisements from men whom we can recommend, and who, besides the ordinary business inducements, will have other incentives to deal with our subscribers as brethren. Every firm in the list is represented in the craft, and our friends can act confidently in the premises. It is our intention to advertise one firm in each branch of trade.

MASONRY AT THE BEDSIDE.

All social relations derive their utility from human weakness and want. If we were not weak, if we did not want, if we were independent of each other, and able to stand alone, and live without help, all our associations would be without any special object. But, because we can not stand alone, and are dependent on each other for the helps and comforts which civilization affords, we form our civil compacts, and our social combinations. There is a want, too, to which human nature is subject, that is not supplied by the technical requirements of law, nor the stiff amenities of formal social life. We want something more practical — something warmer—something that touches more closely the inner heart. This want is in fact the very vacancy that Masonry is so well adapted to fill.

And Masonry never looks so beautiful as when she sits by the bedside of the sick or dying brother, administering on the one hand relief to the sufferers, and on the other whispers peace and comfort to the despairing. The physician may attend to the wants of the sick with the utmost fidelity, but his services are mercenary—he works for pay. But we "can not serve God and mammon;" and in proportion as our pecuniary considerations interfere with any thing we do, in the same proportion, fraternal, loving sympathy is shut out. Therefore, Masonry occupies a position in the sick room that the physician, or even the minister can not fill. Her vigils there are the spontaneous outpourings of her big heart. With the tenderness of a mother she hears the faintest moaning of the invalid, and with the open hand of her unmeasured charity, she supplies the present wants and future hopes of the family. The Doctor will not do this, the minister can not, and she is the only friend whose charities never faileth. The "benefits" of other institutions are dealt out by measure, as a consideration for pay. But the Angel of Masonry dispenses her blessings without money and without price, and to crown all, it is done so secretly that her left-hand is not permitted to know what her right-hand doeth.

Mauve Ink.—This is rapidly becoming the fashionable medium of communication by letter, as well as the general favorite among commercial men. In and about Chicago a lady does not pretend to write except in the beautiful Mauve. It flows so freely, looks so handsome on the paper, grows so black and bright as it grows older, that a desire to use it is the first impulse after hearing it described. Apply to your stationer for Billings' Mauve Ink.

Patience.—Will correspondents have patience. Their favors will all appear in due time. We are happy to have an overcrowded drawer of original matter. This appreciation of our efforts is very flattering. May we continue to deserve it.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VIII. A.L. 5868—MARCH—A.D. 1868. No. 3.

MICHIGAN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF GRAND MASTER COFFINBERRY, DELIVERED BEFORE THE GRAND LODGE, JANUARY 8TH, 1868.

BROTHERS OF THE GRAND LODGE: We have again met in Grand Communication. The events of another year have been added to our Masonic history since our last annual meeting. These events have all been propitious, and have aided to increase the harmony of our order within our jurisdiction. Prosperity and success have crowned our Masonic labors. No sound of discord has been heard within our temple; no confusion has arisen to disturb its peace. Our civil state has also been prosperous; our industry and our enterprises have been rewarded with an abundant recompense; and, in the ranks of sister States, she is rapidly ascending to a distinguished position. While we, as a mystic order, may congratulate ourselves upon the peace and prosperity of the one, it may not be amiss for us to express a sense of our pride at the increasing importance and honor of the other.

These circumstances, duly considered, must draw from the heart of every true Mason, and of every good citizen, a lively expression of deep gratitude to that protecting and guiding Providence which inspires the rulers of our State with wisdom, and promotes the harmony of good will and fraternal affection to our mystic altars.

We are grateful to Him, the Supreme Ruler of the universe. We are not only thankful for our privileges as members of our ancient institution, but for those civil and municipal guarantees which secure us their enjoyment.

From all that can be gathered from abroad, it appears that Masonry is still rising in importance throughout the civilized world, and that a respecful consideration is accorded to it wherever its objects are known and its influences are felt. Our institution is permanently impressing itself upon the age in which we live; hence the absolute necessity for every member of the order to regulate his conduct in a manner to add to, and to enchance its moral force and dignity. The im.

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portance of this consideration will commend itself to every Mason who cherishes the weal of our order, and who regards social happiness and civil liberty as paramount objects in the philosophy of life, and the administration of human affairs. While the good men and true of our brotherhood build up, no brother ought to pull down. The slightest departure from moral rectitude in a brother may overturn and undo the effect of the most stupendous labors of the just and upright workman.

It is with great satisfaction that we hail our brethren of the Southern States as the sound of the gavel again reaches us from their cities and villages, where so recently, the clangor of arms, the roar of cannon, and the battle-cry ascended in terrible discord and confusion; mystic voices announce that our sacred altar is again erected where war lately spread her desolation and carnage. The sound of war has died away, and the battle-cry has ceased. Masonry there resumes her labors and her offices of mercy, reuniting and healing up the broken and diseased social elements. It is doing good unto all. "How good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

It can not fail to touch our inner heart, when we recognize the moral force of our beloved order, as it unostentatiously, quietly, and gently resumes its gavel and its square, while the sound of war is still echoing around her altars — conciliating, pacifying, awaking soft harmonies, feeding, clothing, and comforting.

It must be concluded that Masonry is potent in her beneficent influences, and powerful in her gentle forces—that her kindness is irresistible, and her complexion winning and attractive—that she can soothe into harmony what force can not control—what power cannot compel.

I regret to learn, however, that within the last year, our time honored Order has met with religious denunciation and opposition in Italy. Whether this originates in bigotry and that blind intolerance that so often waits upon bigotry and fanatacism, or in a jealousy of the increasing influences and popularity of our ancient institution in Europe, is somewhat problematical. Our institution has ever been, and ever will be, by its enlightening influences upon the human mind, an enemy to bigotry, and an obstacle to the operations of intolerance, whether civil or religious. Not that it interferes with the plans and designs of Church or State, but in that it teaches its disciples freedom of thought and independence of action, and points out to them the right from the wrong, the good from the evil.

Our brothers in Italy have met those denunciations as Masons, have ever been known to meet emergencies of adversity with moral courage and deliberate and dignified firmness of purpose.

With the most respectful submission to both civil and religious authority, they show their Masonic education by a determined denial in any human power of the authority to require in them a compromise with their own consciences.

I regret still more, to learn that in our own free land, within the last year, religious fanatics have raised

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their voices against ours, as well as all other secret organizations.

This is the more to be regretted, because in our country it was hoped and believed that religion had divested herself of the last, tattered rag of bigotry, which in darker ages had draped and partially disguised her beautitul form, had ceased to quarrel with contempories, and was rapidly ascending to a sacred eminence of philosophical and divine light, which would develop the sacred truths of Christian piety and human economy combined.

We had reason to believe that the Christian Church would be the last to attempt to pick the mote out of its brother's eye, until it first plucked the beam out of its own.

In the State of Ohio, the question of secret societies was raised in the highest parliamentary body of one of the most numerous denominations in that State, and one, also, characterized by great intellect, wisdom, and piety through its highly educated and accomplished clergy. This body, after mature deliberation and dispassionate discussion of secret orders, their effect upon the human family, politically and socially, the relation they bore to the Church, and their effect upon the Christian religion, *Resolved that it could find no evil in the institution of Freemasonry, that it could see nothing in it to affect unfavorably the Christian religion, or the relation of its members to the Christian Church.*

While this resolution manifests the impartial judgment and sound wisdom of this body, it also testifies to the unassuming piety and goodness of its members.

Yet, while this comes on the soft wings of peace and good-will from Ohio, we are suddenly surprised with the voice of denunciation and crimination from another quarter, vieing in virulence and unchristian intolerance with the inefficient and peurile bulls and anathamas from the papal father in Italy.

Why should the Protestant of America emulate the Romanist of Italy in bigotry and intolerance? Here the banner of freedom waves; there the rod of iron rules. What does the American Protestant hope to effect in the way of suppressing secret societies in this free land, if the "Holy Father" with his rod of iron fail in the same enterprise, clothed with all his civil and religious authority, in a land of slaves?

In the State of Illinois, during the last fall, a public call was made for a convention of Christians, of different denominations, for prayer and consultation upon the following topics:

"First. The relation of the present secret orders to the Christian religion.

"Second. The duty of professed Christians in reference to them.

"Third. The propriety of calling a national convention upon the subject."

This most singular document presents an anomaly in the history of our country's progress. How is such a convention to determine the relation of secret orders to the Christian religion if it does not know first what the secret orders are? If the convention knows what the secret orders are, then they do not come under its consideration, for they are not secret orders.

This part of the call, stripped of its

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meritorious garb of high pretension, and seen in its simplicity of ridiculous meaning, would appear to better advantage in these words:

"Let us meet in convention; and thus being met, let us determine the relation something has to the Christian religion, the peculiar nature of which said something, we know nothing about, and about which we can find out nothing."

With what force such a sentence must strike the public mind in this age of intelligence?

One would think that it did not require an august convention to determine the relation between the Christian religion and an institution which feeds the hungry, clothes the naked, visits the sick, pours in the oil and wine of consolation, binds up the wounds of the afflicted, heals discords among men and breathes amenities in society. The wise Master has given Christians a means of determining this relation without conventions; albeit, the one may be secret and unknown in its operations—that means is in these words: "by their fruits ye shall know them;" but perhaps those who called that convention, in their anxiety to make war upon fancied evils, had entirely forgotten that rule.

One would think that Christians of every denomination had enough to do in meeting and contending with the crying vices and crimes which meet them openly in the highways and howl defiance in their ears, not to step aside in search of something of which they know nothing in the by-ways, to contend with and to suppress. It may be good, it may be evil, which, they know not—which they can not find out except by its fruits.

If those who called that convention, instead of calling conventions, were to do what they ought to do for mankind, for Christ's sake, perhaps it would not be necessary to organize secret orders to do the same things for humanity's sake.

The second proposition of that call would intimate that it was proposed that such convention would undertake to determine for others what their religious duty was, and thereby circumscribe and limit the conscience of the individual.

Will such a thing be attempted in this land of liberty of conscience—in a land where this precious boon has been vouchsafed to every individual by our civil institutions, and sealed with blood? Such an attempt is resisted in Italy; and will it be submitted to by any Christian or freeman in America?

The third proposition suggests a national convention. That smells of a political platform under the disguise of religious sanctity. But that must fail. Do they who called the convention not know that a large majority of the men of weight and influence in this country are members of some secret order? If they are not Masons, they may be found enrolled in some other secret association or institution. How can such a political enterprise prevail now, with these odds against it, when on a former occasion Masonry alone withstood a political shock, aimed by the most malevolent ingenuity of the most arch politicians and the most mercenary demagogues of the age?

This discussion of secret societies in

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public conventions, and through public prints, simply shows how little these opponents know of the age in which they live. Every year, every month and every day brings to view some new manifestation of the high respect that is entertained for them by the public sentiment, and how few men there are that sanction this war upon shadows, this battle upon phantoms.

The convention thus called met in the State of Illinois pursuant to the call, and insulted the intelligence of the nineteenth century, and its free institutions, as well as the Gospel of the Saviour, by adopting a resolution which debars from the Church and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper all who belong to the secret orders or societies.

Is this the spirit of the Divine invitation, "Come unto me, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" "Drink of the waters freely, without money and without price?"

Does the original text, as it fell like refreshing drops of heavenly dew from Divine lips, gain any thing in its moral and spiritual beauty from the addition by the Aurora convention? How does it appear?

"Come unto me, ye weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest—if you are not Freemasons." "Drink of the waters freely, without money and without price—if you are not Odd Fellows or Good Templars."

Is this resolution imbued with the spirit of religion? Yes, with the spirit of that religion which stoned Stephen and nailed Jesus to the cross, and which this day would stain its garments and steep its two-edged sword in the blood of Freemasons, were it not for the protecting arm of the civil law.

But the convention stopped not at this, but by the adoption of a resolution which restrains the members of the convention from supporting any one for an office of civil or political trust who belongs to a secret order.

This discloses the wolf in sheep's clothing, and strips from the fair vestments of Christianity this shame, this disgrace, this odious scandal, in as much as this resolution proclaims its originators and its supporters a combination of political hacks and adventurers under the sacred guise of religious sanctity.

Brothers, remember that you stand under the eye of an inquisition; therefore let your walk be circumspect and your conduct as citizens without fault, as men without blemish and as Masons without suspicion; then we may turn to this convention and exclaim, "Why doth the heathen rage, and the people imagine vain things!"

FREEMASONRY.

BY BRO. JOHN MILNER, B. A., CHAPLAIN N. H. M. S.

In my first letter I stated that the ancient mysteries practiced all over the world, having the same *symbols*, must have one common origin. All divine truth was taught in the parent society, in every Masonic Lodge, by means of symbols; and by the same symbols, improperly interpreted, the ancient mysteries in the spurious Masonic Lodges taught the same truths, at first more or less distinctly, but subsequently (after they had unfortunately lost the *key*) they gave the most ab-

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surdly-false explanations of them, and the pure light of Masonry in those places became extinguished, and the dark and degrading rites of superstition usurped its place.

"The first learning in the world," says Stukely, "consisted chiefly in symbols. The wisdom of the Chaldeans, Phœnicians, Egyptians, Jews, of Zoroaster, Sanconiathon, Pherecydes, Cyrus, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and of all the ancients that is to come to our hand, is symbolic." Serranus on Plato's Symposium, says that "it was the mode of the ancient philosophers to represent truth by certain symbols and hidden images." To give your readers some idea of the nature of those symbols, and the sort of teaching inculcated by their means, I will select a few of those used by Pythagoras, with their explanations:

1. The *Equilateral Triangle*, "a perfect figure, referring to GOD, the principal and author of all sublunary things, who in His Body resembles *light*, and in His Soul *truth*—He was, and is, and shall be."

2. *Right angle*, or *square*, "comprehends the union of the celestial and terrestrial capacities, and is an emblem of *morality* and *justice*."

3. The *perfect square* "represents the divine mind." This was the Tetractys, which I stated in my former letter was so difficult to explain. *Stanley, Lives*, etc., p. 106, thus remarks: "The great Pythagorical symbol was *one* and *two*, which were used as the names of propagation; *one* being the father, *two* the mother. The multiplication of *unity* and *duity* (once, twice, two) make Four, the Tetractys, the idea of all things, which are consummated in the number *ten*." I hope your readers are edified by the explanation.

4. The *cube* was "a symbol of the mind of man after a well-spent life in acts of piety and devotion, which is thus perfectly prepared by virtue for translation into the society of the celestial gods." The *tetragonus aner* of Aristotle's Ethics, which has puzzled many an aspirant for classical honors at Oxford, may be freely translated "a regular brick," as being more expressive than the literal rendering usually adopted, "a four square man."

5. A *point within a circle* was "a symbol of the universe; *mesauranios*, because the most excellent body ought to have the most excellent place, viz., the center." The central fire was esteemed by Pythagoras the mansion of Jove.

6. The *triple triangle* [formed of five lines returning into itself] was "a symbol of health, and was called Hygeia."

7. The 47th Prob. of the 1st book of Euclid was invented by Pythagoras, and is so extensively useful that it has been adopted in all Lodges since his time, as a significant symbol of Masonry.

8. The letter Y, often used as a symbol of the Triune God, was also adopted as a symbolical character, representing "the course of human life. Youth, arriving at manhood, sees two ways before him, and deliberates which he shall choose. If he meets with a guide that directs him to pursue philosophy, and he procures initiation, his life shall be honorable and his death happy. But if he omits to do this, and takes the left-hand path, which appears broader and better, it will lead to sloth

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and luxury; will waste his estate, impair his health, and bring on an old age of infamy and misery."

But the principal symbols used in all the spurious Lodges—in the cavern-Lodges of Elphanta and Salsette, of India, in Persia, in the mysteries of Elusis, and other Lodges of Greece; in Stonehenge, and other Celtic Lodges of Britain; in the Gothic Lodges of Odin, and in the American Lodges of Vitzliputzli—the principal symbols in all these were the *serpent*, the *ark*, etc.; and the ceremonies in all cases bore a striking similarity to each other, whilst the doctrines taught were identically the same. They celebrated the death and resurrection of some imaginary being in whom their affections were interested, and to whom their devotions were directed to be paid. Osiris and Isis in Egypt, Bacchus and Rhea in Greece, Adonis and Venus at Byblus, Mahaveda and Sita in India, Hu and Ceridwen in Britain, Woden and Fria in Scandinavia, were the names of these imaginary deities. In Epigr. 30, of Ausonius, we find the following lines, which will be readily understood:

"Ogygia me Bacchus vocat;
Osirin Egyptus putat;
Mysi Phanacem nominant;
Dionuson Indi existimant;
Romana sacra Liberum;
Arabica gens Adoneum."

The mysteries having gone on from bad to worse, in the year 364, A. D., Valentinian published an edict forbidding nocturnal sacrifices, for the purpose of preventing indecencies which were perpetrated in them. The proconsul of Greece, Pretextatus, relaxed the law and permitted them to be celebrated in that country, provided every thing was done decently and in order. Soon afterward, however, Theodosius sent orders to Egypt that the temples and places of initiation should be closed, and that was done accordingly. The old rites were still secretly practiced in Greece for several centuries, till the eighth century in Athens, according to Psellus; and the old Bardic writings inform us that they were still celebrated in Wales and Scotland down to the twelfth century of Christianity.

I will not trouble your readers with authorities for the following statement, nor could you afford me the necessary space. You must, therefore, be pleased to take it for granted that in all the old mysteries (at least in their palmy days) these extraordinary doctrines were regularly taught, viz.: the unity and trinity of the Godhead (*e. g.* in Plato), the creation and fall of man, and the expiation of sin by the voluntary death of a promised Mediator. There were undoubted references in their teaching to the sin of our first parents and their expulsion from Paradise, a sin produced by a *serpent* tempter, to the first fratricide, and various antediluvian transactions, to the destruction of the human race by a deluge, and the saving of one just family in a boat or *ark*, to the deliverance of the chosen people from their Egyptian bondage, to the sacrifice of Isaac, etc.; and what is far more wonderful, they taught a resurrection and a future state even more clearly than those abstruse doctrines were understood by the Jews, the candidate at his initiation being figured as dying and being afterward restored to life. They also taught that the good would be rewarded and the wicked punished after death. Of

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course such a strange coincidence as that of such sublime doctrines as these being taught universally in countries debarred from intercourse with each other, can only be accounted for on the supposition that they had one common parentage, viz.: Primitive Freemasonry, which has preserved the same old symbols, along with the primitive explanation of them.

I will just quote a few authorities to show what our ancient British forefathers taught in their rude, open, air Lodges. Selden shows that they taught the unity of the Deity; "their invocations," he says, "were made to ONE all-preserving Power, and they argued that as this Power was not matter, it must necessarily be the Deity, and the secret symbol used to express His name was, O I W." They believed that the earth, having been once destroyed by a deluge, would next *be consumed by fire*, "aliquando igni periturum;" they also believed in a future state and a day of judgment, *Cæsar de Bell., Gall.*, vi., 13. They retained some knowledge of the redemption of mankind through the death of a Mediator, *Ibid.* It is difficult to understand how some of these tenets could have been taught even in the *genuine* Masonic Lodges, for some of them are subjects of direct revelation, only fully made known in the later Scriptures.

I will touch on one other point before I leave the old mysteries, as I think I can apply it to your own country.

When Zoroaster reformed the religion of the Persians, of course, through the mysteries, he induced them to cease worshiping in the open air, on bare hill tops, *in irregular circles of unhewn stone*, and they commenced to build covered temples. They had been in the habit of worshiping the sun, and fire, as representatives of the omnipresent Deity, and he persuaded them to preserve the Sacred Fire in *covered fire towers* (*Hyde de Rel. vet. Pers., c.* 8, *et passim*), which were circular buildings—in other words, *round towers*, with a dome, and a small orifice at the top to let out the smoke. The figurative of the sun, and the round tower represented the universe. Now, I can not say for certain that these are the veritable round towers of Ireland, as I have not had the good fortune to examine any of them, so as to see whether they agree with the description given by Hyde of the Persian buildings. I can only say that Dr. Borlase has traced a surprising uniformity in the temples, priests, doctrines and worship of the Persian Magi and the British Druids. "This conformity," says Faber, "is so striking and extraordinary that Pellontier, in his history of the Celts, will have it *that the Persians and the Celts were originally one and the same people;* and Major Vallancey is of the same opinion, adding that the Druids first flourished in the East, in Hindoostan as Brahmins, in Babylon and Syria as Chaldeans, and in Persia as Magi, and from thence came hither with that great body of Persian Scythians, whom the Greeks call Phœnicians. See *Hutchinson's History of Cumberland*, vol. i., p. 247.

I suppose, then, that some of Zoroaster's pupils made their way to Ireland and propagated his religion here, fire-towers and all. I do not know what may be the received opinion amongst antiquarians as to the origin

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of these mysterious round towers, but for want of a better theory this may do.

What I have already stated will give your readers some idea of what Primitive Freemasonry was like, of which these old mysteries were spurious imitations. In another letter, with your kind permission, I will give some idea of modern Fremasonry.—*Mystic Temple.*

EPITOME OF THE CRUSADES.

It has been said that in our own day extortion, violence and bribery have sometime been enlisted to oppose the march of justice; and that the excesses, dissipations and malignancy of Philip, are not without modern parallels. It is also asserted that the premature death of Philip alone saved France from the abyss into which his conduct was forcing her. No class of society, no institution, was safe from his persecution and extortion, and a general revolt was fast becoming imminent when he died. Still, there was one exception. The Knights of St. John, of Jerusalem, lent their entire influence to the king in order to increase their own wealth and power; and this is the reason that the Grand Master of St. John appears so conspicuously in the destruction of the Templars, whose possessions were afterward divided between the Order of Malta and Philip.

The Templars struggled vainly against the regal and papal power, and Clement, without loss of time, assembled a general council, composed of more than three hundred priests, in Dauphiny. This council, hesitating upon the "Proposition to suppress the Order of Knight of Templars," objected that it would be contrary to law and justice to do so without hearing them freely in their defence, and confronting them openly with their accusers, which was what the Knights petitioned.

Clement V., who assisted in person at this council, exasperated at this most unexpected opposition to his will, with much excitement exclaimed: "If the absence of a trifling formality prevents the council from passing judgment on the accused, we will ourselves do it, in the plentitude of our pontifical power."

Disappointed in the action of the council, the holy father summoned a secret consistory, composed of cardinals and bishops, who were convinced by the strength of his *private* arguments of the necessity of the suppression of the Order of Knight Templars.

The sentence says: "The Knights not having been convicted in strict form of law, but condemned by the Pope, in virtue of his apostolic authority, the holy father would himself be answerable for the custody of their persons and the proper disposition of their wealth."

During four years that this sacrilegious persecution lasted, many of the Knights were subjected to the most excruciating tortures for the purpose of extorting confessions which would aid in condemning the society, but few failed to maintain their innocence; to those who on the rack were weak enough to acknowledge the charges, life was granted and a pension allowed. To those of stronger nerve, though not greater innocence, who persisted

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in the purity of the institution, the infernal "Question" was again applied, and many of the Knights who would have courted death and suffering in honorable warfare, quailed at the sight of the horrible apparatus for inducing an avowal of guilt; and with quivering nerves and maddening brain acknowledged deeds they had neither dreamt nor heard of until mentioned in the confession they signed; for be it remembered, that even in the accusations the special crimes charged were not named to the prisoners, and yet in spite of all that cruelty could invent, or malignity could inflict, the constancy of a greater part of these martyrs remained unshaken. Even those whose firmness had given way under their agonies, retracted their confessions at the approach of death, and in sincere repentance declared the allegations untrue and extorted from them under the excruciating tortures of the rack.

The reverend fathers, bishops, instruments of St. Peter and of King Philip Le Bel, decided in a Provincial Grand Council that those Templars who "falsied their confessions" should be treated as recusants. A few days after this decision, according to the barbarous jurisprudence of the time, fifty-nine of those gentlemen were condemned and burnt.

The Bishop of Lodeve describes these unfortunates as they appeared in their last moments: "Their eyes fixed towards heaven, as if imploring from above the strength to support the agony of the flames which licked their limbs and encircled their bodies; they repudiated the crimes attributed to them, and prayed for firmness to maintain the truth and innocence of themselves and brothers."

Notwithstanding the unanimity of their statements, a glorious proof of the falseness of the accusations, Philip Clement and the Grand Master of Malta confirmed the decree against the Templars; condemned Jacques de Molai to the flames, and, according to many historians, confiscated the property of six thousand of the Knights in one day.

Jacques de Molai, as he approached the pile and was about to assume the crown of martyrdom, harangued the populace and predicted the day and the hour of the death of Philip and Clement. He cited those, his implacable enemies, accusers and judges, to meet him before the tribunal of God in a year and a day from that time, and then and there to render an account of their judgment.

De Molai was executed March 11th, 1314, and the finger of the Great Eternal, as in the day of the impious King of Babylon, pointed in answer to the appeal of the Grand Master. Clement and Philip both died before the end of April, 1314; and as history is silent as to the manner of their death, the enemies of the Knight Templars have endeavored to make it appear that they were poisoned by the surviving members.

The day following the death of Molai, Sir Knight of Aumont and seven other Templars gathered the ashes of the pile, as is related by the brothers Suedois. Fifteen days only elapsed when the apostate Knight, Squin de Florian, was assassinated. The Pope beatified him and caused him to be interred at Avignon. The

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Templars found means to remove the body, and deposited that of De Molai in its place.

Bocace, the Bishop of Lodeve, Bertot. and a host of contemporary and succeeding writers, have spoken highly of the heroic virtues of these martyrs to truth, honor and innocence. Each and every one was steadfast to keep his obligation. No Iscariot, even under the torture, developed the mysteries or betrayed the doctrines they had brought from the East. May we always show the same fidelity.

During the life of this worthy Grand Master he established four Grand Temples in Europe—north, south, east and west, to wit: Stockholm, Paris, Naples and Edinburgh.

After the disasters just related, many of the Knights quitted their native land, and by their escape and concealment were enabled to preserve our institutions and rites, and maintain the purity of our ancient doctrines and tenets of which we are so justly proud.

The whole science of ancient Freemasonry is contained in the four following classes:

First, the Study of Nature in its elements and its results; Astronomy and Chemistry, which leads to a direct demonstration of a S. A. O. T. U., and a knowledge of the ancient science of the Egyptian Magi, preserved to posterity by adoption into our order.

Secondly. the Mosaic institutions, as portrayed in the Holy Bible, and the Mysteries of Antiquity.

Thirdly, the Evangelical Doctrines, the Natural Sciences, Philosophy and History.

Fourthly, the institution of the Order of Knights Templars, which completes the historical portion of our teachings.

Our "work" is High Philosophy and a study of the Religious Myths of the different ages of humanity. All the degrees and all the dogmas admitted in certain rites foreign to the above classification, are but innovations, and, as a general rule, have done our sacred institution much harm by "the difficulties they have occasioned among the workmen," causing endless discussions and quarrels, and seriously threatening the welfare of our Rite.

It is only by the aid of history and sciences above indicated that our brothers can seize the true spirit of our institution.—*Mystic Temple.*

THE ABSURDITY OF DRINKING.

It has become a sort of popular, almost national, faith that it is not possible to be truly happy unless you drink. Among certain classes, and they are by no means exclusively the lowest, drink is the beginning and end of every thing. The very name of liquor is held to be synonymous with enjoyment, and the dearer the liquor the more it is prized and coveted. Yet every man who is not a downright drunkard, is well aware that the pleasures of drinking are, beyond a certain point, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. I put it to any one who has stood half the night at a bar, or sat half the night in a club-room, drinking, smoking and bandying reckless talk, if the enjoyment of such an evening has been any thing like that of a few quiet hours spent at home with a book or newspaper? The evil

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influence of tavern pleasures on the health is too obvious to be denied by any one, and the illusory nature of the pleasures themselves would be undeniable also, if the persons who indulge in them did not deceive themselves and put the truth out of sight.

No one ever brought any good out of a drinking bout yet. It is a short, feverish spasm of animal enjoyment, which leaves nothing behind but moroseness, regret, bad temper, self-reproach and headache. I should like to ask you, sir, if you say your prayers when you come home in that state? No, you don't. You are ashamed to say them. You postpone them until you have purged yourself, your mind and your lips, by more sober and rational behavior. Next night when you pass the hours quietly at home, with a a book or a friend, you feel that you have had real enjoyment, and that time has passed pleasantly; that you have learned something, and that you have not injured your health. You are not ashamed to say your prayers, and you get up next morning with a clear head, a good appetite, an increased faculty for work and enjoyment of life.—*All the Year Round.*

THE VARIOUS IMPLEMENTS OF MASONRY.

As emblamatical of our conduct in life, afford us many very useful lessons which we will do well to heed. The Holy Bible is one of great lights of the craft, one that we can not fail to follow if we would be true to our principles, and measure up to the standard required of us. It will guide us in the way of truth that adorns and strengthens the character of man. It will lead us into the temple of true and abiding happiness, and secure for us an entrance into the Grand Lodge-Room on high. "It enriches the memory, it elevates the reason, it enlivens the imagination, it directs the judgment, it moves the affections, it controls the passions, it quickens the conscience, it strengthens the will, it kindles the sacred flame of faith, hope and charity; it purifies, ennobles, sanctifies the whole man, and brings him into living union with God. It has light for the blind, strength for the weak, food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty; it has a counsel in precept for every sorrow, a balm for every wound. Of all the books in the world, the Bible is the only one of which we never tire, but which we admire and love more and more in proportion as we use it. Like the diamond, it casts its lustre in every direction; like a torch, the more it is shaken the more it shines; like a healing herb, the harder it is pressed the sweeter is its fragrance." The Holy Bible lies open before every member of the Order, and points out the whole duty of man. Walk in this great light that you may reflect honor upon that Order, whose foundation principles are the truths herein revealed.

Then by other emblems we are taught to regulate our actions, our every movement by the principles of morality and virtue; and in our different stations among men and before God, to walk uprightly, circumscribing our desires within proper limits. We are also directed to move right onward in the way of truth, turning neither to the right nor the left, and to avoid in our conversation and actions dissim-

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ulation. The earnest student, as he advances in Masonry, may also learn lessons appropriate to the three principal stages in human life, viz., youth, manhood and age; and if true to these lessons, he may as a Master Mason "enjoy the happy reflection consequent on a well-spent life, and die in the hope of a glorious immortality." Let all the implements and emblems of Masonry be carefully used and closely studied, and we shall ever and always deserve the title of "good men and true." We will come more fully to understand our duty to God, and to each other; there will indeed be enkindled in our hearts a flame of devotion to God, of brotherly love to each other, and charity to all mankind.—*Keystone.*

AFRICAN LODGES.

In the initial number of *The Evergreen*, a valued correspondent alludes to one of the Masonic questions of the day, and places himself squarely on the record in favor of the recognition of colored Masons. In his excellent and scholarly address from the Grand East last June, our then Grand Master, Peck, also emphatically proclaimed himself to be a convert to this opiniou. To a greater or less extent the question has been editorially discussed in Masonic journals, though, as a rule, it has very gingerly been manipulated. The *Saint Louis Freemason*, however, which seems to be afflicted with colorphobia, does not admire the "African in the ligneous baricado," and therefore with more heat than courtesy, roundly abuses earnest Bro. Peck, and through him all those, who do not mistake invective for argument, and therefore desire to see this question decided on the basis of *right*. Occasionally allusions to the topic creep out in Reports on Foreign Correspondence, and the discussion may be considered to be fairly begun. In pursuance of our announced intention to deal, as a journalist, with the issues of the living present, we propose in this article to state the facts with regard to the origin of the African Lodges. Early in the eight decade of the last century, a number of colored men in Boston, Massachusetts, applied to the Grand Lodge of that jurisdiction for a dispensation to open and hold an African Lodge. Their application was refused, whereupon they applied to the Grand Lodge in England, which had not yet recognized the Grand Lodges of the then new nationality, the United States, and their application was granted. The first warrant bears the signature of Acting Grand Master, the Right Hon. Henry Frederick, Duke of Cumberland. It gave those colored men power to make Masons and to organize Lodges, subject to the Grand Lodge of England.

In the then unsettled state of jurisdictional affairs, this action of the Grand Lodge of England was natural, and yet according to our present ideas it was irregular. This irregularity, however, it will be perceived, did not affect the legality of the authority under which these colored men acted. Before the ties which bound the colored Lodges to the Grand Lodge of England, the mother Grand Lodge of modern reconstructed Masonry, had become dissolved, a colored Grand Lodge was organized in Pennsylvania,

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and soon after was followed by the creation of the Independent African Grand Lodge of North America. From these two bodies all the colored Lodges of the time have, we believe, regularly descended. They are now quite numerous, and are growing in wealth and influence. Years ago, associate Bodies, Chapters, and Commanderies, became attached as side-chambers, to the system of colored Masonry, and these associate Bodies have multiplied considerably. Previous to the year 1845, about which time American Grand Lodges began to enunciate the doctrine of no intercourse, it was no uncommon thing to see these "images of God, carved in ebony," in Masonic processions, nor were they denied admission to Masonic meetings. As an illustration of this fact, we may state that in the early history of Masonry in Chicago, one of the most active, bright and genial Masons of that city, was an educated music teacher, by the name of Lewis. This man was about the hue of a partially worn *saddle*, but was none the less "received and acknowledged" as a Mason "for a' that and a' that." He is supposed to have been the object of the resolution adopted by the Grand Lodge of Illinois about the year 1845, declaring such Masons to be clandestine. The whole question of the legitimacy of these colored Lodges turns upon the point hereinbefore stated with regard to their origin. The warrant itself was regular, just as regular as were the warrants under which Army Lodges were operated. The granting of it, however, was a stretch of authority, which may have been pardonable as matters were at that remote period, but which would not now be sanctioned. Under this warrant colored Masons were made, and from it, as a starting point, have regularly descended the present race of colored Masons. That they are Masons, can not be denied. That they are numerous and pains-taking, wealthy and energetic, is also a fact. They have the same descent which we proclaim; they have bound themselves to the Order by similar ties, and the incense upon their altars burns with the same flame which characterizes our own. They are among us, but by reason of Grand Lodge action they are not of us; and the question that has now begun to obtrude itself upon our attention, is this: "What shall we do with them?" It is a question easy of solution. It is a question that can not be ignored much longer by the law-making power in Masonry. It is, in fine, a question to be decided by Masonic statesman, upon the basis of the "Golden Rule," and not by Masonic *politicians* on the basis of partisan prejudice.—*Evergreen.*

SHORE UP.

It is a sign of weakness to manifest alarm; it is a worse sign to disregard the monitions around us. Certain religionists, led on by Pres. Blanchard, of Wheaton, have commenced another crusade against Masonry, stimulated by the president's defeat last spring at Urbana. We call attention to a well-written and fairly digested article in this number, from the pen of Bro. Langridge, Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of Iowa, taken from the *Evergreen*. Other journals have

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sneered at these manifestations; some have joked, and some have put on an air of defiance, and our pugnacious brother at St. Louis intends to fight them. We saw enough of that in our boyhood days. We remember distinctly the entire anti-Masonic fight. Benevolence, eminent piety, exalted patriotism, high personal character, real probity, and liberal dealing, were regarded as only so many evidences of consummate hypocrisy. Honest, hard-working mechanics were turned out of employment; suspicion dogged the footsteps of every Mason; adhering Masons were swept from places of public trust; the foulest, blackest and most repulsive charges were brought against Masons, collectively and individually; the boys were taught to hoot at them as they passed their dwellings; they were debarred from juries, and criticized in the witness box; insulted from the bench; arrayed before legislative committees, and by sheer force and abuse were driven from the poles. Wives left their husbands, children denounced their fathers, fathers disinherited their sons, and the silence of a Mason in the midst of such awful frenzy, was denounced as obedience to the great dragon of Masonry. Ministers were hurled from the pulpit, members of churches were expelled, and the cool and remorseless anathemas of the Catholic clergy were eclipsed by the savage and fierce denunciations of clergymen, the boiling and seething lava of ecclesiastical fulminations, the diabolical and infuriated persecutions of church members, and the implacable intolerance which destroyed households and churches, divided many, and ruined thousands upon thousands, until Satan, with hellish glee, stood in church doors, court-rooms, and legislative halls, and promised office, honors, and distinction to every weak-backed, crooked-kneed, and timorous craven, if they would secede and worship him!

Amid this carnival of insanity and fury, many zealous Masons attempted to breast the storm, and to allay the tempest. They might as well have attempted to stay the eruptions of Vesuvius, or the simoon of the desert. Anger, malice, and all uncharitableness, reigned. Others, in search of office, quiet in church, or family, or anxious for notoriety, seceded or agreed to be quiescent. But the more prudent and stable remained firm and unmoved, quiet and silent, observant Christians, good citizens, and exemplary men, returning good for evil, and making no display, but patiently waiting their superior "trust." It came. No bubble ever burst more suddenly. The faithful and exemplary Masons were as suddenly called to the management of public affairs, and to positions requiring skill and judgment, as they were driven from public life by the miserable howls and rage of an insolent and infuriated populace. Since that time, most of the seceding Masons have striven to cover up their shame, or have sought for re-instatement. None of the rampant or officious seceders have any standing any where, so far as we know.

As it ever has been, so would it be now. A very large portion of the virulent anti-Masons in the Morgan raid were parties who had been refused admission, or who had been

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denied advancement. They were revengeful. Such persons—a portion of them—would be now.

Unhappily, conviviality was the rule, and Masons were no exception. An ungenerous, extravagant, and malignant use was made of the foibles arising from convivial gatherings. Extravagances in costume, halls, clothing, and furnitnre, prevailed then, as now. These were harped upon, paraded before the public view, and Morganism was exhibited, like a monkey show in Masonic regalia, upon the public stage, before a gaping crowd of men and women.

What is now to be done? Nations have sunk into oblivion, the proudest works of antiquity are in ruins, systems have crumbled into decay; but Masonry survives, and will never die. Lodges may cease to exist, Masons may prove recreant, her altars may be destroyed, and her votaries, as in the past, may again fall victims to popular fury or individual malice; but the principles of Masonry are just, holy, immutable, and imperishable.

No outside power can seriously damage the Masonic structure, so long as unity and justicc prevail within.

Let the doors be carefully tyled; let the unworthy be denied admission, or, if within our folds, let them reform or go out. Let the Masonic tree be carefully pruned, watered, and guarded.

Let all our brethren remember, henceforth, that no one is to be solicited or even encouraged to seek initiation; that all who wish must *ask*. Let *silence* be the rule before all profanes. Let charity, good citizenship, and moral lives, commend us to the world. And last of all, but best of all, let every Mason remember in whom he puts his trust, *and keep his ears open.—Trowel.*

"TO-NIGHT."

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

A thousand hearts are beating
With rapture glad and high,
And thousands now are meeting
Where mirth and song are nigh,
With reckless joy are greeting,
In night's wild revelry!
And oh! within each joy-lit eye,
The shadows that are hovering nigh,
From present care, or fled delight,
Come not here to dim their light—
"To-night."

A thousand hearts are dreaming,
In slumbers soft and still,
Their peaceful visions seeming
To brighten at their will;
With fancies bright are teeming,
While hope their bosoms thrill.
Oh! can it be that sorrow may
In those calm breasts usurp the day,
And rule the hours of vanished light,
And mock the bliss that wakes delight
"To night?"

A thousand eyes are watching
The gleam of star lit skies,
With wakeful, 'wildered thoughts, that bring
Wierd shadowy forms, that rise
Like ghosts of buried hopes, that spring
To mock their grief dim'd eyes.
Yes! many a heart is sad to night;
Tears stain the cheek and dim the sight,
Wrung from the anguish that will blight
All peace, all joy, and all delight,
"To-night."

SYCAMORE, *Ill., March*, 1868.

A. L., *Anno Lucis*, in the year of light, or of the creation; the date used in Ancient Craft Masonry.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

MRS. WINTER'S REWARD.

BY LAVILLA E. ALLEN.

CHAPTER FIRST.

"The moving accident is not my trade;
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts;
'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts."
Wordsworth.

MRS. Winter had been sitting for an hour by the open window, through which smiled and glowed the sunset's "good-night;" and now, the soft play of the lights and shadows that nestle in the twilight, threw a shade of sadness over her pale, intellectual face, and the quiet fires of memory that burned deep in the heart, sent a faint glow to her beautiful eyes, and lit them up, like the first stars of evening.

Her memories were not altogether of a pleasant nature, for they seemed to invoke a spirit of unrest. Her taper fingers, that no toil could ever despoil of their beauty, wound themselves restlessly with the single curl that was allowed to escape from the braids that adorned her shapely head.

Now, the scenes of her girlhood days linger in her thoughts, and the time, too, that love cast its roseate lines over her life.

It was the summer following the one in which she graduated at a popular institution of learning in the State of N. Y., that she left her home, where she was cherished—yes, almost worshiped by her doting parents—to spend a few weeks with an old schoolmate who had married and settled in a distant town.

It was here that she first met Frederic Winter. Naturally of a reticent disposition, her knowledge of human nature was very limited, and she had unconsciously formed a belief that all men were like her revered father—noble, upright, just.

Frederic Winter was at this time twenty-five years of age; endowed with fine natural abilities, of noble and commanding appearance, with much of manly beauty, but with glaring faults of education. He was the only son of a selfish, irate father, whose cruelty had dug the early grave of his mother, which she gladly hailed as the open door to a better world, where selfishness and tyranny were unknown.

Frederic Winter inherited his father's selfishness, but through constant intercourse with the world, he was enabled to mask his shortcomings, and appear only the good and noble as he looked.

There is something in a fine exterior that tends to throw a sort of glamour over the uninitiated; and even persons of experience will allow their better judgment to slumber and yield undue homage to beauty.

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It is not surprising, then, that Kate Russel, with her susceptibility of nature, should be captivated and won by such an array of attractions when the possessor of them was ardently desirous of pleasing, and thus winning her to himself.

After a few weeks acquaintance, therefore, Frederic Winter made formal proposals for the hand of Kate Russel, and was blushingly referred to her father.

Mr. Russel, as we have already intimated, was a noble man, who looked closely to the well-being of his children, and when the letter came asking his sanction to the engagement, he was at a great loss what to reply. He felt that matrimonial vows were of too solemn a nature to be lightly taken, and his heart misgave him somewhat that Kate had formed an attachment for a stranger.

However, he felt that the question must be met and settled in an honorable way, thereupon he addressed letters of inquiry to the Worshipful Master of Hope Lodge, No. 10, of the city where Frederic Winter resided.

He soon received the intelligence that the young man in question was a worthy member of said lodge, and, so far as he could ascertain, of good, social standing, had a clerkship at seven hundred a year, with a promise of increase of salary. All this was satisfactory to Mr. Russel, having no ambition that his daughters should marry wealthy regardless of all other qualifications, for he felt that a good character was the surest basis to happiness. Having been, from his earliest manhood a faithful member of the Masonic fraternity, and believing Masonry to be a strong bond of union with its friends, he felt the sincerest pleasure and satisfaction on learning that his daughter's suitor was one of the mystic brotherhood. He knew from experience that its obligations were of that character, that one could not avoid being a good husband—if he assumed that relationship—without violating his obligations to Masonry. He therefore gave a willing consent, only stipulating for a few months more of the pleasant companionship of his gifted daughter.

People have motives of some sort for their actions. Mr. Winters' motives in seeking a wife were these: He desired a home where his will would be supreme, and a wife who would consider herself favored as being the one chosen above all others to minister to his sovereign necessities.

He had been taught by example, if not by precept, that woman was "the weaker vessel," and that the scriptural injunction that "her desire should be to her husband, and he should rule over," must be taken in its most positive sense and meaning, and carried out to the letter; that her place was home where she must abide, content with the consciousness that she was "working out her salvation by catering to the appetite of her 'liege lord,'" and keeping a strict look out for missing buttons.

His landlady treated him with no more consideration than she did her other boarders, and he fancied that Kate would be more docile and yielding in her disposition.

With a more liberal mode of culture, his moral nature might have joined hands with his physical beauty,

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and have made a very attractive man of him; but if a twig once gets a wrong bend, and no benevolent hand repair the mischief, nothing short of an electric shock or an earthquake can right it again.

The term of courtship having expired, they were married, and his satisfaction at her vow to "love, honor and obey," was so great, that he entirely overlooked the corresponding obligation on his part, to "love, cherish and protect" the gentle girl who gave him her trust.

We do not affirm that he did not love her at all. All the love that he could spare from himself, was given to her, but it needs a much larger stock than that, to begin married life with.

And now ten years have passed, and as Mrs. Winter recalls each separate event, she almost feels that they are lost. Ah! no, they are not lost, for, from a timid, trustful girl, she has merged into a lovely, thoughtful woman. Two noble boys, with her own tender, earnest eyes, give her their reverence and love, and as she thinks of them her heart grows warm again.

She had sat thus for an hour, thinking of her sorrows and her treasures, as our story commences.

Grace Russell, a beautiful younger sister who was visiting her, had been observing her for some time. At last she said to her playfully, "What annoys you Kate? You look so owlish in the twilight that you almost alarm me. Tell me about it, for though I have my suspicions, I have no right to put them into words without your permission."

Mrs. Winter looked up quickly into the bright eyes that were full of sympathy and love, and replied: "I am humiliated by the thought, dear sister, that you must know by observation how selfish and apparently unfeeling my husband is. I have tried in every way to win him from his sordid selfishness, but in vain; and after the scenes of to-day I feel myself quite disheartened."

"This morning after you left the table, I asked Fred for some change, as I wished to make some necessary purchases. He answered me shortly, desiring to know what I could want of so much money."

"Now, I have had just twenty-five cents in one week, and that I was obliged to pay to the drayman whom Fred sent up with the marketing one day, telling him that I would pay him when he delivered it. I explained the matter to him, and he replied, "Well, I have no change this morning; you can go to Hill's and get what you want, and no more, for if I find that you are running up a bill there I will forbid their charging one dime to me without my written order."

"The shameless fellow," said Grace indignantly; "why does he not furnish the money for you to pay your bills, then? I am sure that his salary is sufficient, if he would only deny himself the pleasure of handling all the money."

"Yes, Gracie, he has a salary of a thousand a year, and if he chose, could furnish the money to supply all my needs, and pay the milkman and baker, whom he always refers to me when they present their bills, and after having them presented from four to six times, I am obliged to give them an order on the store, for want

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of money, and the store bill is increased, adding to my troubles in that direction, for there is always a scene when the bills come, notwithstanding I buy as closely as possible."

"Fred always complains of needles, buttons, thread, etc., and insists that it is these *useless* articles that count up. How he manages to forget his indignation when I forget to replace a missing button, is a great wonder to me, and he seems unwilling to admit that the children require more and more as they grow older."

"Now, I do not affirm as some do, that a wife should have the same control of the finances as her husband; but I do think that he ought to place in her hands a sufficient sum to meet the demands of her household, and not oblige her to do him the discredit of getting trusted, or else dole out the money as though she was an object of charity."

Gracie laughed musically as she answered: "I'll have it in the ritual when I marry, that I shall have a plentiful supply of pocket-money, and no questions asked."

"You would probably discover after a while," said Mrs. Winter, "that it is one thing to promise, another thing to perform. Where absolute power is in the husband, unless they have a strong sense of right, and a well balanced mind, they are very apt to take undue advantage of the '*weaker vessel*,'" well knowing that a woman will suffer almost any indignity before she will allow the world at large to discover that she is not an idolized wife, with every want supplied.

But I am diverging from my story. This afternoon I went down to Hill's to purchase those articles. After selecting them, while waiting for the clerk to do them up, I happened to glance across the street, where I saw Fred chatting with two young ladies in a very animated way. While they were conversing, a boy came along with a basket of oranges, little cakes and maple sugar. I saw Fred motion him to pause, and he took the basket from him and offered it to the young ladies, and they helped themselves most plentifully, for which Fred gave him a greenback and received no change in return. I have wished so much for both of those luxuries this spring, but have been denied them on account of their being *expensive*.

As he turned with a low bow and walked down the street, the clerk gave me my goods and the amount due for them (*less than a dollar*), and as I requested him to charge it, he gave me a significant glance, which convinced me that he, too, had been an observer of the little scene across the street.

I get almost desperate sometimes, and am half inclined to apply to the 'slop shops' for work, which is not altogether practicable, considering that I am my maid of all work.

"O, Kate," said Gracie, "do not think of such a thing again. What would our dear father say to it? You take *slop work*, who never had a comfort denied you before marriage!

I declare! It is enough to make any sensible girl renounce marriage, and vow to live and die 'an old maid' just to get a glimpse at matrimonial incongruities but it seems to me that there is a remedy some where, if we could only discover the thread that

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would unravel the perplexing question.

Oh! I have an idea! Your old school friends—some of them have often told me that in your younger days you could wield the pen of a 'ready writer,' and mother often expressed herself disappointed because you had not improved the talent. Had I been thus gifted, I should have been half way up the 'ladder of fame,' in close pursuit of Mrs. Stowe and other eminent authoresses by this time. Pardon my impertinence if I tell you most candidly that it is high time that you took your light from under the bushell and set it upon a candlestick.

Mrs. Winter looked very thoughtful. "I have thought of this many times," she said, "but what could I do with household cares, while winning 'golden opinions' from my hopeful little sister, and courting the criticism of an uncharitable public?"

"How exceeding dull you are, Kate. What sense is there in having friends and relatives in this 'vale of tears,' if you can not turn them to some account? Here am I, Miss Grace Greenwood Russell, at your service for the summer, at least. I will hang my silks and organdies in the wardrobe for Sunday wear, and, donning one of your large calico aprons to keep my new calico in nice order, I will begin my reign in the kitchen, where I will devote all my time and talent in inventing good things to eat, for Fanny Fern says that the straight road to a man's heart is by the way of his appetite, and I'll test the theory on Fred, and if it works well, I shall have my 'cue,' and can turn it to account when I marry."

Mrs. Winter laughed musically as she answered, "You give yourself rather a doubtful recommend when you avow in the beginning that you intend to exert all your *culinary* arts to win my husband's affections; nevertheless, I am somewhat disposed to accept of your offer and see what the result will be—not that I intend to give up all to your care, but your assistance will be invaluable, because with it I receive also your sympathy.

And now, my good fairy, what shall our plans be?

There must be a beginning, and just how or where to launch my untried barque upon the sea of literature is a delicate question."

"Oh, Kate, let me suggest some thing. Suppose you prepare a treatise on the different professions, taking the clergy first, next the legalist, then the doctor, and so on, through the list."

"I could not do them justice, Gracie. But I realize the inspiration that beautifies the holy page, as though it were written with a pen of light; that transforms its hidden meanings into words of promise, that leads the mind into noble avenues of thought."

"How imaginative you are, Kate. I always thought that ministers were a humdrum set of individuals, with a cadaverous cast of countenance, caused by much preach and little pay. Pray, what may be your views on the lawyer question?"

Mrs. Winter aroused herself, and said animatedly, "I know nothing about them, and I believe that I am constitutionally afraid of them, for I

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never was in the society of one without feeling that he was watching an opportunity to pick flaws with my views of things, and about to proceed to cross-question me."

"Well, you might as well call them Hottentots and done with it, although I must confess, Kate, that you are somewhat prejudiced."

"That opinion may have been gendered by the slight attention that young Lawyer Howell has shown you of late," said Mrs. Winter, smilingly. "As to doctors, I thank Heaven that health has been with us such an abundant blessing that my acquaintance with them has been very limited. So your choice of themes seems to be unfortunate, so far; try again."

"Oh, I have it now—'Woman's Rights!' You would have special unction on that theme; and now, that the subject of 'female suffrage' is being so extensively agitated, I think it will be quite *the* subject."

"I am positive that if the great measures of governmental law are to be carried out 'by the consent of the governed, that women should have a voice in the matter, for if any body living is governed, women are; and that per force by the iron rule of man."

"This is a grave subject," said Mrs. Winter, "and one that caused me many sleepless hours."

"It may be for the best that woman should ask for no farther rights with her clinging nature, which has given her, with the other sex, the superfluous relation of the vine to the oak; the oak being a tower of strength, which can stand without the assistance of the vine; and if, perchance, it should fall, the helpless vine must be content to crawl all its days, unless some other benevolent oak holds out pitying branches for its protection."

"Pshaw!" said Gracie, "what a pack of nonsense. I knew a vine with six little vinelets depending upon it for bread and butter. Her towering oak got bewitched after another vine, and ran away with her, and the '*clinging vine*' stood alone, and birds came and built their nests in her branches; or, speaking after the manner of the world, she took boarders and supported herself and children respectably.

"How I would love to take the starch out of some of these '*towering oaks*' by giving them practical proof that woman can not only act as faithful ministrants at home, but they can, without abating one whit of their delicacy and reserve, assist in making laws that are just as important in their influence upon women as upon men.

"The men are willing enough that women shall be a social and even a financial stand-by; but, O those fairy fingers must never dabble in politics, 'twould be so degrading. It is not degrading for them to use their influence in the promotion of benevolent societies; that is another question, although in that capacity they are obliged *even to associate with men.*

"Mrs. Stanton in a lecture not long since described a rapturous scene to my imagination. It was all about 'flower-crowned polls,' where young men and maidens should go up hand in hand to ballot for justice, liberty, etc."

"I suspect," said Mrs. Winter, mischievously, "that when that matter comes to be tested, that the young man that was so fortunate as to sport a

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handsome moustache would be sure of your vote, at least."

"He most certainly would not, unless he had good sense to back it," retorted Gracie.

"If it were possible," said Mrs. Winter, "that the laws could give them the control of their children; at all events, when they are found to be mentally and morally worthy of so sacred a trust; and were it possible that my sex should have the same facilities for intellectual advancement that men have; and that justice should be extended to them by granting them like remuneration for like labor, be it mental or physical—I could rest content without the right of suffrage, and with such rights as a pure, earnest woman should have accorded to her freely in her own home.

"But, sister, mind! we are wandering a long way from our starting point; and now leaving you to think of subjects, I will go and light a lamp, perhaps its cheerful rays will throw some light on our subject;" and with these words Mrs. Winter arose and left the room.

Gracie sat by the table idly turning over the leaves of a large book that lay on it; but as Mrs. Winter returned a few moments after, she discovered that it was a handsomely-bound Masonic Manual, and it chanced to be open at the page where a Mason's duties to his family are set forth. "See here, Kate," said she, "I wonder if Fred ever reads this?" and she read thus from the gilded leaf: "He is to seek and acquire, as far as possible, the virtues of patience, meekness, *self-denial*, forbearance and the like, which gives him the command over himself and enables him to govern his own family with affection, dignity and prudence," etc., etc. "If Fred lived up to these requirements he would be a better Mason."

She looked up into her sister's face and was thrilled with the change that had come over it. It was evident that from some source she had received the light she sought, for, from some hidden spirit-lamp there shone up into her eyes sweet fires of hope, holy resolves, and bright anticipations, that illuminated and almost transformed her features. It was like morning sunshine to look upon her face.

THE FIRE ON THE HEARTH.

There is a luxury rare in the carpet of Brussels,
And splendor in pictures that hang on the wall,
And grace in the curtain, with rainbow-hued tassels,
And brilliance in gaslight, that flashes o'er all;
But give me the glow of the bright-blazing fire,
That sparkles and snaps as it echoes your mirth,
And leaps, in its joy, up the chimney still higher,
When the cold winds without make us draw near the hearth;
The old-fashioned fire, the cheerful wood-fire,
The maple wood fire that burns on the hearth.

As I feel its warm glow, I remember my childhood,
And the circle of loved ones that drew round our board;
The winter eve sports, with nuts from the wildwood,
The apples and cider from cellar well stored;
I hear in its roar the wild shouts of my brothers,

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And the laugh of my sisters, in innocent mirth,
And the voice of my sire, as he reads to my mother,
Who knits by the firelight that glows from the hearth.
The old open fire, the health-giving fire,
The home-cheering fire that glows on the hearth.

It reminds us of friends that we draw to the nearer
When winds of misfortune blow heavy and chill,
And feel with each blast they are warmer and dearer,
Add ready to help and comfort us still—
Friends that never grow cold till the long day is ended,
And the ashes are laid to their rest in the earth,
And the spirit, still glowing, to God hath ascended,
To rekindle new fires, like the coal on the hearth;
Then give me the fire, the fresh glowing fire,
The bright open fire that burns on the hearth.

CHRYSOSTOM.

If he had done nothing more than to give to the church and the Craft the incomparable prayer known as his he would be deserving of remembrance. We doubt not that Freemasonry had something to do with moulding Chrysostom's character.

John (this was his name), the golden-mouthed preacher, the great scholar, the humble Christian—by far the most remarkable man of his times, was called to the see of Constantinople. He received the title of patriarch, a title which the head of the Greek Church has been content to bear ever since. This was in 398, but little more than half a century after the founding of New Rome. Chrysostom was then forty-three years old; and nine years later he died, an exile in Asia Minor, banished for his plainness in exposing the sins of the Greek empress and her voluptuous court. So rapidly did the spirit of luxury, inherent in Oriental character, work itself out. While mingled with Western elements, its tendency was restrained; but when left to its natural actings, it almost immediately broke forth, in vices and corruptions of the most effeminate type. The fortunes of the eloquent Patriarch, who strove to check this tide of moral pollution, are worthy of especial notice. His father died while he was young; and his mother remained a widow for the sake of superintending his education. In her was illustrated the remark of Sir James Mackintosh, that "all distinguished men have had able mothers." At the age of twenty, Chrysostom was a renowned pleader at the bar. At the age of twenty-six, he turned religious hermit, in opposition to the counsels and tearful entreaties of his devoted parent. After spending eight years in the study of the Scriptures, penance and prayer, he returned to Antioch. There he was ordained priest. He was esteemed the greatest Christian orator, next to Paul. Once, when the emperor, offended by the people of Antioch, was on the point of laying waste their city, the eloquence of Chrysostom saved them. He was adored by his countrymen; and, when appointed patriarch of Constantinople, "it was necessary to kidnap him, and carry him off from Antioch by a force of armed soldiers,

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before the citizens had time to interfere." He was as good as he was great, and absolutely fearless of every thing but God. In his new position he thundered against the vices of the Greeks, with all his mighty power. He was a man whose name will ever be held dear, where the Christian religion is loved and cherished; burning with oratorical fire, full of the sweetest pathos, at home in all learning, whether profane or sacred, exhausting nature and the realms of fancy for imagery and forms of thought, his presence serene and glorious, his action noble, his voice clear, flexible, and spirit-stirring. From the place of his exile, for which he was sent for choosing to obey God rather than men, he wrote as follows to a friend: "When driven from the city, I cared nothing for it. But I said to myself, If the empress wishes to banish me, let her banish me; the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof. If she would saw me in sunder, let her saw me in sunder: I have Isaiah for a pattern. If she would plunge me in the sea, I remember Jonah. If she would thrust me into the fiery furnace, I see the three children enduring that. If she would cast me to wild beasts, I call to mind Daniel in the den of lions. If she would stone me, let her stone me: I have before me Stephen the protomartyr. If she would take my head, let her take it: I have John the Baptist. An apostle has told me that 'God respecteth not man's person;' and 'if I yet plea ed men, I should not be the servant of Christ.' And David clothes me with armour, saying, 'I will speak of thy testimonies before kings, and will not be ashamed.'" Chrysostom died at an obscure village, near the borders of Syria, worn out by the privations and hardships with which his enemies constantly worried him. In 1812, Henry Martyn died at the same village. And the friend of modern missions loves to think, while bending over the lowly headstone at Tocat, that the remains of the young, the good, the gifted Cambridge graduate, repose on the spot from which the soul of the great prelate took its flight heavenward.

THE EVERGREEN.

THIS is the name of a new Masonic paper published at Dubuque, Iowa. No oasis ever looked brighter or fresher, or was ever more welcome to the wanderer of the desert, than is the sight of this promised production of the Hawkeye state. The ability of its editorials, the excellence of its contributions, the clearness of its typography, and the general neatness of its appearance, give evidence of a very vigorous growth, and confidently lead to the hope that it will grow to be "a thing of beauty and joy forever." May its branches expand, and its usefulness extend until the weary shall find rest and comfort in its shade, and the eye of the wanderer on the desert of life, be refreshed by its perennial splendor.

IF a man will observe the allegations of the degree of Memphian, he will be an exemplar in all that's good in life. If a man is a *good* M. M., he is *good every where in the "world,"* whether there be any Masons or not. C. C.

Bros. Rounsville, Carpenter, and many others, will exercise masonic patience; they will all appear in due time.

Subscribers must remember to give us their post office address when they order the STAR discontinued.

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EDITORIAL.

WHY SECRET SOCIETIES SHOULD BE TOLERATED.

THE propriety of tolerating secret societies is being discussed among the great lights of the anti-secret orders. They are taking the consciences of men into custody, and propose to measure the thoughts of others by their own scanty rule.

Why the masonic fraternity should have the intolerant proscriptions of the anti-masonic demagogues meted out to them, is a question of much solicitude. It being one of the most tolerant and catholic institutions in existence, why should it be so bitterly assailed? The utility of secret associations can be decided by every reflective mind. There is a profound philosophy in the question. As intelligent beings, capable of making progress in the moral and natural sciences, we are allied to secrecy. It is an inherent principle of our very being and existence. A principle with which we are highly endowed by the hand of our Creator. Secrecy and mystery mark the footprints of the handiwork of Deity. We do not know his works only as we are initiated into a nobler and higher system of thought and impressions.

We do not know ourselves as we ought, or as others know us, only by reflection, comparison, and impression. And our alliances are of such a character that no good would come by revealing our knowledge to every one indiscriminately. If we should reveal what we know to our anti-masonic enemies, it would ruin the good that we can otherwise accomplish by our system of organization. It is not good to be always telling what we know; much better to keep locked within our own breasts many items of knowledge.

"Enter into thy closet, and shut the door," and commune with God, and reflect upon his divine goodness, rather than be at the corner of the street, or market place, to be seen of men, and tell all thou knowest, are instructions given through divine wisdom. If it is necessary for individuals to cultivate secresy in order to protect their rights, then it is equally as beneficial for an association to foster them.

In ancient times associations were formed for the purpose of civilizing and bettering the condition of the world. To educate mankind into a higher moral life, and systematize thought. To give proper direction to solve all problems of improvement. Consequently we consider that secret societies are requisite to take charge of the materials which must compose the superstructure.

What we now call secrets, were anciently known as "mysteries." There were associations for schools of instruction, or educational institutions, which were established to promote wisdom, virtue, and power.

It is evidently true that we have not as yet the real ideal society on earth, guiding mankind into that strait and narrow path of uprightness in all the relations of life. The fact of there being so many secret organizations and unions of every grade and character, proves that there are wants and aspirations unsupplied; and none of the present religious or political institutions of our land respond. There is an element of human nature which has been planted by the hand of God, that is not amply supplied by any sect or party; and that element is struggling to develop and manifest itself, in and through the secret orders and combinations in existence. That which we find in man so restless, will in time develop the

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true need, and the want will be supplied.

Societies formed for any clannish object, for the purpose of establishing a prescribed rule of faith, whether religious or political, growing out of the plan and purpose sought, are very likely to become intolerant and oppressive.

Governments are sometimes formed and carried on to look after the interests of the rich. And as the poor may change their circumstances, and become rich, or what is far better, intelligent, so they may in secret inaugurate a system which will bring themselves upon a level with those who control the government. Every progressive mind is strongly impressed with the idea that all of the open organizations are very imperfect, and do not provide and secure the aids necessary for the highest moral, mental, intellectual, and spiritual improvement of the intelligent creation.

When we see humanity flocking to the bosom of some secret organization, it is only a prayer unuttered, hoping to find something nobler and better. It is a manifestation of dissatisfaction with the present organizations, and an honest, heartfelt invocation launched upon the future, trusting in the wisdom of God for a deliverance. And as the weak and the ignorant are cruelly oppressed, and are compelled to wear an uneasy yoke, and are made to carry heavy burdens, by oppressive laws, paralyzing and hindering all industrial movements, they instinctively flee to the embrace of some secret organization, to find the key to unlock the door which will admit them to the ideal of relief.

The great reason why we should tolerate and encourage secret societies, is, because they come to assist humanity — like the good Samaritan — in supplying the wants of its nature. If there were no injustice practiced, no cruelty perpetrated, and no hatred exhibited, there would be no such stampede made as we behold, in this our time, to the fold of secret orders. The deepest and most pressing wants of human nature grow out of the social arrangement of society, which is detrimental to happiness, so we find the antidote in the complete reconstruction of our social relations, making them to harmonize with all our conditions of life. Leaving the antagonisms of the world, and bringing it upon a higher plane, where love and tolerance unite the hearts of the good, the great, and the wise. Thus pointing forward to that glorious future where will be realized the truth of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

AN EXOTERIC MASON.

PERHAPS some may inquire, by reading our caption, is there such a thing as an exoteric Mason? We answer, there are legions of them. A person who has received the several degrees of Masonry, and merely learned all of the ritualistic lessons, and makes no further inquiries into the symbolical and philosophical meaning of her lessons, is an exoteric. He may receive, and readily learn what is esoteric in the traditional teachings of Masonry, and still remain an exoteric.

Our beholding a beautiful superstructure, and admiring its magnificent form and beauty, yet not understanding the internal powers of mind which produced it, makes us mere exoterics in scientific Masonry.

In studying and contemplating the beauties of nature, we have our exoteric, and esoteric students. The exoteric gives a staring look upon the verdant landscape, he sees the falling valley as he stumbles along the pathway of human life. He scarcely notices the form of the mountain or thinks of the extensive plain. And he is ready to testify that the innumerable flowers of earth, planted by God all along by the sidewalk of his earthly journey are not there. Such an individual is an exoteric. He may gaze upon the numberless pages of nature and be unawakened to the perfections that the Grand Artist of the universe has produced. He is only a walking exoteric, while the tree, the plant, the flower, are inanimate exoterics. The life principle of the tree, plant, and flower is the esoteric belonging to them. Whereas, the awaking of those slumbering ener

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gies of mind and thought in man, to study the true philosophy of the real value of the tree, the plant, and the flower, would be the esoteric.

So with the grand and sublime principles of Masonry. As we prudently employ our spare moments to cultivate a love for her hidden and esoteric truths, new light will continually burst forth upon our minds. New thoughts, producing impressions, kindling a love for her principles, will be the effect, infusing into our life and being the real spiritual esoteric of Masonry.

As the sun gradually retraces his path from the low twelve of winter, and approaches the high twelve of summer, and melts the fetters of the snow and frost, and the landscape is again replumed with the fresh flowers of nature, and produces life, vigor, and rich harvests, so are the sublime and grand principles of Masonry brought to light, and the mind of the neophite, which has long been fettered with error and delusion, and has lived in darkness, receives the light, and is permitted, and earnestly solicited, to arise from the dead letter of the exoteric, and live in the spirit of the esoteric, where he will have the true unobstructed light of Masonry, will enjoy her life giving energies, and obtain her rich rewards.

UNIVERSAL CHARITY.

To do good unto all men is a Christian maxim, but in the same sentence there is a speciality in favor of "those of the household of faith." Therefore, admitting the philanthropy of the Nazarene and his followers to be the standard, Masonry comes in for full honors, in that she inculcates a love equally as universal. In excluding some men from the masonic fold, she does not shut them out of masonic love. We are commanded to practice virtue, and be just to all, and to act, out of the lodge, in such a way as to commend the institution to the admiration of all men. Our masonic duty requires of us as much and as extensive a charity as Christianity or any other system requires of its followers. All reserve a specialty for the faithful.

A Christian, a Jewish, or a Mahomedan society, affiliate on the basis of a similarity of faith. Masons, on the ground of fraternal harmony. We choose to exclude those with whom we feel that we can not *harmonize;* they exclude those with whom they can not *believe.* Harmony is more essential to a unity of purpose, and to progress in any particular interest, than a similitude in belief. Hence there is more room for schism and wrangling in a religious society than in a masonic lodge. The Tyler does not more effectually keep out those who are not of us — the alien, the stranger, and the intermeddler, — than our ballot excludes every element of discord. The great aim in our administrations, is to have or lodges open and close in harmony. Nothing partisan, sectarian, or factious, is permitted any utterance there. The absence of all sound from any instrument of iron that prevailed at the building of the Great Temple, is fitly imitated in the absence of all jarring confliot in the work of the craftsmen of the present day. No instrument of iron, no metallic substance, is used in our work, and nothing whatever is permitted to pass the Tyler's vigilance that will militate against the harmony that should prevail within.

A WAR INCIDENT.

In Lagrange, Indiana, we have an old Mason living, by the name of John Kromer, a man who has never been ashamed of the time honored institution of Masonry. He settled in the northern portion of Indiana at an early day; was initiated into the mysteries of the fraternity in 1818.

In a few years after becoming located in this new country, he began to long for the social and masonic privileges that he had enjoyed in former days and with his brothers in other sections. By inquiry he learned that there were others in different sections, living as he was, without enjoying the real and intrinsic value of Masonry. Brother Kromer concluded to give notice to have all members of the Order in the county to meet. The first call brought five together, each making himself known

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by a warm heart and a strong grasp of the hand. They compared notes, and were satisfied that each had bowed at the altar, and pledged his masonic fidelity before God. What a joyful greeting it must have been! The five brothers resolved to give another notice, and eight responded. As men and citizens they were strangers, coming from various sections of the globe. But they understood a language by which each could know the other. They exchanged brotherly tokens, and determined to petition the Grand Lodge for a dispensation empowering them to go to work. They wanted one more petitioner, and living near the State line contiguous to Michigan they borrowed one brother from that State as a charter member. Brother Kromer rode to Indianapolis on horseback to attend the session of the Grand Lodge for the purpose of obtaining the requisite authority to work. Brother K. was the first Secretary. They commenced masonic labor, and the next year obtained a charter.

Masonry has ever since made a steady advance, and Brother Kromer is the only surviving member of the *Meridian Sun Lodge* who petitioned for that dispensation to organize the first Lodge of Lagrange county, located at Lima.

He still lives to enjoy Masonry, and work upon the mystical Temple. The gigantic improvements of the western country have all been produced since that time, under his own observation. He has seen the old craftsmen take their demits from earth, and the children of those early days have grown up to manhood, of lawful age, and have knocked at the door of the masonic edifice, bowed at the altar, and become true brothers of the Order.

Brother Kromer's royal "better half" goes heart and hand, in feeling and sympathy with him in Masonry. Her whole soul and spirit are imbued with love to the Fraternity. What a contrast with many, who by their opposition to Masonry, and the wishes of their husbands, paralyze their influence, and destroy much of their happiness. If the women would only cultivate an acquaintance with the true intent and object of our institution, they would add a large per cent. to their own peace and happiness of mind, and that of their masonic companions, as all like Sister Kromer will testify.

During the late civil war, which came so near crushing the life of the nation, Brother Kromer took charge of a company of men to repair railroads and bridges for the Federal army in the South. He and his men, with some soldiers, about one hundred and thirty, were taken prisoners by General Wheeler. Brother K. made inquiries of the officer in charge, if there were any Freemasons among them? Yes, Gen. Wheeler, Col. Allen, and his Orderly, are all Masons.

"Will you be so kind as to say to the Orderly I wish to see him?"

"With pleasure, I will make known to him your request;" responded the officer who had the prisoners in custody.

Brother K. found a brother in the Orderly. They interchanged kind greetings, and very soon had an interview with General Wheeler and Col. Allen. Although upon the field of battle they were determined and stern enemies, yet they could approach our brother as men and as true Masons. After retiring to some safe place they examined each other, and were mutually satisfied that they were all real brothers of the Fraternity. As citizens they were enemies, but as Masons they were friends. And each of their hearts flowed with grateful emotions to the Supreme Ruler of all good, for the existence of the institution of Masonry. As they stepped upon the platform of Brotherly Love, Relief, and Truth, they were on a level.

Gen. W. granted such favors, and manifested such acts of kindness, as one brother should to another. In fact, with all who had been initiated into the sublime mysteries of Masonry, Brother K. found that it had a binding power, and they cheerfully discharged their duty to him, and complied with his requests.

One day, in conversation with the General, he asked him if the Masons of the South would regard themselves bound by

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their masonic ties to show kindness to prisoners?

The General replied, in the true and genuine spirit of Masonry: "We know no difference. We intend to live and practice the noble principles and precepts of the Order to a brother, under all the circumstances and vicissitudes of human life. We recognize a Mason from every clime."

The Masons were true to him, and supplied his wants as far as in their power. He told Gen. Wheeler that he wished to obtain a parole of honor for himself and the men who were captured with him. The request was freely and promptly granted.

And we who see such things as the fruit of Masonry, love it dearly. An institution which can exert the powerful influence upon a political or sectarian enemy, and transform him into a friend, can not be evil.

Let the bigots and the fanatics rage, and publish their resolves. They will fall harmless at our feet. It is not in the power of our enemies to do us any harm.

THE ABSOLUTISM OF THE "EAST."

THE position of the W. M. differs so much from that of a chairman or president of an ordinary society under a liberal government, that in some phases it has the aspect of absolutism. There is no appeal to the Lodge from a Master's decision. His power extends so far as to pocket the charter and dissolve the communication at pleasure. It is only by his permission that any member may speak, or cross the floor. In fact, his power, for the time, is absolute, and seems particularly so under the light of democratic institutions. It may not seem so repulsive to eyes and ears accustomed to such usage, and may be all right in countries under the dominion of the one man power. But here, in a country of free light, free air, free thought, free speech, and free action, it does seem incongruous.

Yet we should not forget that the institution is just the reverse of a representative government. Our Grand Lodge is not composed of delegates from the people, nor does it derive its power from such a source. On the contrary, the authority to organize comes from the Grand centre that prescribes the precise mode and manner of proceeding, and never relinquishes its power to withdraw any privilege it may extend. Every law and rule must be submitted to the Grand East before it has any power. In fact, the whole organization is an absolutism, and if there is any thing objectionable in this, it is one that is incident to the hoary antiquity of the Order, a relic of the ancient ages through which it has passed on its way down to us. It is the door that is shut against innovation and its consequent discord.

One of the chief glories of Masonry is its great age. But this could never have been were it not for the uniform harmony that has ever prevailed in its councils. Democracy, however, admits of innovation and its attendant conflict. The spirit of progress has no veneration for the crumbling past, nor respect for ancient customs. Its march is like the changing phases of popular favor. The favorite of to-day is the repudiated of to-morrow. But these changes do not occur without conflict and discord. These are the necessary attendants on all change. But Masonry, in maintaining her integrity, and guarding against dissolution, shuts out dissension, and every other element that may war with her cherished harmony. Hence it is that while other institutions have passed away, she has survived the centuries, and is as strong and vigorous to-day as she was a thousand years ago.

Thus we see that the great age of our institution is due, in part at least, to the despotism of the "East;" to the utter repudiation of any element that may mar the harmony of our work, or engender conflict within our borders. Whatever there is valuable in being the successors of Solomon, or the chosen institution through which has descended the fraternal charities of a thousand generations, is due to our sleepless vigilance, and a strict adherence to our ancient landmarks.

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OUR NATION.—IV.

In continuance, we observe, that understanding the real views and feelings of the English nobility, we ought not to be surprised at the course she took during the war, nor at any moment to hear that her government has broken through all restraint, and espoused the cause of slavery. All her antecedents are on the side of oppression and wrong. Her wars have been for dominion, and power, and oppression. Her great original war in India is well known. Her opium war against China, to compel the Celestials to take her drug, willing or unwilling. The war in the Crimea, though professedly to assist the Turk, was really and solely to prevent Russia from acquiring a power that would interfere with English rapacity. Her next effort was that of crushing the rebellion in India, to reëstablish her despotism. And here let me ask, if those sepoys had been officered by the intelligence of our rebel leaders, how many British Empires would be required to suppress it? And during the whole time, for centuries, she has been the oppressor of Ireland, until now the cup of her iniquity seems almost full.

We come now to speak of the rebellion as it affects ourselves; to consider the night through which we passed, the progress of events, and the dawning light of the present day. It is not so clear to our mind that slavery was either directly or remotely the cause of the rebellion, as that it has been made the pretext. The idea of an aristocratic government has been the day-dream of South Carolina since the day of Charles I., when John Locke framed her a constitution which was to establish a perpetual nobility and serfdom among her white population. The rejection of that instrument did not, however, dispel from the minds of her great families their fond visions of future greatness. Since then, through the Revolution, and down to the present day, the same aristocratic notion is seen to crop out in her history whenever opportunity serves. She was among the last to sign the Constitution. She has never been a republican State. Her people never voted for a President of the United States, nor, indeed, for her representatives in Congress, and for thirty years she has been as restive under our constitutional checks and restraints as though she were in a prison.

That slavery has been instrumental in fostering her high toned presumption, is more than probable. Its very principles and necessary arrangements are such, that it seems not only an aid, but an indispensable adjunct to this fictitious nobility. Among the necessities of slavery, which are incompatible with republicanism, is the vigilant harbor police like that which prevailed at Charleston. Every vessel entering that port in time of peace was boarded and searched for freemen of color, who were conveyed to prison, and there kept at the vessel's expense until her departure. A negro, however, was as much a subject of England as a white man, and the same is said to be true in Massachusetts. But to subject a white man to such an indignity would be considered the climax of outrage. Such features of incongruity appear in our national character, and certainly give broad ground for the private opinion of our martyred President, that the time must come when these States must be all slave or all free. This incompatibility is sufficiently indicated by the boiling heat to which it subjected every Congress for more than thirty years. Dissensions, quarrels, duels, and compromise after compromise, until its last exaction was the feather that broke the camel's back. This, the reöpening of the African slave trade, was demanded at the Charleston Convention, under the significant phraseology of protecting slave property on the high seas. At that point the Rubicon was passed, and from that moment the traitors began in earnest to prepare for the great conflict they had determined to inaugurate. The prospect of a loss of political power, and the hope of being the nobility of the new nation, had much to do in tempting the leaders in that unholy work. The great principle involved in our late struggle was precisely the same as that of the Revolution, and of 1812. It was aristocracy against free institutions, despotism against the rights of man, royalty against citizenship.

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A SURPRISE AND PRESENTATION.

MENASHA, WIS., Feb. 26, 1868.

BRYAN Lodge, No. 98, A. F. and A. M., of Menasha, was surprised on Monday evening, the 24th ult., and received a choice and appropriate present from its lady friends, consisting of a valuable copy of the Holy Scriptures, and a splendid silver service, pitcher, two goblets, and a salver. Had they consulted the wishes of the brothers, they could not have chosen a more appropriate gift. The whole thing was wisely and successfully conducted.

The scene was impressive, and could not well be imagined, when our eyes beheld our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, marching two by two into our hall, and approaching the Worshipful Master, the first couple bearing the presents. Only one or two of the brothers were aware of the ladies' designs. The surprise was complete, the pleasure unbounded, and love beamed in every eye, and glowed upon every countenance. The gift was presented by Mrs. Harbeck, in behalf of the ladies, in a neat and appropriate address, which was responded to by our worthy Rev. Bro. Hussey in an able manner.

The brothers were then seated, and refreshments served by the ladies, in the participation of which all enjoyed themselves, and the most cordial sociability prevailed. The occasion will never be forgotten by those who participated in it.

A BROTHER.

[And why not have more of these joyful seasons in every Lodge? It serves to cement more firmly our social and domestic relations.—ED.]

ILLINOIS.—Bro. Reynolds has favored us with a finely printed copy of the Grand Lodge proceedings, for which he will receive our thanks. Likewise for a copy of the Grand Chapter and Grand Council.

GEORGIA.—The Grand Secretary of this State will accept our gratitude for a large volume of the Grand Lodge doings.

WISCONSIN.—We are indebted to some one for the annual proceedings of the ninth *Conclave* of the Grand Commandery. The following officers were chosen for this year:

R. E.—Alvin B. Alden, Portage City, Grand Commander.

V. E.—A. V. H. Carpenter, Milwaukee, Dep. G. Commander.

E.—Jno. A. Bates, Madison, G. Generalissimo.

E.—J. A. Horlick, Racine, Grand Capt. General.

E.—Rev. S. A. Fellows, Milwaukee, G. Prelate.

E.—E. M. Hall, Watertown, G. Senior Warden.

E.—C. P. Whitford, Beloit, G. Junior Warden.

E.—F. J. Crosby, Milwaukee, G. Treas.

E.—Wm. T. Palmer, Milwaukee, G. Recorder.

E.—R. C. Tate, Racine, G. Standard bearer.

E.—F. L. Von Suessmilch, Delavan, G. Sword bearer.

E.—C. S. Hemstreet, Janesville, G. Warden.

E.—Wm. Lohmiller, Madison, G. Capt. of Guard.

MICHIGAN SOUTHERN AND NORTHERN IND. R.R.—A short time since we had occasion to pass over this route to Detroit. And we must say, there is no road East that we can prefer. It is smooth, the trains make good time, and one of the most pleasant things for the traveler is, the men in their employ will give you a civil answer to questions. You are not directed to look up a time table to find out what you inquire for, which will take less time and less words than to tell you to find the direction. The men seem to think that it costs nothing to be polite, and much more creditable. So every traveler believes. We recommend this route to all, without any hesitation or mental reservation.

The excellent address published in the February No. was written by Prof. Livingston, of Galesburg.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VIII. A.L. 5868—APRIL—A.D. 1868. No. 4.

THE ARCANA OF MASONRY INCOMMUNICABLE.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M.D.

So long as we remain ignorant of the cause which produces any known effect, the Power exerted in its production, is shrouded in mystery. *We* are not terrified by an eclipse of the Sun, as were some ancient tribes; for we have learned the cause of *this* phenomenon. Yet after all the lessons which science and improvement have taught us, we witness thousands of effects, which result from causes entirely unknown to us.

Science, indeed, serves rather to reveal mysteries than to explain them. Why does alcohol remain fluid when exposed to the frigid temperature of an Arctic region? Why does mercury congeal at the same temperature?

It is a sentiment of our childhood to imagine that we can *see* the cause of each phenomenon with which we are acquainted. In early life, our conceptions of causes are limited to sensible objects; but as time, science and reflection improve the intellect, and inform the judgment, we are often convinced that what we supposed to have sustained the relation of cause and effect, have no relation to each other whatever, or are both effects of causes entirely unknown. Hence, in after years, while we contemplate the surrounding dominion of the unseen, the *Arcanum*, we lose sight of our childish knowledge, and while beholding the constant operation of unknown powers, we become almost bewildered in our weakness and want of information. We have good reason to believe that the brutal creation have no idea of an unseen power, or of spiritual existence—no belief in Deity—no

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hope in the future, nor remorse for the past. But in the human family, this idea appears to be *universal.* Mankind conceive of the existence of a mighty power, capable of impelling worlds and systems of worlds, onward in their orbits through the realms of unmeasured space, and countless years.

We see the motion of these worlds, their orbits we demonstrate, and are conscious of the changes of season which their movements produce, but the motive power, the incomprehensible power, which causes these manifestations, our eyes can never behold. *Light*—inaccessible, and unapproachable, veils it from human view, or the gaze of angel eyes.

Whether *power* be considered in its nature as physical or intellectual, it still remains to us *unseen, never seen.* Who can discover the power that spreads the petals of the modest daisy, the unassuming lily, or the blushing rose. Who paints their blossoms, or instils their fragrance? That hand is unseen! Who can measure the grief prompted by some unseen power, and manifested in those untold yearnings which rend the hearts of affectionate Mothers and Fathers, when they see their offspring sinking down into death?

And who can discover that affectionate *bond* which unites the hearts of thousands of our Honorable Order to our Ancient Institutions, and to each other, in ties of Friendship as enduring as life, and as sacred as the highest honor of man, and as strong as Death? This Mystery none will be able to reveal.

We readily discover the effects of Power wherever we turn our eyes: in the might of the rising tides, in the fury of the tempestuous winds, and in the dashing of the billowy waves, and yet the Power which produces these results is invisible.

Metaphysically speaking, there is but *one* self-acting POWER in the Universe, and that is SPIRIT. Matter acts only as it is acted upon, being naturally *ine-t.*

We readily conceive of the existence of *finite* intellectual beings, and also of an Infinite Intelligence!

The mental prowess of human intellect is manifest wherever man has been. It is seen in the gliding of the majestic steamer on the deep green sea, and in the fearful speed of the hurrying trains, and in the timeless velocity of the Telegraphic news.

The operations of *Infinite* intelligence are witnessed in the revolving of countless worlds above us, and also in the activity of the ephemeral insect, which flits its fleeting life away.

With what reverence, with what gratitude we lift our eyes toward His universal Throne, claiming affinity with Him—Father of our Spirits—our Father in the Heavens! Who would be so base as not to love Thee, and venerate Thy Name?

We bear the divine image. Man is the only being on earth originally created in the likeness of the Creator. This imagery consists in his possession of an *intellectual and moral nature.* Physically, man is no more the image of God than a reindeer.

The human mind, with all its

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meanderings, with all its blemishes, with all its aberrations from the standard of morality, still retains its intellectual and moral likeness of the Father of Spirits.

The more we endeavor to exalt this image in the scale of intelligence and morality, so much the more we honor our Creator. And just in proportion as we debase and degrade this image, so far we dishonor the great Norma, the great pattern whose image it is. Man never *lost* the Divine image. This would be to lose his sense of right and wrong. To what purpose do we advocate such a theory as this?

Man's intellectual and moral nature distinguishes him from a brute. Do we wish to prove ourselves brutes?

Man has no more power to divest himself of the nature God gave him, of the impress he put upon him, than a fish has to live in the air, or a bird in the water. Had he power to do this, he would thenceforth become simply a brute, and would be morally irresponsible for his behavior.

You cannot govern a *brute* by *moral* considerations addressed to his benighted sensorium. Neither can men be governed by physical force; for the mind will be *free* in its sphere as the Deity is in his.

He, therefore, who endeavors to despoil the human mind of its greatness—of its dignified affinity to the divine mind, dishonors the Maker—disgraces his brother and degrades himself. No optician can furnish us with instruments, by the means of which we can *see* a spiritual being, either finite or infinite, and yet we behold irrefragible proofs of these existences. We witness the effects of the operation of unseen Powers on every hand.

There are, perhaps, no two substances in the universe, which are more unlike than *Matter* and *Mind*. "Of the substratum of both we are profoundly ignorant." We are acquainted with the *manifestations* of both. *Matter* has its *figure*, its gravity, its *impenetrability*, its *divisibility*, and *inertia*. *Mind thinks*, reasons, hopes, rejoices, and grieves. But none of these phenomena are either *matter* or *mind*. Mind and matter have not one property common to both!

Mystery envelopes us on every hand. The greatest Philosopher knows not *how* he thinks, or *how* he remembers the past. There are, then, many mysteries outside our Institution, that are incommunicable. To one born blind, who can communicate any idea of color? Words cannot communicate it to one who sees perfectly. This knowledge is only gained by the sense of sight. We have often read of the blind man who thought he had ascertained how *red* appeared to those who could see: "It looks" he said, "like the sound of a trumpet."

Language cannot inform one how sugar tastes when applied to the palate; nor can the most profound metaphysician discover why sugar thus applied produces in the mind a sensation we call sweetness, more than when applied to the palms of his hands.

Sensation is an act or perception of the mind. This is an axiom.

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But how comes the mind in possession of the *color*, *size* and *shape* of an entity, the image of which is merely reflected on the retina of the eye? Will some one reveal this? Where is the erudite, where the hierophant of mysteries, who can divulge this secret?

Who can tell us *how* mind and matter unite in the human being? Let some one who is skilled in revealing secrets, reveal this also.

Some claim that they have obtained the *Masonic Secrets*. Ah, is that so? Well, how do you like the Institution? "O, it is grossly profane, shockingly vile, and alarmingly wicked."

Such persons have the same knowledge of Masonry that Paul had of Christianity, prior to his conversion. He had examined the theory of this new Religion pretty well. His knowledge of its import was not in his heart, but in his head.

Said he, after his conversion: "I persecuted this way unto death," and "I verily thought that I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which things I also did." "I shut up many of the saints in prison," and when the martyr Stephen was tried I cast the condemning black stone (Prephos) against him.

He perfectly understood the rites and ceremonies of Christianity before this, but lacked the Christian heart. That heart he could not obtain by the rites of the Church, or from all his book knowledge, however extensive.

No man can learn *Christianity* 'il he learns to feel in some degree as Jesus felt: until his heart is in sympathy with the Saviour's affectionate heart; until he, when smitten on one cheek, can turn the other to be smitten; until he, when unjustly constrained to go a mile, will cheerfully go two; until he can do him good who persecutes him; until he, when reviled, reviles not again, but patiently endures sufferings wrongfully inflicted.

One may theorize on Christianity until his head assumes the disgusting dimensions of one suffering from hydrocephalus, and yet, if he has not a kind heart, he is a monster, a "rickety child," all head and no heart—in other words—a Hypocrite. We have reason to fear that there are too many of this sort, both in the Church and the Lodge.

How does it happen that men, no more intelligent nor *moral* than we are, should pronounce our Institution so base, and our designs so dangerous? This is to *us*, mysterious. Why men whom we would not admit to membership among us, on account of their *immoralities*, should watch over us with such god-fatherly care, we cannot understand.

Within a few months past, some of our Brethren have been expelled from a certain College, famous for its illiberality, Religious proscription, and narrow-minded bigotry.

Churches, too, claiming the ancestry of the "Pilgrim Fathers," have passed resolutions for the excommunication of all Masons from their fellowship, and have bolted the gates of Heaven against our entrance. Why are we subjected to

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this regimen? It cannot be because we keep *secrets*, for these persons claim to know all our secrets. Then this cannot be our crime. Strange that men so dangerous as we are said to be, do not execute some of their "vile schemes." We are certainly as numerous in many States, and in *this* State, as the male membership of all the Churches put together.

But the Father who seeth in secret, and reads the language of the heart, knows all our designs and aims. Therefore we are not greatly *terrified* by the anathemas of our enemies, the resolutions expelling us from churches, nor the harmless thunder of a Roman Pontiff. Let him thunder "*Deus major columna.*" Nor do we feel ashamed of our humble principles. They are just. MEN may condemn us for inculcating universal Benevolence and Brotherly Love toward all men; for relieving the wants of the needy; for soothing the anguished heart; for drying the tearful eyes, and endeavoring to reclaim the wandering one.

So let it be; it is only the condemnation of men. While we live agreeably to the teachings of our ancient and honorable Institution, we have a *Friend* who has said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," and who will, at last, place crowns of rejoicing upon our heads.

Our manner of doing good may not suit the taste of some *fastidious* persons; we may "follow not with them," and consequently they may forbid us.

Our Master seems quite indifferent as to the *manner*, provided we do good, as we have opportunity, unto all.

There are some, if they give aught to the poor, who seem in distress, *publish* it abroad; but we are taught to take as much pains to conceal it, so that "our left hand know not how much our right hand doeth."

Again: *aristocracies* are congenial to the feelings of many. We have no means of gratifying the feelings of such. We are *equals*, we meet *on the Level.* We have no *castes*, nor property qualifications.

We regard manhood more than *wealth*, and a benevolent heart more than coffers of gold.

We meet upon the level,
Though from every station come,
The rich man from his mansion,
And the poor man from his home;
For the one must leave his wealth and state
Outside the Mason's door,
And the other find his true respect
Upon the checkered floor.

There's a world where all are equal,
We are hurrying toward it fast:
We shall meet upon the level there,
When the gates of death are past.
We shall stand before the Orient,
And our Master will be there
To try the blocks we offer,
By His own unerring Square.

We shall meet upon the level there,
But never thence depart;
There's a Mansion—'t is all ready,
For each faithful, trusting heart.
There's a Mansion and a welcome,
And a multitude are there,
Who have met upon the level,
And been tried upon the square.

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Let us meet upon the level then,
While laboring patient here;
Let us meet, and let us labor,
Though the labor be severe.
Already in the Western sky,
The signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools,
And part upon the square.

Hands round, ye faithful Masons,
Form the bright, fraternal chain,
We part upon the Square below
To meet in Heaven again.
Oh, what precious words of meaning
Those words Masonic are:
"We meet upon the Level,
And we part upon the Square."

THE ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE RITE.

It has been a matter of wonder to me, what there is about the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis, that should wake the ire and stir the passions of our brethren as it does. It has attacked no other system. It has assumed an antagonistic position to no Masonic body. It arrays itself in opposition to no Masonic Rite. Why, then, should it be made the subject of so much denunciation? Why should it not be allowed to live or die upon its merits.

The venerable and beloved Mackey, who suffered his prejudices to get the better of his judgment and Masonic charity, has been very successfully and conclusively answered by Grand Master Seymour, of New York, the head of the Ancient and Primitive Rite in America. Another brother has allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion, and has "run his tilt" against it. I allude to "C. L. M.," who hails from Janesville. The article was not intended, we presume, as an argument against the Rite. It seems to have been cast off in a moment of vexation, or of fear, lest it should damage the bodies of which, the writer says, he has been a member for forty years. This conclusion, to which we arrive, has been obtained by a charitable consideration of the article, for we would not attribute wilful misrepresention, when a more brotherly construction could be put upon the language.

"C. L. M." says, "The Rite of Memphis has had its day in the old world, and has been banished from ever nation in Europe." Indeed, has it? How then is it that the Grand Orient of France maintains a Grand Representative near the Sovereign Sanctuary on the Continent of America, in the person of Past Grand Master Robert D. Holmes, but last year, and while he was holding that position, Grand Master of Masons of the State of New York? If it has been banished from every nation in Europe, how is it the Grand Orient of that country, in the document appointing Past Grand Master Holmes to that high position, hoped it would be the means of "drawing still closer the fraternal ties which unite our two Orients, and have most happy results"? If the Rite of Memphis has "been banished from every country in Europe," why is it that John J. Crane, a

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well known Mason, at this moment, holding the position of Grand Representative of the Grand Orient of Italy, near the Sovereign Sanctuary of the Rite of Memphis, having received the appointment in July last? These facts show beyond successful contradiction, that the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Masonry, according to the Rite of Memphis, has *not* been banished from every country in Europe, but it is there regarded as legitimate.

"C. L. M." supposed, when he had obtained the Lodge, Council and Commandery degrees, he had all that Masonry could give him. There his idea of Masonry was illiberal, cramped and confined. If he thought he could learn no more than he had gathered when he received the degrees, he had studied the sublime lessons to little advantage. The writer hereof has been a Mason for half of the forty years mentioned by "C. L. M.", and has received all the degrees named by him, and yet, he never enters a Lodge, but new beauties reveal themselves. He does not claim yet, that he has received "all that Masonry can give him." But, perhaps "C. L. M." means that these degrees, which he mentions, contain all that Masonry can give. If he has taken none of the degrees of the Ancient and Accepted, or of the Ancient and Primitive Rites, how can he know this? There may be beauties which his imagination has never conceived. There may be illustrations of truth more forcible than have been revealed to him. There may be modes of enforcing duty that he has never known. It is presumptive, for any man to say that any one system contains all the good in the world. Equally presumptuous is it to assert that American Masonry contains all that Masonry can give.

"C. L. M." makes (a show of learning), by the quotation of a long list of names, which he claims to be those of the authors of the teachings of the Ancient and Primitive Rite, and discards them, because they lived so long before the Christian era. How long *after* that era, lived Solomon, our first Most Excellent Grand Master? If a truth, enunciated by Confucius, should be condemned because he did not have the benefit of the light of Christianity, why do we venerate the maxims and teachings of Israel's King, who was in a similar state of darkness. But the charge is false. The Ancient and Primitive Rite recognizes truth wherever it is found, and so far from confining its votaries to the teachings of those ancient philosophers, it adopts, in word and spirit, the sublime rule of the Savior, "As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so unto them," and enforces it by the most beautiful, appropriate, and impressive ceremonies. Perhaps the writer of the article we are examining, will be kind enough to inform the young Mason, after having learned this much of the Ancient and Primitive Rite, of what he should "beware'? What is said about the worship of the twelve celestial Gods, or of any other God, save "I am that I am," is nonsense, and would never have been written, had "C. L. M." been

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intimate with the ritual of the Rite.

Again, our beloved but fearful brother, complains that "C. C. P. tells the young Master Mason that there are three avenues of advancement open to him," and exclaims with all the force of italics, "*dangerous doctrines.*" But it is true, nevertheless. Truth may be dangerous, but our first Grand Master taught us that it was a divine attribute, and the foundation of every virtue. No doubt but Bro. "C. C. P." can so lucidly present this subject, that even "C. L. M." can discern its truth. It should be well known to that brother, that from the three symbolic degrees so-called, "there are three avenues of advancement," and no amount of extraneous horror, however italicised, can neutralize the fact. These three avenues of progress, are, the American Rite, consisting of that system which our brother thinks contains all that Masonry can give; the Ancient and Accepted Scotch Rite, which, we are informed, has resolved that membership may be retained in its bodies, though the individual is expelled from the Symbolic Lodge, and the Ancient and Primitive Rite, or Rite of Memphis, which is founded on the first three degrees, and which ordains that expulsion from the Lodge, works expulsion from all its bodies. It is hoped brother "C. L. M." will proceed to show wherein consists the danger to be apprehended from this fact.

The article in question, assumes that the right path is "R. A. Capelery Masonry," whatever that may [illegible], and also assumes that the Rite of Memphis will be found to this a "mortal enemy." The Rite of Memphis is a mortal enemy only to evil and wrong. Against them it wages unceasing war. But if by "R. A. Capelery Masonry" is meant the the degrees of the Chapter, as we suppose, then the charge is false, in fact and spirit. The Rite of Memphis wars against no other system of Masonry. It stands upon its own merits, and gives greeting to all others engaged in the cause of right against wrong.

But our Janesville brother, thinks that very few will ever take the degrees of the American Rite, after having taken the ninety-five degrees of the Memphis Rite. Does the brother mean to misrepresent, or has he been imposed upon by a miserable mountebank, who has been endeavoring, without authority or warrant, to establish something that he called the Rite of Memphis, consisting of ninety-five degrees? Brother "C. L. M." ought to have known, before he commenced his denunciations, so much about the Rite, as to have been able to state the number of degrees contained therein. He should have been so well posted as that he could not be liable to the suspicion of having been imposed upon by an expelled mason—an impostor—whose oath would be disbelieved by those best acquainted with him. We will inform him, that he may not be liable to the same suspicion in the future, that there are but thirty degrees of the Ancient and Primitive Rite—thirty-three, including those of the Symbolic Lodge, without which none can re-

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ceive the higher degrees. In any future denunciation of the Rite, it is hoped he will remember this fact.

But there is another mistake in the assumption of our brother. We find here, where we have members of the Ancient and Primitive Rite, that have not taken the American series, they are just as anxious to go through the Chapter and Commandery, as those who have never received the Memphis Rite. The fact is, that many of our most active and efficient members, are those who belong to both systems, and who regard them as co-workers in the cause of human reformation. Those who have taken the degrees of the Ancient and Primitive Rite, do not "disappear," and are not "lost to the lower degrees of Masonry." They have not "become confounded with the theology, worship and mysteries of the ancient Eastern world." On the contrary, they have clear ideas of Masonic duty, and are not behind their brethren of the lower degrees in their performance.

Our Janesville brother, closes his article in a most singular manner. After denouncing the Ancient and Primitive Rite as having been of such a character as to banish it from every nation in Europe—after asserting that all that Masonry can give, is contained in the American Rite—after his conclusion that it is a system of the theology and cosmogenies of heathen philosophers—after telling young Masons to beware of it—after declaring that it is a dangerous doctrine to teach that there is such an avenue of advancement—after insisting that the Rite of Memphis is a mortal enemy to "R. A. Capelery Masonry"—after averring that those who take the degrees of the Rite, will be lost to Masonry, and thus be no better than the beginning, this wise and generous and devoted brother, closes by saying: "If after a brother has taken the R. A. and K. T. degrees, he wishes the Memphis Rite, so be it. But it is not right to give them newly made Master Masons."

Then, if we understand our brother, he has been advocating, all this time, the doctrine that the Chapter and Commandery degrees are not to be allowed a fair competion with others, but are to be considered a privileged system that must take precedence of all others, and when they are obtained, the others will not be so deleterious to Master Masons after all. We have long been a member of all the degrees of the American system. We have every degree from the first to the last. We have done, and are doing, what we can for their dissemination according as God has given us ability. We have been accustomed to recommend them to our fellows, because of what we considered their intrinsic excellencies. We have not found it necessary to rail against other systems, in order to sustain them. When we find they can no longer be sustained by their merits, they will cease to find an advocate in us. We acknowledge their beauty and their worth. We delight to worship at their altars. We trust their lessons have not been entirely lost upon us.

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But we also know that there are beauties which they do not contain, revealed in the Ancient and Primitive Rite. We know that there are illustrations not less impressive and instructive, in the Memphis degrees. We have had opportunity to know whereof we affirm, and in view of that knowledge, we assert that the Rite of Memphis is antagonistic to no other, and that it will injure no other, unless fearful brethren having more prejudice than discretion—more fear of evil than hope in truth, shall inaugurate a war against it. In that event

"The might with the right shall be,"

and truth prevail.

W. R.

THE following admirable anecdote is from Breslau, and is of recent date. Not long since an elderly man with bare head stood in an eating house, surrounded by a crowd of people. The landlord held the man's hat and cane in his hand, and an impudent waiter stood between the guest and the door. The confusion of the old man was indescribable. He seemed to be for the first time in his life in such a scrape—said nothing, looked down on the ground, and with difficulty restrained his tears, while all around mocked and jeered him. Just then a poorly-dressed Jew, with a long white beard, entered, and with an expression of almost feminine curiosity, inquired what it all meant. He was told that the man had eaten and drank, and now that he must pay, he searched his pockets in vain for money. "Well," exclaimed the Jew, "I see the old man for the first time, but I'll be bound he did not come here to cheat. And landlord, suppose he had no money to forget, couldn't you for once give a poor man something to eat for God's sake? How much does he owe, anyhow?" The debt was eight silver groschen, and the Jew paying this, took the poor old man by the hand and led him to the door. Those present did not seem to enjoy the reproof which their brutality had received, and one insolent fellow cried out: "Hey! Jew, what have you done?—this is the Sabbath, and you have touched money!" [This is forbidden to the Israelites]. "You are right," answered the Jew. "Just now I forgot that I was a Jew, just as you forgot that you were Christians. But you may rest easy on my account. I understand my commandment which says, 'Honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy.' Just get some schoolmaster to explain it to you, and if he is a reasonable man he will will agree with me. "Good deeds have no Sabbath." And with these words, the good man left the room.

CHEAP MASONRY.—The Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence, in his report to the Grand Lodge of Ohio, says:

"We are opposed to *Cheap Masonry*, and think that the institution is in quite as much danger from this source as any other with which it is threatened!"

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THE MOST EXCELLENT MASTER'S DEGREE.

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

I.

To live and to labor with a hearty good will,
We present our companions of Most Excellent skill—
With a view of their duty, to keep, yet impart
To craftsmen around, the light of our art.

II.

This noble degree of which I now write,
Is marked by its beauty and increase of light;
It alludes to the temple where Jehovah was praised,
By those Excellent Masters, when the capstone was raised.

III.

None but the worthy this degree can obtain,
And solemn those pledges to keep and retain,
The secrets imparted by this ancient degree,
Are made by the candidate willing and free.

IV.

Should events e'er arise his honor to test,
He would suffer the vitals torn out of his breast,
Before he, a Most Excellent Master, would break
Those pledges he counted an honor to make.

V.

Being thus well secured on the candidate's side,
He is fully informed, (and he hears it with pride),—
That his present attainments secures him a store
Of knowledge, exceeding that he e'er knew before.

VI.

It is now he discovers, what glory and grace,
Filled the temple, when Deity honored the place;
When craftsmen o'ercome, by the wondrous sight,
Raised their hands to high heaven with awe and affright.

VII.

But now see that fire, how it comes from above,
Sure token to them of approval and love;
And true craftsmen can sing both now and ever:
"For He is good; and His mercy endureth forever.

VIII.

And thus satisfied that their work is well done—
That the honor is due to Jehovah alone;
With reverence and love they bow to the ground
And worship, while incense is floating around.

IX.

Then hail! the glad morning, that bids us rejoice,
The capstone well laid, high raise each voice,
The Temple thus finished, our labor now o'er,
The sound of the gavel shall hail us no more.

PERU, ILL.

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LETTER FROM BR. CARPENTER.

Brother Billings.

Dear Sir: It has long been an acknowledged fact, that mankind assimilate in character to the objects they contemplate. Thus Masons dwelling upon the moral precepts of their work, do gradually take on the principles therein inculcated, and wear them, as seen in the retina of their eye. How important, then, it is, that the *work* should be perfect, and the *teachers* pure men. Many young men are seeking the light therein disclosed, and are anxious to build themselves up in the principles of true men. Their minds are easily moulded to most any pattern, and readily take on the *coloring* disclosed by older associates. How necessary, then, that senior members of our Lodges should tread with care, the pathway of life, and rest with more confidence on the excellent tenets of our loved Order.

With what sorrow has my heart beeen filled, when I have met those whom the world knew to be Masons in high standing, and to whom a benevolent Creator had lent the highest charms that adorn mankind —a well stored mind—I say, with what sorrow have I met men, holding high positions in life, surrounded by everything that makes life pleasant, and carrying strength in every thought that will sway the masses, as easily as the tender bough is swung by the driving wind, degrading themselves, and all their associates, by indulging in practices that would eject less important ones from good society, and make them as degraded and miserable.

How many there are that now bow to the shrine set up by the godly fathers of old, that leave all the principles at the outer door of their Lodge, and go forth among the people to work out the lusts of their depravity, entirely ignoring the fact that their schooling is designed to help them to become, what God in His providence, designed them to be—Men.

I would not complain of them, if it did not affect others, but it *does*, and every *true* Mason is bound to labor for their reform.

And here let me say, to all, that Masonry is not a *farce*, but a living, thinking, working entity, that calls upon every one within her sacred folds, to be *earnest* and alive. Those principles we extol so highly, are not made solely for the Lodge room, but are designed to carry out, and use in every-day life. I would, then, ask every brother, to see to it, and so regulate his life that every one may point to him in admiration, and say, there stands a Mason and a Man.

Educate yourselves in the teachings of our Order, and become workmen upon our moral Temple, "that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

Fraternally,

W. B. Carpenter.

Lansing, April, 1868.

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THE PAST.

BY REV. W. PATTINSON.

History speaks to our want. Man needs its light and advantages as well as the best knowledge of the present. The brightest hopes of the future commence here. The past is man's book of reference—the present is his day-book—the future is his ledger. Such is human existence.

The past, in some of its relations, is as vital in importance as the events and enterprises of the present. In many instances, it is the only key which will unlock the mysteries by which we are surrounded, and reveal to our mental vision the star of hope. It is therefore evident from the very constitution of man, both mentally and morally, that there should be an adapted medium of communicating intelligence and its various advantages down through the ages.

Human conditions and responsibilities make their demands. What is our origin? What are our primary relations Godward and manward? What the design of the Great Artificer of all? What our destiny? These are questions that press upon us daily.

Man is constituted with vast powers of reflection; and he not only desires a knowledge of what is transpiring around him, but what has taken place in past, as old time has sped on in his ceaseless course, leaving the tokens of his discoveries.

No doubt many events, grand and thrilling in themselves, and well calculated to instruct, have been forever lost; and beautiful lives of humanity have faded without a record; for the grouping together of events on so huge a scale, is not unlike the photographic impressions of a vessel's wake as she plows across the deep. Sometimes the conditions are so favorable, that you may get many outlines and many of the finer points or parts—sometimes those outlines are bold and distinct, then again you have little left but a murky negative.

The past is one vast sea of events; it is also a dead sea of forgetfulness. Nevertheless, our sources of information concerning the great events and principles which especially concern us, are ample.

History cites us to its own origin. Its themes once had a beginning, and that beginning concerns us, for of us it speaks in the progenitors of our race.

And how beautifully we have in our Masonic Oracle (which is nothing less than this Holy Bible) man's origin set forth. And just here let me drop a word about the inner scene of the Order. Although various sources of knowledge claim the attention of the fraternity, yet Zion's light—the light of truth—is dearest still. To its sanctions we would bow—to its authority we appeal.

We hold that it was the same light

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that filled the Holy Temple of old (that perfection of human skill harmoniously developed), that on old Horeb's brow made glad the face of Moses, and as the historian of the world spread before his comprehensive mind the scenes of earth's beginning. Yes! it is this *great light* which shows us the dark conditions of worlds in crude, chaotic mass, and universal night spread over all.

The first chapter of life's impulses gives us the picture: "The earth was without form and void"—one huge mass of unassorted material—"and darkness was upon the face of the deep." But a period, in the existence of God, is chosen in which to exert his Holy Will on the material universe; and all is changed—properly adjusted.

The Poet of Israel, referring to "the great blue cloth of day" spread over the vast dome of space and its decorative grandeur, sings: "He stretched the heavens as a curtain, and spread them out as a tent to dwell in."

After this marvelous adjustment of worlds in their spheres of light and power—the launching forth this globe which we inhabit in space, amid suns, systems, and orders of glory—the singing of heaven's pristine sons in upper air—those celestial born ones, whose eager eyes marked the impulses of their God in creative labor, with minds upheaved in joy ecstatic, at such astounding might shown forth so beautifully and well, the key-stone in the Royal Arch on earth was wrought, and placed, and "man became a living soul." This, my brethren, is our common origin, and to this, it is our pleasure and custom frequently to look.

Men may be affected by the "false lights on the shore" touching human origin and the primary start of things; but no process of development, drawn from geological theories, can account for man or life at all. Geology itself, when properly understood, is one of the most conclusive evidences of creative power exerted.

The ancient registers of rocks record the fact that this globe was once in a fluid state or molten mass, by reason of the intense heat of its matter, and that some cooling process must have been brought into requisition. The question then arises How was this vast cinder peopled with life? Moses tells us, by Divine power. Men who bow at the shrine of natural development tell us, that Nature of herself did this. But the record of rocks tells us too, that some fiery deluge broke loose, submerging and exterminating a great part of the living tribes of the world—after which, came forth new races of occupants, more numerous still, and many of them higher and more perfect in their forms and organization. Whence came these? For a burning process has destroyed in the lower layers the seeds of life. "By what power in nature were they invented, composed, articulated and set breathing in the air, and darting through the waters of the world?" But the last and most perfect form is man; and it is a fact worthy of our notice, "that while so many successive orders and types of living creatures, vegetable and animal,

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show us their remains in the grand museum of the rocks, no vestige, no bone, or sign of man has yet been discovered." Whence, then, came this wonderful being—"this lordly occupant of earth?" Where was he conceived? In what alembic of nature was he distilled?" Not a breath have we from all the wisdom of man.

"By what conjunction of causes was he raised up, to look before and after, and be himself the investigator of every cause?" These things concern us, and we want to know them.

The sacred historian tells it all, as he received it from God. Deity, in triune council, said, "Let us make man;" for earth was already pregnant with life emitted by his will. To these records—to this history, as Masons, we hold.

The past, as history, tells us too, that there were certain responsibilities inwrought deep into the human mind, and attached to human character, which ever demand our constant care. Man was made with powers of thought, faculties of love, and an adaptation to usefulness. He was designed for active, social, reciprocal life. His brother's rights and interests were to be his own. He was to be his brother's keeper, and this fact is the same to this day, and is to be perpetuated.

The identical interests of the race seen in Abel s blood, as it wets the earth calls from God the close appeal to Cain, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" Man is responsible for his fellow. And what a severe labor it is, even in this glorious day of moral light to make this great truth come home with point to the heart of man!

The contrary of this is the spirit of Cain—the spirit of war and destruction. And from that dark day of fiendish passion, how the principle of repulsion has been propagated—widening the breach between man and man, nation and nation.

> "Man's inhumanity to man, makes
> Countless thousands mourn."

Various institutions have been formed for the purpose of ennobling human nature and ameliorating its conditions, and much good has been the result. This thought brings us directly to the consideration of the Order to which we belong, and which in peaceful celebration this day we are met.

Free Masonry, as the friend of science and art, as an alleviation of misery and sorrow, as a binding chain of friendship, as a practical manifestation of the "good Samaritan" idea, has survived the ruthless hand of barbarous force and the devastations of time, and is handed down to us as a principle fully developed and endorsed by the great and good in every land.

We meant to speak of the past as a blessing in several relations, but we must digress somewhat from our plan, and confine ourself more particularly to the masonic relation. And you know, my brethren, among the benefits for us procured, Free Masonry is eminently high in the scale.

Men generally don't know what it is; hence bitter prejudices are held against it. Dark and fearful con-

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jectures are made respecting it. Some hold that its secrets must be of the most diabolical character, conse quently unfit for the reception and regard of Christian men. But every student of history and the Bible understands that this railing conduct has always been the course of ignorance and prejudice on various subjects.

Free Masonry has come down to us through the vitiating channels of ostentatious display. It seeks not the favor and applause of men, however high in rank and station, and it shuns not the unfortunate beggar at the gate, in whose heart are the feelings and desires of a man.

Burns, the Bard of Scotland and the rustic wonder of the world, hit the key-note of Masonic regard in that effusion of human affection:

"A man's a man, for a' that."

Is the lamb noted for its innocence and retiring disposition? The lamb-skin or white apron, the badge of a Mason which you see, is the outward expression of our principles, and ought to be the emblem of our conduct.

No doubt there are some here who wonder what this Masonry can be to which their friends and neighbors are so warmly attached. I don't often tell people what it is. I don't often talk about it to those who are not Masons, but I think I will tell my readers what Free Masonry is. It is simply an institution in which the sciences, opportunities of life, and the morality of the Bible are blended for the fuller development of our higher nature.

Its object is to make men wiser and that means kinder and more sacrificing and generous, you know—better fathers, in short, better men in every sense of the word. The great lesson that it teaches is this, and it is founded on the best of authority: "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith."

We assert nothing as a defens of the masonic institution. Free Masonry proper, needs no defense. Neither are we advocating its claims, or tell of its noble deeds to induce a favorable opinion in the minds of those who are unacquainted with its importance. But we desire to say to our brethren and members of our honorable order, a word to stir up each other's minds by way of remembrance to nobler intentions, to increased and laudable labors in the noble cause in which we are engaged.

What have been the developments of Free Masonry during these four years of war and death?

Has it done any good to our braves, as they so nobly fought our battles and subjected themselves to suffering and death? We say it has, and know whereof we affirm. And any thing that has benefited our soldiers or their families at home, demands of us, as loyal Americans, due respect. In the ever occurring contingencies of war, the "bravest of the brave" have needed a friend, and for the want of that friend, death has been the result: the hopes of many have been blasted, and the noblest enterprises have been thrown immeasurably back.

Free Masonry, to a considerable

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extent, has clothed our naked soldiers; bound up their bleeding feet; raised their fainting spirits; made of enemies friends; caused the uplifted sword to fall powerless at their feet, or bidden it with a smile into its scabbard. It has extracted from the engine of death the otherwise fatal charge, or sent it whizzing harmlessly through the air by its mystic power.

It has closed the glazed eye of death with its benediction; spoken words of cheer to the afflicted heart; and wept with manly tears at others' woes. Its grip to the sorrowing mother has not only sent home to her spirit the condolence of sympathetic hearts, but material strength to her tottering feet, as she laid her beloved boy in a soldier's grave, or received the shock that he was no more among the living of the earth.

The little ones too, have not been forgotten, but in the long, long absence of their father, alas! in many instances that absence which admits of no return, the faithful hands of brethren have led them to comfort and usefulness In those hellish dens of starvation and death at Libby prison, Andersonville, Belle Isle, etc., it was bread to the famishing, and to the dying, life. The legitimate fruits of Free Masonry are kindness always. But we must forbear: "Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph."

THE PAST.

The present has its claims, its opportunities, and its enterprises. Now, is the time for successful thought, not the future. You all know that we sometimes think to very little purpose. Alas! how much of precious time has been spent in a sort of semi-dreaming or thinking without definite and high aim.

Success in all the departments and enterprises of life is inseparably associated with the well directed volitions of the mind.

Now, brethren, is our period for purpose. Not only think well, but have noble aims—healthy determinations to accomplish the highest and best results of which we are capable.

Now are we to act, carrying out the principles of noble thought and beneficent purposes.

Men are very often mistaken about real grandeur—things truly elevating to the mind. Things noble and beautiful are not confined to the skies, or any department of nature-science or refinement. We are surrounded with things grand and soul-ennobling every day, but we are so blinded with world care and the mists of morbid ambition, that we do not always see them.

We may learn from children just as important lessons as from the elaborate thoughts of learned men. And who does not see that the tendency of the age is a severe straining toward a false sentimentalism? There is too little desire for the *true* in life, which is only the really beautiful.

THERE are about three hundred thousand Masons in good standing in the United States. We have the data of a majority which foot up 261,516. In this last number is not calculated Virginia, S. Carolina, etc.

MASONIC LAW OF ILLINOIS.

No dispensation of a new Lodge shall be granted in any city or place where three or more Lodges may be situated, except upon the recommendation of three Lodges.

All dispensations for new Lodges granted after the first of July in any year, may be made returnable to the Grand Lodge to convene in one year from the first Tuesday in October thereafter: *Provided*, that such Lodges shall make regular returns at the next grand communication.

No charter shall be issued to a Lodge under dispensation until it shall have conferred the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft and Master Mason, in manner and form as prescribed by the rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge.

No Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons can legally assemble in this State, unless authorized to do so by this Grand Lodge.

NON-AFFILIATED MASONS.

All Masons within this jurisdiction, not members of any Lodge, shall be subject to discipline so far as may relate to their conduct and behavior as Masons, by the Lodge in whose jurisdiction they may reside.

Jurisdiction and discipline shall be exercised over non-affiliated Masons by the oldest Lodge, only, in cities or places where two or more Lodges may be situated.

EXPULSIONS, SUSPENSIONS, RESTORATIONS AND REJECTIONS.

Notice of expulsions, suspensions, and rejections shall be given in the following manner: When any brother shall be suspended or expelled, or any candidate for initiation shall be rejected by any Lodge, immediate notice thereof shall be sent to the Grand Secretary, and to all Lodges within twenty-five miles of such Lodge. On the first days of December, March, June, and September, in each year, the Grand Secretary shall send notices of all expulsions, suspensions, and rejections reported to him for the three months previous, to all the Lodges in this State, and to the Grand Secretary of every Grand Lodge in correspondence with this Grand Lodge. All expulsions and suspensions shall also be published with the proceedings of the Grand Lodge. No member shall be permitted to make any expulsions or suspensions public, or to communicate the same to any person not a Mason, except by resolution to make public by the Lodge from which the brother had been suspended or expelled, and which shall also be reported to the Grand Secretary.

All appeals from any subordinate Lodge shall be in writing, and left with the Grand Secretary. And the appellant shall give the other party at least one month's notice thereof; and all appeals must be brought before the Grand Lodge at the next annual communication held after the judgment appealed from, provided one month intervenes, for notice, as aforesaid; if not, the ap-

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peal may be brought up and tried at the next succeeding regular communication of the Grand Lodge, notice being regularly given as aforesaid, after which appeals will be considered out of date, unless brought by the consent of the Lodge in which the trial occurred, given at a regular meeting of the Lodge, by a majority vote of the members present thereat. And in case the decision of any Lodge suspending or expelling a brother shall be reversed by the Grand Lodge, such brother shall be restored to all his rights and privileges as a member of the Order.

In all cases of the suspension or expulsion of a member, a vote of two-thirds of the members present shall be required; and in all cases of restoration of a Mason, suspended or expelled by any Lodge under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge, the same majority shall be required. No expelled Mason shall be restored to the privileges of Masonry, except by a vote of the Grand Lodge, and such restoration shall not reinstate him in membership in the Lodge from which he was expelled, without the unanimous consent of the members thereof.

No Lodge acting under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall knowingly receive any candidate in any of the degrees in Masonry, who has been rejected by any other Lodge, without first receiving the unanimous consent of the Lodge that rejected him.

UNLAWFUL LECTURES.

The delivery or teaching of any Masonic lectures not authorized, or which have not received the sanction of the Grand Lodge or of its lawful authority, is forbidden; nor shall any person be permitted to give lectures to the several Lodges in this State, but such as may be duly appointed by the Grand Master.

MASONIC MENDICANTS.

No Lodge, or officer or member thereof, shall, under any circumstances, give a certificate or recommendation to enable a Mason to proceed from Lodge to Lodge as a pauper, or in an itinerant manner to apply to Lodges for relief.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ADDRESS OF THE G. H. P. OF MICHIGAN,

JANUARY 6, 1858.

Companions of the Grand Chapter:

Again we are permitted to assemble in annual convocation as representatives of the Royal Craft in this jurisdiction; again have we met to deliberate upon and devise measures for the interests and advancement of Capitular Masonry in this State. Let us invoke the wisdom that cometh from above, to rest upon and be with us in all our deliberations.

I congratulate you, my Companions, on the return of this, our annual gathering, and I rejoice with you, that through the goodness and mercy of our Heavenly Father, we

have not been called upon to mourn or weep for the loss of any of our members, nor has the harmony of our Councils been disturbed by any root of bitterness. The God of Nature has crowned the year past with His goodness among us, pestilence has not visited us—for this and whatever else of individual good we may have enjoyed during the year that has passed, we would render thanks to Him who rules all things in wisdom and love.

I am pleased to meet at this time so large a number of representatives from the subordinate bodies of our jurisdiction, and meeting you on this occasion, to bear witness to the good report received from various sources of the harmony which has prevailed during my term of office.

Let this occasion be one of fraternal greeting, that shall warm our hearts, and strengthen our hands to continue steadfast in our noble work, and may our deliberations be such as shall nerve us with double vigilance to put on the whole armor, working and strengthening us in the cause in which we are engaged.

I have not been able to visit as many of the Chapters as I had wished, but those that I have visited are in a flourishing condition.

In February last, Companion W. J. Barton, H. P. of Saginaw Valley Chapter, No. 31, presented for my decision the following case:

Mr. G. Adams, residing in the jurisdiction of his Chapter, claims to be a Companion, he having received the degrees in a Grand Lodge and Chapter at Vicksburg, Miss., working under a dispensation from the Grand Master and Grand High Priest of Illinois.

What is his Masonic standing? Was he exalted in a regular and constituted manner?

I decided that he was made in an irregular body of Masons, and therefore he is a clandestine Mason, and could not be recognized as a Companion in this jurisdiction until he is healed.

In support of this decision I refer you to the decisions made by the Grand Lodge of this State; also Grand Lodges and Grand Chapters of other States.

The above was referred to the Committee on Masonic Law, of which Comp. Past Grand High Priest Coffinbury was chairman, who reported that the said decision was in accordance Masonic Law, which report was adopted by the Grand Lodge. * * *

I have presented to you a great many of the highest Masonic authorities, all tending in one direction. They may well be said to establish the principle that a grand lodge or chapter, in attempting to establish a subordinate body, military or otherwise, in another jurisdiction, violates the landmarks, invades that other jurisdiction, commits a Masonic wrong. The body thus created is "clandestine," and the Masons it assumes to make are "clandestine" Masons. And neither the subordinate body, nor the work made therein, is entitled to recognition. No distinction can be be drawn between the *status* of lodge or chapter, and the work made therein. If one is "clandestine," so must be the

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other, and all the landmarks, usages, constitutions and obligations of the order mean this, or mean nothing. What is left to be "clandestine," if the work made is good work?

It may be supposed by some that the seeming hardship of the rule, that one Grand Lodge or Chapter shall not assume jurisdiction within the boundaries of another, should induce us to relax its rigor in favor of an innocent man. But the rule is vital to harmony of action. It is a rule of safety to the order, and not one of hardship to the individual.

He can easily apply as we have applied, pass the same ordeal, and receive his exaltation with the consciousness that he has entered through the proper door into the enjoyment of the sublime mysteries.

But why are we arguing this question so far as it relates to Master Masons of Michigan? The opinions of several Grand Masters in their addresses, and the reports of committees on Masonic law (composed mostly of Past Grand Masters), are to the effect before indicated, and the Grand Lodge of Michigan, by adopting those reports, has *settled* this question for this jurisdiction. Her decisions constitute the rule for the government of all within her pale from the last Entered Apprentice to the Most Worshipful Grand Master, and the Grand Chapter follows her rule as to the status of her members when applying at our door for advancement.

At the annual communication of the Grand Lodge, held at Adrian last January, a committee was appointed to take into consideration the subject of a Masonic building. This committee will probably make a report to the Grand Lodge during the annual communication which takes place this week.

I would recommend that a committee be appointed by this Grand Body to take into consideration this subject, and to confer with any committee that may be appointed by the Grand Chapter for this purpose.

I herewith present for your consideration a communication received by me from the General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and papers appertaining thereto, relative to the forming of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia and ask that they may receive the consideration of this Grand Body, that in your opinion they demand.

I cannot let this occasion pass without I express to you my great desire that you may advise in this matter, that the difficulties which have arisen and have caused the separation of the Companions who were once in harmony with each other, to come together in the true spirit of our noble order, and lay aside all pride of opinion "to seek earnestly for things that make for peace," to follow and obey the sublime teachings of the order, and let reconciliation, peace, and harmony prevail, instead of animosities, discord and disunion.

I have reason to believe that any advice or recommendation from this Grand Body would have its effect, as we have had the experience that no other jurisdiction can boast, in

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being arrayed against the General Grand Chapter.

Permit me, Companions, to return to you my sincere thanks for the distinguished honor conferred on me at your last convocation, and with a deep sense of our obligations, as we are now about to proceed to the performance of those duties which devolve upon us as members of this Grand Chapter, let us address ourselves to the work which is before us, and may God bless you in your labors, and direct your minds to the adoption of such measures as shall best subserve the interest of our beloved order, and crown your every effort with abundant success.

MASONIC SOLICITUDE.

BY S. ASHTON.

Mothers do not feel or manifest a greater solicitude for the welfare and manhood of their children, than does Masonry for those of her fold. We here speak of true, model Masonry—Masonry as it should be, and as it will surely be as the result of the present laudable emulation among its true friends. She will take maternal care of all her sons, with a truer devotion and more ardent love than any other social organization either of church or sect. She watches over their out-goings and in-comings with a vigilance more effective and more faithful than any other friend. She sees them when and where the mother cannot go—in the midnight revel and in the wild debauch—amid dangers unseen by day, and temptations that move the very soul.

And all this is masonic duty. To watch and to warn. To snatch as a brand from the burning the brother on the road to death. She has often done this. She has reconciled enemies, and by the cement of a strong love she has affiliated those whom estrangement had embittered. She appoints committees to intercede and to plead with the erring, and to reconcile the estranged, that her children may tread the paths of prosperity, and live in peace and harmony.

And if this is masonic, then it is the individual duty of every member to exercise his kind offices in every similar case that comes under his notice. He is not to hesitate for the appointment of the usual committee. He is not to "stand upon the order of his going, but go at once," to duty as peacemaker, or as the "guardian angel," that would save a brother. Whatever is masonic, is individual duty. Whatever may conduce to the honor or utility of the craft, should be assiduously pursued as a means of doing good with an earnestness that would be creditable in any business calling—that would ensure success. It is thus that Masonry is "a city upon a hill," and it is thus that her children should be shining lights in the world.

WORK AND WAIT.

Brother, in the raging strife,
On the battle-plain of life,
Evermore be firm and true—
Do with might whate'er you do;
In the tents of Freedom dwell;
Grasp the sabre, wield it well;
Fear no more the ills of fate.
Work and wait! work and wait!

In the morning sow thy seed—
Seed of thought and earnest deed—
And at eve hold not thy hand—
Strew it broadcast o'er the land;
Let it fall where'er it will,
In the vale or on the hill;
Let the great world love or hate—
Work and wait! work and wait!

Work! for toil will give thee strength;
Wait! thou'lt grasp the prize at length;
Work for poor humanity;
Wait! and God will guerdon thee:
Work! sow seed o'er waste and field;
Wait! a hundred fold 't will yield.
Fear no ill, be good and great—
Work and wait! work and wait!

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

MRS. WINTER'S REWARD.

BY LAVILLA E. ALLEN.

CHAPTER II.

"You have found your subject, Kate. I see it burning in your eyes. Tell me." Mrs. Winter drew the table to the centre of the room, placed her lamp upon it, and resuming her seat, commenced in a low tone to make known her plans. The unutterable pathos of hand and eye gave point to her words, whose meaning we shall learn anon.

The weeks glided almost imperceptibly into months, and a song of joy seemed to be ever humming through the house.

One morning, Gracie opened the door of Mrs. Winter's room, and with a comical grimace, said, "If you please, Mistress, the butcher and the baker await your ladyship at the kitchen door."

She arose with alacrity, and went down to find that she was not mistaken in her surmise, that they had brought their bills for settlement. She quickly drew her purse from her pocket and immediately satisfied their demands, very much amused to witness their imperfectly concealed surprise.

Finding it necessary to make some purchases, she went into Hill's, selected her goods, paid for them, leaving the clerk staring at her as though she had been transformed into the "Queen of Sheba."

Soon the news began to be whispered about from one to another. All coincided with the idea that Mrs. Winter's father must have discovered her needs, and rendered timely assistance.

After a time, Mr. Winter made the discovery that there were things brought into the house that he was not consulted about. He allowed himself to get excited about the matter, and finally became so indignant that he marched down to Hill & Co.'s store, to put his former threat into execution. He was much perplexed to find that not a dime had been charged to him for three months, and that his wife had paid the money for all her purchases.

After pondering over the matter a short time, he too, came to the conclusion that she had appealed to her father for assistance, and that he had responded to the appeal. "Humph!" said he, "she can't spite me that way,

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and when she wants any money, she can ask for it. 'A thing that is not worth asking for, is not worth having.'"

Well, Mrs. Winter has a full purse. Is she satisfied? Not by any means. She is a true woman, and the love she gave her husband, when she first knew him, still burns as clear and bright as ever, and with all her heart she craved a return of that love and trust. She felt that, could she only reach his heart, she might overcome the faults of his education, and win him yet.

Naturally self-indulgent, he had been for a long time verging on intemperance, and none but herself and her God, knew the sorrow that Mrs. Winter had felt on account of it.

Hope Lodge, No. Ten, was composed of men who appreciated the blessings that a faithful discharge of the duties and requirements of Masonry wrought upon its true followers. Their temple witnessed the beautiful ingatherings of men whose lives told their silent but eloquent story of good deeds performed. From their first organization they had lifted up the pure standard of Masonry; nothing of a gross or impure nature was tolerated by that noble brotherhood, none but those who had "clean hands and a pure heart" found an entrance to that "mystic circle."

It had always been their practice to discuss the principles and duties of Masonry, at their meetings, and apply the *square* to each brother's life, that they might behold themselves and their own actions, as others saw them.

Mr. Winter, at his first deviation from the paths of temperance and good order, had been visited by the junior warden, who strongly but tenderly remonstrated with him as to his course of conduct, setting forth the reproach that he was bringing upon the order, and the injury and disgrace that he was inflicting upon his family. He promised amendment, but shame for his misconduct deterred him from attending lodge meetings until he, being so long isolated from them, and losing the inspiration that the assembling together wrought upon the members, forgot his promise, and plunged anew into excess.

Again was he visited and reproved, but he was so much under the influence of stimulus that shame was lost or overcome for the time, and the word fitly spoken, like apples of gold, found no burnished "pictures of silver" in his heart to reflect back their beautiful image, so they became void.

Hope Lodge met in regular communication, and the Junior Warden having made known the result of his visit to Mr. Winter, these questions were presented: "What shall we do with this brother who has forgotten his most solemn obligations? Shall he be expelled from the order and regarded no longer as a friend and brother?"

One and another, and yet another, arose and gave their views upon the question. The "mystic tie" was strong and difficult to sever, yet all concurred in the opinion that expulsion was inevitable and necessary to future protection. The last sat down, and for a few moments silence rested upon them.

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At length, just as the bell struck the hour of "low twelve," a venerable man rose slowly to his feet and looked sadly around. His eye was humid with emotion, and his lips quivered as they parted to give utterance to his thoughts.

"Brothers," said he, slowly raising his trembling finger and pointing to the chart, "Jacob's ladder, whose topmost rounds rest upon the 'jasper walls' of Heaven, has been preaching to me to-night. While I listened to your words my eye rested upon it, and 'Faith, Hope and Charity' seemed to be transformed into beauteous creatures of life and volition, and I found myself repeating 'Faith, Hope, Charity.' These three, and the greatest of these is Charity. I looked from this lovely trio up to the 'all seeing eye,' and it seemed to express, 'Not seven times, but *seventy times seven* must forgiveness be extended to an erring brother.'

"Brothers, I am overcome with the magnitude of such a forgiveness. Let us not be hasty to pass judgment upon the erring.

"I would recommend that our brother be not expelled, but suspended from active membership with this fraternity for a time, until we have exhausted all means for his restoration, then if he reform not, we can adopt the first plan proposed."

He sat down, but his words found favor and a hasty response, and thus was Frederick Winter saved expulsion from Hope Lodge.

PART SECOND.

Mrs. Winter was awaiting her husband's return one evening. The hour was drawing close to midnight when she heard an unsteady step down the street and recognized her husband's voice in the broken measures of a maudlin song. She descended the stairs to give him entrance, and as he came reeling in and offered her a drunken caress, she turned from him with almost a feeling of loathing, and leaving him to find his way up to his room, she went into the parlor alone.

O, those hours of watching and prayer. Who can measure their miseries and its results?

The next morning at a late hour Gracie rapped at the door of Mrs. Winters' room to ascertain the cause of her nonappearance. But the tear stained eyes of her sister and the laibored breathing and putrid breath of the sleeper told their own story. No words were needed. A mighty indignation took possession of her.

"Kate," said she, with flashing eyes, "how long are you going to live with THAT," pointing to the sleeper. "I would just like to know how a man would act to have his wife come home drunken and reeling and tumble into bed, to lie there stupidly until nearly noon of the next day, neglecting her domestic duties?

"That would be bringing matters to a focus with a vengeance. Mr. So-and-so would inform Mrs. So-and-so that she might pack her trunks and leave the home that she had so publicly disgraced by getting 'a *little* tight,' and the very courts would lift up horrified hands at the monstrosity, and decree a divorce forthwith.

"But I imagine that were every

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man treated to the same 'sauce' that comes home '*a little tight*," that the Legislature would have to appropriate a handsome sum to build an asylum for homeless men.

"I just know what I would do if that creature there belonged to me. I would lock the door and keep him confined, as I would any other unmanageable animal, until the mark of the beast was less visible than at present. O dear! what a world this is, and what abominable creatures exist upon its surface. Well, I must get the boys off to school before they learn the state of affairs. Kate come down soon, for they always wait for your good-bye kiss," and going out, she gave the door a good bang, by way of giving vent to her indignation, saying to herself as she descended the stairs, "It's not the first time that I have slammed the door, but now that I am a grown up young lady there is no one that dares to walk me back and compel me to 'shut that door properly,' and I just think its a splendid way to vent spite when things don't go to suit a body."

Toward noon Mr. Winter grew restless, and muttered incoherent sentences as though under the influence of some horrible dream. His wife soon ascertained that he had a raging fever, whether caused by the liquor which he had drank or not, she was unable to decide; but finding that he grew worse instead of better, she summoned a skillful physician, who pronounced his disease to be brain fever, from which recovery in his case would be very doubtful.

Mrs. Winters took her position by her husband's bedside, resolved that there should be no lack of watching and care; hoping that with these his naturally fine constitution might triumph over the disease.

Everybody thought that Mr. Winter would die, therefore his frightened creditors sent in their bills, and to see their distressed faces one would have imagined them all to be on the very verge of bankruptcy. Small bills they were, too, most of them: in one place a dozen dishes of oysters, twenty-four "ales," half a dozen cigars. In another place a box of cigars, a dozen oranges, *ten treats*, &c., &c. The tailor's bill for a fine suit of clothes was the most important of them all.

Mrs. Winters went to her husband's purse to ascertain if there was anything to satisfy these demands, but she found only a ten cent scrip, and a dainty note of thanks from a lady friend, for a quart of ice cream, and a little basket of fruit which he had sent to her.

Well, these would not pay debts; so with a little prayer of thanksgiving, she went to her own purse, and there found means to satisfy all demands.

The days went slowly on, disease and death battling with life for the victory. Mrs. Winter was nearly worn out with anxiety and watching. She felt her strength failing and hope deserting her. One morning she stood by the sick bed and looked long and tenderly at the prostrate form before her.

Sickness had wasted the flesh and paled the cheek. The eyes were closed and sunken, and the brow

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was like marble beside the brown, wavy hair that was brushed carefully back; the breathing was faint and irregular, and the lips quivered softly as though they were shaping themselves to utter a prayer.

Overcome by grief, with the pulse of emotion throbbing and thrilling through every nerve, Mrs. Winter knelt by the bedside and prayed for the life that was almost gone, for help and strength and comfort. Long after her words ceased her heart continued its petitions.

As she arose, a look was lifted up to her, in which the soul flashed clear and conscious. The mission of the watcher's prayer was fulfilled, for he had trembled back again into life; back through a dreamless void and horrible pause; his life battling against the outrage that excess had wrought upon it; the most delicate poise alone preserving his life-lamp from being overturned and extinguished in hopeless night.

Mr. Winter looked feebly up into his wife's loving eyes, now so dimmed with watching and tears. His lips moved as though he was about to speak, when the door opened noiselessly and the physician came in. He at once pronounced the crisis passed and hope restored. Then enjoining quiet for the patient and prescribing rest for Mrs. Winter, he took his departure.

Mr. Winter's active mind became restless, as health slowly returned, and he begged his wife to read to him, or invent something that would shorten the wearisome hours of convalescence. With unwonted alacrity she repaired to her well stored bookshelves, and selecting one of a number of magazines, she composed herself to her willing task.

The article that she selected was of a reformatory nature, and well calculated to work upon his better impulses, and its display of brilliant imagery and polished language, were a new revelation from the world of intellect, both dazzling and alluring.

Mr. Winter seemed much interested, but made no comments, only to inquire the name of the author, to which Mrs. Winter replied, that it had no signature. For several days, an hour or more at a time, did Mrs. Winter thus read, Mr. Winter each day evincing increasing interest.

One evening, during the temporary absence of Mrs. Winter, the door bell rang, and soon after Gracie came into the sick man's room with the intelligence that the Worshipful Master and one or two other members of Hope Lodge No. Ten, were in the parlor, and desired an interview, if he was able to see them.

He expressed himself as not only able, but desirous of seeing them, but received them, not without misgivings that he had forfeited all right to their fraternal regard.

The Worshipful Master then addressed him as to their business, in this wise:

"It may not be known to you, Mr. Winter, that you are indebted to as noble a woman as ever lived, for your release from a dishonorable reputation. Your wife has wielded so gifted a pen, that she has not only won for herself a rare reputation as a writer, but has supplied her own wants, and quietly settled all de-

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mands against you, and thus has she saved you from dishonor."

"How is this known to you? I demand proofs," said Mr. Winter, excitedly.

"Calm yourself, my brother," was the reply. "Your wife has not the faintest suspicion that these facts are known to any but herself and her publisher. But that publisher is a Christian and a Mason, and the secret was revealed to these present, hoping that by imparting it to you, we might lead you into better and higher paths."

Mr. Winter's pale cheek flushed, as he answered: "Brothers, I find myself without an excuse for my misconduct. I have been blinded by selfishness and folly, but I have been making better resolutions of late, and entertaining nobler aims and thoughts, and these were awakened by some articles that my wife read to me from the H— Magazine."

The brothers exchanged glances. "Mr. Winter, your wife is the most valued contributor to that magazine, and you have doubtless listened to thoughts that found a birth-place in her own heart."

The tears stood in Mr. Winter's eyes, as he said in an under tone, "I have been blind, blind!"

After some words of encouragement and advice, the brothers took their departure. Soon after Mrs. Winter came in, but feeling excessively wearied, she soon retired, leaving her husband, as she supposed, in a deep slumber.

The next day Mr. Winter requested a continuance of the reading. A strange tenderness seemed to have been infused into every tone of his voice, as he addressed her, and the sweet consciousness moved and thrilled her and communicated a soft tremor to her voice as she read.

Once or twice she thought that she heard a faint sigh; but she continued to read the moving words, to which her tones gave added pathos, till at length, as she looked up to inquire if he was weary, she found that great tears were coursing slowly down his face, but his eyes were all aglow with the pure love that shone within them.

The loving arm was outstretched to draw the bright head down to its longed-for rest, and two happy hearts beat in unison.

Reader, it is a rare thing for a man to confess himself in the wrong, but Mr. Winter did not consider it at all demeaning to his manliness to frankly own that he had failed in the spirit of the obligation conferred on him by his marriage vow; but his new vow to love and cherish, was given with a full understanding of its meaning.

"Kate," said he, "if I had chosen one who lacked your goodness of heart, I probably should never have been led to see myself as I now do; but let me reward you, dear wife, by telling you that, by your long suffering and patience in past years, and by the beautiful lessons which your good pen has taught, and by its remunerations, which has saved my name from dishonor; by all these, and much more, have you won your husband from selfishenss and folly, and secured his whole heart to yourself. May God reward you, my Kate."

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"Who told you all this?" said Mrs. Winter, a soft blush mantling her cheek; "I am afraid that Gracie has betrayed confidence."

"Did you call me?" said that young lady, putting her head in at the door. "I declare, Kate, Fred! You both look as though you had quaffed the nectar from the fountain of youth. Isn't it splendid to quarrel? it's so comforting to make up! Kate, I have decided not to be an old maid, after all."

"I suspected as much," said Mrs. Winter. "And judging by those moonlight walks and drives, to which you thought I was blind, I mistrust that young lawyer Howell has had something to do with your change of opinion."

"O, fudge!" said Gracie, leaving the room hastily, but with a bright flush lighting up her laughing face.

Mrs. Winter accepted her rich reward, with transcendant delight, and they still live to advocate those principles of right, temperance and justice, that make them a blessing to mankind.

Lawyer Howell makes an admirable husband, so thinks Gracie, his wife. But she insists that it is all because she knows how to manage him, without allowing him to mistrust that he is not following his own 'bent.' Thus they walk hand in hand, with a great content.

HILLSDALE, Mich.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LEWISBURG, March 28.

DEAR BROTHER: Our very dear brother, J. S. Lessig, suddenly, and without a moment's suffering, changed from this to another world. He had suffered from an organic disease of the heart for some years. He had spent the week at Warsaw on a jury, trying a man for his life. Came home on Friday morning. Was cheerful and well as usual. Went home on Friday evening, and retired about midnight. He was up for a moment, and fell dead on the floor. I was instantly sent for, only to find my very best friend—dead, did I say. True his body lacked the moving, breathing principle. Where was it? Changed worlds. He was "God's noblest work, *an honest man.*" You will doubtless remember his joking, jovial nature. I left him at 9 p. m., and saw him, no not him, but his clayey tabernacle, at 2 a. m. No man could have been taken from this place more universally lamented. His funeral was held by the order on Sunday, one week today, the largest gathering by far, old men said, ever known in the county. Some five lodges fully represented. Peace to his ashes. A good man has fallen. He was not *pious* in the common acceptation of the term, but he was an honest man, with a heart in the right place. Yours,

H. C. NEWMAN.

MASONIC HALL,
RIPON, Wis., March 2, 1868.

BROTHER BILLINGS: I am instructed by the Lodge (Ripon Lodge No. 95, F. and A. M.) to request you to advertise brother R. G. Selfridge as an *imposter* upon the craft. He is an intemperate man, and has been living and drinking on Masonic charity about two years.

I had a letter dated Feb. 24th, from brother A. H. Gardner, Master of Louisville Lodge, No. 400, Louisville, Ky., requesting information in regard to his standing in our Lodge, and whether he is entitled to the sympathy of the craft.

He was suspended for non-payment of dues Dec. 11, 1866, and expelled Oct. 23d, 1867, for unmasonic conduct.

Please enlighten the craft. Fraternally,

W. WORKMAN, Sec'y.

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EDITORIAL.

MASONRY NOT A HUMBUG.

We are prepared to hear the bitter opposers of Masonry cry out that the institution is a humbug. This is the phonetic argument of those who know nothing of Masonry, and who desire to keep themselves ignorant of its object and design, and whose brains cannot comprehend its truths, or whose hearts cannot feel its powers. But that such a sentiment should be uttered by any who have been introduced into her temple, and taught her principles, learned her lessons, listened to the noble instructions given, is somewhat strange.

As far as the truth and utility of Masonry is concerned, it matters not how the members may demean themselves. How near they may live up to the requirements, or how far short. The truth in Masonry is ever the same. The great principles are the same. The mission of good must at all times, when she is truly exhibited, be the same, and have the same object in view, that of making the world morally better and happier.

Hence arises its usefulness and its practical utility. The truthfulness of Masonry being established as on an eternal basis, its permanency is sure. It depends no more for its fixed existence upon the conduct of its adherents, than does the light of the sun depend upon the sight of the blind. The sun shines, but the blind grope their way in darkness. So with Masonry, its principles are eternal, and as unchangeable as the laws of God, whether men adhere to them or not, and pronounce them true or false.

It would be just as philosophical for a blind man to say that the sun is a humbug because he could not be benefitted by its rays at noonday, any more than at midnight. Every system which can be proven to be moral, and of intellectual worth, like Masonry in her past history, is of use and benefit, and cannot be pronounced a humbug.

We entertain fears that some have smuggled themselves over the line from selfish aims and mercenary motives, who are somewhat disappointed, and who have disappointed the true lovers of Masonry. Selfish men will denounce Masonry when it will not go down as low as they will to find the almighty dollar. When Masonry tries the man with her symbolic tools and finds that his whole being is made up of angles, and no square can be found, and does not even possess form or beauty, and must go among the rubbish, he will then call it a humbug.

We admit that it may appear to some that we are bigoted in our strong adherence to Masonry. We are aware that it is hard to convince a true craftsman that Masonry cherishes anything wrong. This is owing to the undeviating adherence of Masonry to what is good.

Because Masonry fails to remove all the superfluous corners from every stone taken from the human quarry, is no proof that it is, as a moral science, a failure.

It only proves that Masonry has undertaken to make true Masons of some materials, and have failed. As the Church has tried to make true christians out of some of its members and failed, so with Masonry in making upright Masons. And the institution of Masonry should not be condemned and denounced as evil, any more than the Church.

Masonry, like the system of pure religion, "was never designed to make our pleasures less." It can never make our usefulness less. We as Masons may become in-

different and useless members. It does not operate to circumscribe any legitimate object which is beneficial, or that will enhance our happiness. It is truly Catholic in all things noble, good and virtuous. Then it is no myth, no humbug, no infidelity. It is cosmopolitan in every design drawn upon the trestle-board. The object is to keep all employed in something good. Inculcating industry, and that no one should eat bread for naught. An institution having the good of all in view, and doing justice to all, cannot be a humbug. And he who calls it such is lacking the roquisite knowledge of what it really is.

KNOCKING OFF THE CORNERS.

It is sometimes said that emblematic Masonry is assumptive in its pretensions, and requires no muscular power to conduct its operations. This is all true, but it is equally so, that operative masonry is never so heavily tasked, even in the preparation of the roughest, crudest and most illy-adapted material, for use in the wall, as speculative Masonry is, in preparing the obstinate, biased and prejudiced candidate for his true place in the lodge. Stones, as they come from the quarry, are never so cross-grained, so disposed to crack and split, or so perverse and stubborn, as some of the material that comes under the operations of the Master's gavel and the other instruments of the craft. The most ponderous granite is not more difficult to displace, than are some men to move from preconceived and erroneous notions. Men become frequently so set in their prejudices and opinions, that it is almost impossible to change them, even after it is shown that they are without any reasonable foundation. Opinions are not always the deductions of reason, even to the minds of those who entertained them. Our ideas are sometimes not our own, but merely the reflex of other minds. Perhaps, too, those whose opinions we adopt, without much or any reflection, have been men of an earlier day and darker age, and who, with our light would never have entertained them.

With some, indeed, opinions are the result of deep research, and are never changed, except as the result of the most rigid examination of all the facts and evidences bearing upon the subject. With others, however, veneration is so large, and reason so submissive, that the mere *ipse dixit* of a spiritual leader, or some prominent man, is convincing testimony for the adoption of any theory whatever. Thus it is, that the opinions that frequently sway the judgment of the world, will not stand the test of reason, and some have nothing but their age to recommend them. The men of Judea were not so certain that nothing good could come out of Nazareth, than many of our own place and time are, that men of obnoxious views cannot think a good thought or do a good deed. It was said that the "Jews had no dealing with the Samaritans," and we know, that even now, the war between sects and parties, is frequently so virulent, as to make men forget the very existence of human sympathy or fraternal regard, and to lead to the opinion that nothing right or creditable can emanate from those entertaining sentiments so repulsive as those of our opponents.

It is not wonderful, therefore, that when a man knocks at the door of the lodge, and gains admission, he is astonished to find himself in the midst of those of all conflicting views—a chaos of opinion; and yet withal, so controlled by the spirit of fraternal charity, as to dwell together in the utmost harmony. And after he has been for a while the subject of masonic discipline, and has had the rough corners of his prejudices knocked off, he is somewhat chagrined to look look back and wonder at the benighted condition in which he first entered. A condition of darkness he did not realize, until a purer light irradiated his eye, and a broader charity expanded his heart.

We have received a copy of "Gems of Poetry," written by Miss Carrie Wilber. They are excellent, possess a high tone of moral worth, and purport to have been produced by more than ordinary poetical talent.

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NOTES BY THE WAY.

We left the Garden City, on the Illinois Central Rail Road, a short time since, to make observations among the craft. Our first visit was at Kankakee, where we were cared for by our friend and Comp. R. Ashley, Esq., whose praise we hear in all this part of the State. The prosperity of Masonry is due to brother A. for his untiring fidelity to the best interests of the Order. As one of the Grand Lecturers, the Fraternity feel proud to mention his name, as one in whom they can confide. The principles of Masonry in all the region about, are taking deep root, and are directing the minds of the best of men to the Masonic fold.

We visited the brothers at Chebanse, Clifton, Gilman, and Watseka. In all of these towns, Masonry is gaining a strong foothold.

At Watseka, we arrived just in time to step over to the Lodge room, where the craft were in session, and see them confer the F. C. degree upon our worthy Rev. brother FORSYTH. Comp. D. L. JEWETT M. D., is the W. M. The Order is in a high state of prosperity in this location. They have a Chapter here doing good work,—square work—and impressing the minds that men should not eat the bread of others for naught. Comp. GEO. A. WOODFORD is their High Priest. The Masonic Fraternity in this place has been, and is, at this time, highly favored in having such congenial spirits as JEWETT and WOODFORD, to preside over them. May their shadows never grow less, and when their official garments shall be transferred to others, may they, and the brotherhood, look back upon their administration, with true masonic pleasure, and consider that these associations have not been in vain.

In Chebanse, we had but a slight opportunity to learn of the prosperity of our Order.

In Gilman, we heard a good report. For a young Lodge, and a small town, we should judge they were doing exceedingly well. May the Great Overseer watch over them.

G. CHAPTER OF WISCONSIN.

Through the politenses of Companion W. E. PALMER, Grand Secretary, we have received the minutes of the late session of this body. Resolutions were passed that

"Any Royal Arch Mason who may have received, or who shall hereafter receive any irregular degrees under the assumed name of Masonry or Knighthood, particularly these known as the "Egyptian Masonic Rite of Memphis, or the Ancient Primitive Rite of Memphis, of 33 degrees;" is hereby required to withdraw therefrom, and to signify the same in open Chapter wherein he is, or may be affiliated. And all Royal Arch Masons are hereby prohibited from holding Masonic intercourse with any Companion, who shall refuse to comply with this edict."

"No Chapter within this jurisdiction, shall receive or take any action on the petition of any Master Mason, who holds such clandestine degrees, or who refuses to renounce the same in writing."

WHITNEY'S MUSICAL GUEST,

A new monthly magazine, principally devoted to music and its culture, though containing excellent articles of general information. Terms, $1.00 per annum. Subscribe, and you'll not fail to say, "value received."

We are indebted to Sir Knight John D. Caldwell, Grand Recorder, for a volume of the proceedings of the Grand Commandery of Knights Templars of Ohio, from 1843 to 1853. This is a valuable document and history, for which we return our thanks to the giver.

Pride, Poverty, and Laziness,
Produce both misery and distress:
Pride's profusions are so many,
Laziness won't remove any:
And where the three together meet;
That man's destruction is complete.

O. F. W.

NEVER be discouraged because you can't do much. Do what you can, angels can do no more.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VIII. A.L. 5868—MAY—A.D. 1868. No. 5

ANNUAL ADDRESS

TO THE GRAND COMMANDERY OF THE STATE OF WISCONSIN.

SIR KNIGHTS — You are again assembled, through the favor of Divine Providence, to deliberate, in annual conclave, upon the condition of the Order in this jurisdiction, and to consider such matters as may best promote the prosperity of Templar Masonry in the future.

Let us devoutly return thanks to Him who "doeth all things well," that so many of us are again permitted to assemble in this sacred asylum under such favorable circumstances, and humbly invoke his blessing upon our present undertaking.

During the past year I have not been called upon for any decisions upon questions of jurisprudence, which are of general importance to the craft, nor have any appeals from the action of the subordinate commanderies been presented to me for review.

A thorough knowledge and intelligent appreciation by the Sir Knights of this jurisdiction, of the statutes and regulations adopted for the government of our Order, and their cheerful compliance with the same, has tended to the preservation of that peace and harmony which has ever prevailed among us, and has rendered my official duties pleasant, agreeable, and by no means arduous.

In accordance with the requirements of a resolution adopted by this Grand Commandery, at its last annual conclave, I have paid an official visit to six of the seven subordinate commanderies in this jurisdiction, for the purposes therein contemplated, and have given them such advice and instruction as was deemed necessary.

In each instance, a marked improvement in ritual and drill was observable since my visit of last year, and with the instruction last afforded, I feel confident that, hereafter, they will all be able to confer the orders creditably and satisfactorily, and with more uniformity than has heretofore been attained.

The officers and members evince a commendable zeal in the acquirement of ritualistic knowledge, and in their efforts to promote the general interests of this department of Masonry.

Janesville Commandery No. 2, was visited by Sir Knight Charles J.

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Pardee, and instructed in ritual and drill, thereby effecting a literal compliance with the letter and spirit of your resolution on the subject of fraternal instruction.

For the many acts of kindness and evidences of fraternal regard which were shown me on the occasion of my official visits to the several commanderies, the Sir Knights have my sincere thanks, and the assurance, that while memory lasts, a recollection of the same will cause a thrill of pleasure to pervade my mind, and I trust, will prompt me to imitate their example towards those who may hereafter chance to be brought into official and fraternal intercourse with myself.

The petition of a constitutional number of Sir Knights, for a new commandery at Berlin, in the County of Green Lake, of which mention was made in my address of last year, was, after due deliberation refused.

Its close promixity to Fond du Lac Commandery No. 5, and its limited jurisdiction if established, fully convinced me that it was inexpedient at that time to grant the request of the petitioners.

By reference to the returns of the Subordinate Commanderies, it is shown that Templar Masonry was never in a more prosperous condition in this jurisdiction than at the present time, provided that a rapid increase of membership is a sure indication of prosperity. But, in the language of the Grand Commander of Connecticut: "The strength and value of our Institution, Sir Knights, depend not upon the numbers which crowd the doors of our Asylums, nor upon the golden streams which flow into our treasuries, but upon the spotless lives and characters of those who gather with us at the Holy Shrine, and pay heartfelt devotion to the great Emanuel."

I care not how numerous are the additions to our membership, provided such only are admitted as will ever be ready to the extent of their ability, to "distribute alms to poor and weary pilgrims traveling from afar; to feed the hungry, succor the needy, clothe the naked, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted," and otherwise fully discharge the duties incumbent upon them as members of this valiant and magnanimous Order. I deem it my duty, however, again to admonish you of the importance of strictly guarding the avenues to our Sacred Asylum, that none but "good men and true" may be admitted to the honors and awards that await the valiant Templar.

During the past year, several valiant and magnanimous Sir Knights of this jurisdiction have been stricken from the roll of earthly existence, whose names will be reported to you by the respective commanderies to which they belonged at the time of their decease, suitable notices of whom, I trust, will be taken by this Grand Commandery.

I do not now call to mind any important matter of business to be presented for your consideration, other than the usual routine of business; save the proposed amendment of our statutes, which I trust will meet with your approval.

In conclusion, Sir Knights, permit me to express to you my grateful thanks for the uniform kindness and knightly courtesies which have ever been extended to me since I have had

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the honor of being a member of this Grand Commandery, and to assure you that these annual fraternal greetings are cherished among the most pleasing recollections of my life.

Permit me to express the hope that the peace and harmony which has heretofore characterized our annual conclaves may continue to prevail, and that our deliberations may be conducted in such manner as will best promote the interests of our valiant and magnanimous Order.

Fraternally submitted.

ALVIN B. ALDEN.
Grand Commander.

Original.

WHY WOMEN CAN NOT BE MASONS.

BY REV. C. P. NASH.

MANY, if not *most* women, entertain a "favorable opinion" of Masonry. Many who are ostensibly opposed to it, base their opposition chiefly upon the *exclusiveness* of its privileges. They feel that their husbands' privileges should be theirs; and that whatever is not good enough for them to enjoy, is not good enough for their husbands to enjoy; and hence, being denied the rights of Masonry themselves, they object to their husbands enjoying them. This may seem to smack strongly of selfishness; it does; but the selfish feeling is not the only one that opposes. Women feel that the denial to them of the rights of the mystic institution, is a reflection upon their dignity, and the equality of their position in society. They do not feel so about the club-room; they feel that their husbands go there only to their hurt; they have no desire to accompany them; and this objection has a deeper signification than the one often urged, that their presence at the club-room, is absence from home, and that their bacchanal enjoyments there leave their partners at home the delectable privilege of pining away the dreary evening hours in solitude. Not so, however, of attending the masonic lodge. It is felt that he goes there for laudable purposes; that the fascinations which draw him hither are of lawful kind, and unexceptionable character; and the fact that they are denied the same enjoyments, is regarded by women as a foul blot upon an institution, wearing, aside from this, immaculate garments. True there are some women, as there are some men, who through ignorance and superstition, rail against Masonry, but it is believed that they are in the minority. Now this former class, who think well of Masonry, with the exception named, ask us, "If Masonry is so good, why can not we enjoy its privileges? Why can not we be Masons?" And the answers usually returned, only increases their opinion that the institution is narrow, and exclusive, in this particular. If these were the queries of captious fault-finders, we might pass them in silence, as unworthy of serious attention; but coming, as they do, from our wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, we must consider them worthy of a candid, and respectful answer.

Masonry is an ancient institution, having existed, as we say in common parlance, "From time immemorial;" probably in some form long prior to the building of the Temple at Jerusalem, but it can be traced back, definite-

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ly, to that period. No one of ordinary intelligence and reading need be told that woman then occupied, by common consent, a very different position from what she does now, in the enlightened and christianized portions of the world. She was considered as little better than man's slave; his "*help-mate*," and nothing more. Under such a state of society, the idea of making her man's equal in the enjoyment of any privileges, was not thought of; and if any man had dared introduce it, he would have been considered, himself, effeminate, a bold innovator, a disturber of the public peace, and a dangerous member of society. No one expressed surprise at the exclusion of women from Masonry then, nor do we now wonder that she should then have been denied its rights; and did society remain the same now as then, women would not presume to ask for its privileges, nor even a reason for their refusal. But just at this point our good wives and sisters remind us that society has materially *changed;* that men do not "lord it" over women as once they did; nor do they desire to; their chief object now is, as the rule, to make life pleasant and desirable to them, and themselves happy in its enjoyment. "Why then," we are significantly asked, "has not Masonry modified its usages so as to conform to the improvements of the ages? Why does it not keep up to the times?" We are further reminded that governments, as well as society, have changed; not only is the question of female suffrage agitated in our own country, but in England also, where to a very limited extent it is already enjoyed, and even Russia, has not only manumitted her serfs, but is seeking the elevation of women; and why should Masonry alone be an exception?" Not "alone;" begging pardon, Odd Fellowship is in the same category, and probably always will be. There is force in these questions, and Masons must feel it. But this is the reply I would make: in the survey of lands anciently, there were certain *marks* of lines, and principal corners established, by which said boundaries could always be known: and a heavy penalty was attached to the removal or effacement of these marks, called "*landmarks.*" Masonry also has its landmarks; principles laid down for its government in all time by its founders, and which we are not at liberty to modify, without subjecting ourselves to the penalty of removing the landmarks. And this interdiction of making masons of women, is one of those land-marks; it has become an established usage of the institution, and one which, respect for the wishes of the founders will not permit us to violate. Anxious as we may be, and *are*, to please, accommodate and render happy our kind sisters, we have received the institution upon certain express and stipulated conditions; and we cannot violate these without being guilty of breach of compact, and a forfeiture of all our rights under it. But this will not satisfy all; some say, "A bad promise is better broken than kept; these are times of *reconstruction;* reconstruct the system, and leave out these objectionable features." To such another reason must be given. Masonry imparts its instructions by *symbolry;* a symbolry at once chaste, impressive and beautiful.

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So much so that masons never tire of it, though they hear the same lessons repeated night after night, there is always a freshness and charm about them that draws and holds them to the spot. Though the same lessons may be taught from the pulpit or the religious press, yet never was the tongue of the former, nor the pen of the latter, so truly eloquent to the initiated as the simple symbolry of masonry.—This symbolry is known to the uninitiated as "riding the goat." Now both sexes have their proprieties and improprieties; these are regulated by the taste and usages of society; there are many things, perfectly right in themselves, which, nevertheless, would be considered perfectly proper for men, but out of taste and out of character for women. Every reader will supply instances of this kind, illustrating this statement. So of Masonry; its instructions are constitutionally of such a character as to require this riding of the goat. There is nothing improper in a man doing that, if he is to accomplish a worthy object by it; but how ridiculous a lady would appear mounted on a goat. "No more ridiculous," I hear one say, "than a man, if she is furnished with a *side-saddle*." Ah, but there's the rub; the symbolry of the institution requires that the candidate should ride the goat *astride* and *bare-back*. A man would hardly think of riding any other way, but not one woman in ten thousand would be willing to ride in that way. This must suffice as an illustration of why women cannot be masons, and it is hoped that with these reasons all reasonable women will be satisfied. We have an account, considered authentic, of one woman who was regularly made a mason. She stole into the room when the tyler was arranging it for the evening meeting, and, concealing herself, witnessed the conferring of the 3d degree. Discovering herself at the close, expressing her delight with the degree, and her willingness to conform to all the usages of masonry, the degrees are said to have been conferred upon her, to deprive her of the liberty of divulging. She discovered nothing improper for women in either of the degrees; but she was the one of ten thousand, before referred to.

IOWA CITY, IOWA, May 11, 1868.

For the Mystic Star.

THE BROKEN COLUMN.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M.D.

I beheld a marble monument,
'Twas the work of a master hand;
It was standing on Zion's chief ascent
In the ancient Holy Land.

'Twas reared in view of the temple's dome,
There to teach a most painful lore,
While it marked the last, the peaceful home
Of the craftsman whose name it bore.

There a lovely maiden weeping stood,
And her hair in ringlets hung,
While her tears broke forth as a rising flood
As her hands she in anguish wrung.

And a column I saw of beauteous form,
With leaves and modillions round;
'Twas severed as by some fearful storm,
And lay broken upon the ground.

A branch, and an urn, and a book, there lay;
They were telling sad tales of old,
And Time, with his visage sere and gray,
Of the general sorrow told.

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As I looked, my eyes with tears grew dim,
And I mingled in sorrow's train;
And my heart beat mournfully for him—
The virtuous craftsman slain.

All, all was sad; 'twas a painful sight;
Yet the sadest emblem there
Was that broken shaft of marble white,
That column so rich and fair.

For it told of him whose blood had stained
Those hands which he fell beneath,
And who his integrity maintained
Unto death—in anguish, pain and death.

Then, brothers, we'll emulate his name,
And like him for death prepare;
Like him, when we quit this mortal frame,
May we go from a place of prayer.

O may we as living stones be found
Prepared for the house on high,
And then by our Master's hand be crowned
In that world in yonder sky.

Original.

MAN AND NATURE.

MASONRY in every age and among all nationalities, whether known by the name now common to the order, or under some other form, has ever been the receptacle and preserver of the "Liberal arts and sciences," as well as a knowledge of the true God. To it, in a very large measure, we are indebted for the bringing down from the cradle of the arts and sciences, through many long and dark centuries the knowledge we have of Chemistry, Astronomy, Geometry, as well as Natural History, in many of its divisions and branches. It is this system of liberal arts, and Nature around him, with revelation in him, that man in his partially normal relation becomes overwhelmed with the wonders of his own power, and the proper relation he sustains in the natural world. He looks upon the flowers of the field, the leaves of the forest, the worm that crawls upon the ground, the insect that sports its ephemeral life in the air, all telling continually — in full unison with the everlasting mountains, with the rolling waves of the sea, and the starry firmament on high, *The hand that made us is divine.* In whatever direction our eyes are turned, under the guiding light of science, above, beneath, around, we are met with occasions for adoring admiration, and may well be led to exclaim with the Psalmist, "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! In wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches."

In the midst of all these wonders of nature, however, it is easy to see that the central place belongs to *man* himself. This indeed is plainly signified to us by the Mosaic account of the Creation, where each lower stage is represented as opening the way always for a higher, and one part of the process leading over continually to another; until all is made to end at last, on the sixth day, in the formation of Adam—as though the whole preceding work was but a preparation simply for a platform or theatre, on which he, the last scene and crowning glory of all, was to be finally ushered into being. All else being complete to this point, there seems to follow a pause in the process, and the voice of God is heard once more: "Let us make man in our own image, after our own likeness; and let him have dominion over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Man is thus declared to be something higher and greater than the

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whole world of nature besides. He is the head of the natural creation; all its mysteries and glories culminate at last in his happiness, and find here only their full significance — their proper conclusion and end.

The actual structure of the world, as it unfolds itself continually more and more to the observation of science is found to be in striking agreement with this ancient representation of the Bible. The inorganic is in order to the organic. The crystal is a prophecy of the coming plant.— Rising continually from lower to higher and more perfect forms of existence, the whole vegetable world seems to foreshadow, in like manner, the sphere of animal life above it. This again is an upward movement throughout, reaching in types and forms toward an ideal, which on to the last it has no power to actualize, but can faintly prefigure only as something far more glorious than itself. The organic order thus comes to its rest ultimately in man. He is the true ideal of the world's universal life, the last aim and scope, we may say, of the whole natural creation. He is the fulfillment of all its prophecies, the key to its mysteries, and the exposition of its deepest and most hidden sense.

As being then, in such view, the last, full sense and meaning of the world, man necessarily represents to us its main interest and glory, and must be more worthy of our regard than all it offers besides to our contemplation. It can be no extravagance to say that his existence and presence in the system of nature, set before us the greatest and strangest part of its wonderful constitution—a fact which surpasses in significance, and transcends in interest all its other phenomena and facts combined. Man is an object immeasurably more lofty and grand in the universe of God's works than the towering hills, the swelling seas, or the stars even, that look down upon him from their infinite distance in the calm, blue vault of heaven. He ranks higher in the scale of creation, and embraces in his being more stupendous realities. Well might the Hebrew singer cry out, overwhelmed as it were in the contemplation of his own nature, "I will praise Thee, O Lord; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made; marvelous are Thy works; and that my soul knoweth right well." The declaration applies in full force to the entire being of man. He is to be gazed upon with a sort of trembling admiration, whether simply in his physical nature, still more so in his intellectual, but most of all in his moral nature—where only, at last, the full boundless significance of his life, may be said to burst completely into view.

When we look at him first, simply in his *physical nature*, the human body offers itself to our consideration at once, as the grandest and most finished work of God in the outward world.

So under a merely anatomical view. The more closely and carefully we study the framework of bones, its muscles and tendons, its nerves, its curious apparatus of the senses, its organs of action and motion, its marvelous arrangements of stomach, lungs, heart and brain—the perfection, in one word, of all its parts, and their admirable fitness to serve their purposes and ends, makes us feel, even in

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this dead and mechanical light, that there is indeed nothing so wonderful and complete in the whole range of nature besides.

But the case becomes of course still stronger when we pass from Anatomy to Physiology, and in the mechanism of this body animated and set in motion every where by the powers and forces of life itself, working by it, and through it for the accomplishment of their proper ends. The reception and digestion of food in the stomach, its silent conversion into blood, and its tidal flow from the heart kept up day and night, and year after year through the arteries and veins, rise far above the mysterious process always going forward in the deep places of the earth, air and sea. We may truly say, that vast as the powers of nature may show themselves in other quarters, and however much of strange, amazing mystery may seem to enter into their processes, they bring after all no such results to pass any where, as can be said to match in any measure what is going forward continually in the living constitution of the human body. We may safely say, that even the vast geologic periods which are supposed to have gone before the creation of the world in its present form, and the history of the earth, as it remains still written on the rocks, and the signification of its manifold forms of life, its successive worlds of animated nature—rude, imperfect, and often monstrous as they were—lay mainly in this, that they serve to anticipate and prefigure in their way, through the ages, the living order of the world as it is now, and so looked through this continually to the advent of man himself, by which, in the process of time, all was to be conducted at last to its proper end.

This is sufficient to show what small account is to be made of mere outward powers or magnitudes in nature, set over against the living person of man. He stands before us, intrinsically greater, in his bodily organization itself, than all the geologic creations, which served so many ages beforehand, to prepare the way for his coming; and in such a view they could be only of secondary and subordinate rank as compared with him in the scale of creation. We need not wonder then, if the whole world, in its constitution, be found owning and confessing his superior dignity in the same way. The forms and processes of nature converge from all sides toward man as their grand centre, and gather themselves up finally in his person. He is the world concentrated, consolidated, reduced to its last most comprehensive unity. All its elements and forces come together, we may say, in the wonderful constitution of his body; which becomes in this way a microcosm, the world in its inmost essence, reflecting and showing forth continually the sense of what it is in its widest microcosmic view. Man unites in himself thus the powers of the whole creation around him. All cosmical influences stream into him and through him. Fire, earth, air and water mingle in his composition; and in such a view, the majesty of his nature towers above the everlasting hills. Winds, clouds, storms, volcanoes and earthquakes do homage to his presence, proclaiming it to be something greater

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than themselves. The ocean of life spreads out in the animal world beneath him, rolls toward him, in like manner, its universal tribute of respect. Reptiles, fishes, birds and four-footed beasts, join in seeking his presence and heralding his praise. His erect form, his countenance lifted heavenward, the harmony and symmetry of his parts, his firm walk, his commanding port, his spiritual aspect, the lightning of his eye, the moral thunder of his voice—all announce his imperial distinction, and authenticate his title to universal reverence and respect.

But what is all this in comparison with the centralization exhibited to to us in the constitution of the human soul? By this, emphatically, it is that man becomes in the fullest sense a living microcosm, taking up into himself the very being of the great and mighty world around him, and so reflecting and showing forth the full sense of it, as it is not possible for it to be known in any other way. Here, therefore, mere physical bulk and force, set over against the being of man, shrink into still greater insignificance than before. Are not mountains and seas, bellowing thunders, roaring cataracts and storms, comprehended truly in his Spirit, and made to pass through it, in order that they may be for him either outward or real? Why then should he stand aghast before *them*, and not feel rather in them and by them the yet more awful grandeur and overwhelming vastness of his own nature. Mind is infinitely greater than all that is not mind, enlarge the conception of this as we may. It towers above the whole material creation. It outshines the stars. It is a force more active and powerful by far than that which bears along comets and planets in their course. The sun itself, in all its majestic splendor, is an object less high and glorious than the soul even of an infant, carrying in it the latent power of thought, the undeveloped possibility of reason.

We have spoken of the physical action of the brain as something more wonderful than the most subtle forces in nature, but what is this in its turn when we compare it with the activity of thinking itself, as depending upon the normal relation of the brain? Thought is more free than air, more penetrating than fire, more irresistible and instantaneous in motion than lightning. It travels at a rate which causes the velocity of light to appear sluggish and slow. It traverses the earth and sweeps the heavens at a single bound. In the twinkling of an eye it passes to the planet Saturn, to the sun, to the star Ceres, to the utmost bounds of the universe.

Every faculty of the mind is a subject for admiration. The images of conception, the reproductions of fancy, the new combinations and grand creative process of the imagination, the operations of judgment, the intuitional apprehensions involved in the power of ideas, all combine to make him a thrilling wonder, and attest his superiority above every thing greatest on earth. He is the point nearest heaven, and most allied to God.

May, 1868. X. Y. Z.

He who is well employed during the day, while the sun is shining in the skies, will most likely sleep soundly when the stars will shine above him.

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GEOLOGY AND SCRIPTURE.

BY J. M. JACKSON.

No man can be wholly an atheist while all creation is performing her revolutions, heaving the rocks and earth, lightnings flashing, and the voice of the "Psalmist swelling with sublime tones of good will and love to men on earth." While the harvest fields wave their golden heads of grain, and all nature rejoices. There is a forward march in search of knowledge that no power can arrest, urging men on to a spirit of inquiry, growing more palpable, giving accelerated force by awakening the intellect, from which spring universal intelligences. Geology proves beyond doubt the record of man's creation, describes an ascending scale of orders, each commenced with the most mature specimens. From reptiles and fishes a process went on until the introduction of the human species, and compels us to admit the most supernatural of all known events within a period very near our own time comparatively. Then we lost trace of the human, for history does not reveal its prior existence. If such fragments had survived the wreck of physical convulsions, geology must have revealed them. Orders and types which form their position in the strata is assigned to a period anterior to that of man; transitional developments have not been discovered, no signs of half man and half beast, but at one step, after fishes and lower animation, was produced the wondrous human body, united with soul-intelligence, gifted by its Creator with immortal powers; our first parents fresh from heaven, with whom God walked, and to whom ministering angels came and went on messages of love or reproof. Geology and Scripture agree, for only recently God came on earth, his footprints are not yet effaced. The law of progression is universal, and the metamorphosis of the creeping caterpillar into a winged insect illustrates life, death and a future existence. The Greeks ever call butterflies "souls." Allegories of the Bible are surely developing. The promises of Christ to his disciples are daily being fulfilled. Many persons possess the power to heal, see visions, and predict future events. Mysticism disappears from the mind as knowledge opens her store-house to those who seek, and the masses are thinking for themselves. The spirit that is born in man is capable of a high destiny. Nature offers to him suitable nourishment for his God-given appetite that craves knowledge and obtains it even from stones, earth and the planets combine to teach their wonderful secrets.

Geology creates in the earnest student a refined taste, awakens aspirations of a nobler hereafter. As the tender bud is sheathed from too strong a light until able to bear its radiance, so is the progressive soul shielded by Divine teachings. One lesson after another is presented to the mind, until the intellect grasps all human sciences, and learns that it was created for a higher destiny, and it will proceed to work out life's problems, so glorious in its alembic in which actualities are fused. The lessons of life are the same, although taught by different teachers, its good or ill depends much upon the students, for they must in a measure select for

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themselves, paths leading to happiness or vice, learn to avoid temptations, which degrades both the soul and body; all sin that enfeebles the body debases virtue and destroys vitality; to love and defend the helpless at all hazards; to know that good deeds performed with loving hearts and willing hands ascend to realms of light, and raise the pure far above the hissing crowds of bigots, who ever persecute the true reformer when he battles for victory over the wicked and the sensual. But he wins in the end by preaching and practicing a religion so pure that all may see the sun of its truth shining through it, as it enters the hearts of others with living knowledge, with its beauty, lifting up the soul to a known God and a sure heaven.

MASONIC LAWS OF ILLINOIS.

INDIVIDUAL LODGES—THEIR DUTIES.

All Lodges subordinate to this Grand Lodge shall, immediately after each annual election by such Lodge, report to the Grand Secretary the names of the Master, Wardens, and Secretary elect.

Upon the demise of any Lodge within the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge; the last Secretary and Treasurer of the Lodge shall, within three months thereafter, transmit to the Grand Secretary all the books, papers, jewels, furniture, funds, and other property, or evidences thereof, of the Lodge so demised.

No election for officers shall take place in a Lodge U. D., but all vacancies shall be filled by appointment by the W. Master.

PETITIONS FOR INITIATION OR MEMBERSHIP.

Subordinate Lodges are instructed not to act upon any petition, either for initiation or membership, unless the same shall have laid over one lunar month.

Subordinate Lodges shall not receive a petition for initiation from an applicant who lives nearer to another Lodge than the one he petitions, without first obtaining the unanimous consent of the other Lodge, at a regular meeting.

No subordinate Lodge shall be permitted to return a petition which has been presented and referred for membership or initiation, without first balloting for the candidate.

The subordinate Lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge are instructed not to initiate any candidate who has not resided in the State of Illinois twelve calender months before such application be made.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

No subordinate Lodge in this jurisdiction shall confer the degrees upon any candidate unless he be a perfect man, having no maim or defect in his body that may render him incapable of learning the art and becoming perfect in the degrees.

No subordinate Lodge in this jurisdiction shall confer any of the degrees on non-resident citizens, without the consent of the proper jurisdiction, first had and obtained.

When any candidate for the privileges of Masonry shall be rejected by a subordinate Lodge by mistake or misapprehension, the person or persons making such mistake, or voting under such misapprehension may at any future meeting have the opportunity to correct their votes: *Provided*, all the members of said Lodge have notice that said application will be made at said meeting.

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No lodge working under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall be allowed to do any work irregularly, unless it be by dispensation from the Grand Master; and any Lodge working under such dispensation shall return the same to the Grand Master.

A petition from a Lodge to the M. W. Grand Master, praying for a special dispensation to confer degrees, shall set forth fully and clearly the emergency.

Advancement to the degrees may be stayed at any time, for good reasons, by the Lodge or the Master.

No candidate shall receive more than one degree on the same day without a dispensation from the Grand Master, nor unless he has passed a satisfactory examination in open Lodge on that degree, nor shall any Lodge confer the degrees of Entered Apprentice, Fellow Craft, or Master Mason, on more than one candidate at the same time.

BALLOTING.

No ballot shall be spread except at a regular communication, unless by special dispensation.

In balloting for candidates, all members of the Lodge present shall vote; for, according to an old regulation, "No man can be entered a brother in any particular Lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that Lodge then present when the candidate is proposed;" nor shall a member be excused from the performance of this important duty, except by the unanimous consent of all the members present. No Mason shall be required by the Master or Lodge to give his reasons for the vote which he has deposited, for the very secrecy of the ballot is intended to secure independence and irresponsibility to the Lodge of the voter.

The ballot shall be spread for each degree, and shall be unanimous. A "unanimous ballot for each of the three degrees" should be understood literally, and should be the same in each, and unanimous in all, upon the moral, intellectual and masonic qualifications of the applicant.

After the ballot has been taken and duly examined, first, by the Wardens, and finally by the Master, the result shall be declared by the Master, unless only one negative vote appears, in which case the Master may order the second trial of the ballot, which shall in all cases be final, nor can it be set aside by the Lodge, Master, Grand Master, or even the Grand Lodge.

FEES.

No Lodge shall confer the three degrees for a less sum than fifteen dollars, to be paid in advance.

RIGHTS OF WARDENS.

Lodges shall not open or call to labor unless the Master or one of the Wardens be present.

Wardens may preside and confer degrees in the absence of the Master.

IMPOSTORS.

One Charles I. Meutze, a thrice expelled Mason, and never re-instated; a light made, medium-sized man, a German by birth; light hair and complexion, blue eyes, near sighted; wears spectacles on a large nose; speaks broken English; very quick spoken; a great talker; always ready to communicate; quick as a steel-trap, and as impudent as Satan; a shoemaker by

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trade; makes great pretensions as a religionist, but wears the cloak of religion to serve the devil in. He has a family, and moves from place to place often, and in each new place succeeds, at first, to gain sympathy and confidence, but it soon wears out. He was last heard from February 14, 1868, as stopping at Chillicothe, Wapello Co., Iowa.

He was made a Mason in the New Trenton Lodge No. 29, Indiana, and was, on the 2nd day of February, 1848, expelled, for conduct too gross to be written, from all the rights and benefits of Masonry, by said Lodge, which expulsion was published in the *Masonic Review* at the time. Having rendered himself odious, he left Indiana, and on the 20th December, 1850, on a dimit, now believed to be a forgery, from Rochester Lodge, U. D., Indiana, was admitted as a member in Breckinridge Lodge No. 67, Kentucky, and one month afterward dimitted. He remained in that vicinity, and was a Methodist exhorter; succeeded in various ways to swindle the brethren generally, until the 2nd day of July, 1856, he was expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry by said Lodge, and left that country. In the spring of 1857, he turned up at Hamilton, Hancock County, Illinois, and upon a dimit from Breckinridge Lodge, Kentucky, was admitted a member of Black Hawk Lodge No. 238, Illinois. At Hamilton he was very zealous as a Mason, a great religionist, tried to get license as a Methodist exhorter, succeeded to obtain many favors and money under false pretenses, from the brethren, and in 1858 absconded, and has so absconded continuously, until June, 1867, he turned up at Ottumwa, Iowa. And at the altar of Ottumwa Lodge No. 16, by means of perjury and false pretenses, was admitted to visit said Lodge, and obtained therefrom the sum of twenty dollars. And for this last act, and for others not mentioned, and for being a renegade and an infamous imposter ever since the year 1848, was again, on the 3rd day of March, 1868, expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry, by Black Hawk Lodge No. 238, A. F. and A. Masons, and his name ordered to be published as infamous, and all papers friendly to the Order are requested to publish the same.

By order of Black Hawk Lodge No. 238, A. F. and A. Masons.

E. C. A. CUSHMAN, *Sec'y.*

G. LODGE OF F. & A. M. OF MICHIGAN,
OFFICE OF THE GRAND MASTER,
CONSTANTINE, March 13, A.L., 5868.

To the Free and Accepted Masons of this Grand Jurisdiction, Greeting:

WHEREAS, A person by the name of Calvin C. Burt is at this time traveling through our jurisdiction for the purpose of conferring (by communication) the degrees of the Rite of Memphis, and organizing chapters under that Rite; and

WHEREAS, The said Calvin C. Burt is at this time under charges of unmasonic conduct, before the M. W. Grand Lodge of New Jersey:

Therefore, I feel it to be my duty, as the guardian of the rights and interests of the Masonic fraternity of this jurisdiction, to caution our brothers against the person aforesaid, and to advise them to discountenance his pretensions, believing that he is neither a proper person, nor legally authorized to con-

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fer this rite, even if he were in good standing in Masonry.

The W. Masters in our jurisdiction will cause this circular to be read in their respective Lodges at their first communication after its receipt.

[SEAL.]

S. C. COFFINBURY, G. M.

ATTEST: JAS. FENTON, *G. Sec'y.*

GRAND LODGE OF RHODE ISLAND,
OFFICE OF THE GRAND SECRETARY,
PROVIDENCE, March 9, 1868.

Information has been received at this office that a man calling himself Joseph H. Taylor, alias Hale, is going the rounds soliciting aid of the masonic fraternity. He is believed to be an impostor, and regular swindler. He is 5 feet 11 inches in height, with brown curly hair, blue eyes, side whiskers, and moustache; slim built. When under the name of Hale he claims to have been in the navy, and has a father in Ellsworth, Maine, and when under the name of Taylor he is Captain in the U. S. army, and detailed in the Quartermaster's Department at Washington; his father, Joseph Taylor, is a merchant in Bangor. He declaring that he lost his pocket book, commission, and all his other papers, on the train on his way home, and wants money to get home. Makes a great display of his masonic pin, &c. Look out for him, and show him up.

C. D. GREENE,
Grand Secretary.

MT. VERNON, IND., March 18, 1868.

H. G. Reynolds & Son:

At the last meeting of Mount Vernon Lodge No. 163, F. & A. M., I was instructed by the lodge to give you the description of a man who is traveling around imposing upon the masonic fraternity.

He gave me his name as Edward Pryan, M. D., hailing from Solomon Lodge No. 1, Charleston, S. C. He is about 5 feet 9 inches high, stout built, with dark hair and whiskers—I think his whiskers a little gray; full red face; has the appearance of a man who drinks too much of the *ardent.* Accompanying this I send you a reply to a letter of inquiry relating to this man, which we wish published, together with the above, in your very excellent paper.

Fraternally yours,

S. H. PEARSE.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 6, 1868.

S. H. Pearse, Mt. Vernon, Ind.:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: Your letter of inquiry relative to one Edward Pryan, M.D., has been handed me by the W. M., and on close examination of our books I find no such name. He is undoubtedly an impostor, and undeserving of charity from any lodge; and in the name of Solomon Lodge No. 1, I beg that you proclaim him such and prevent any further imposition upon any of the brethren in your section. The W. M. begs me to say to you that your letter was not received by him until the 2d inst., hence the delay in answering. Hoping that your lodge has not been imposed upon by so vile an impostor, and with the best wishes for the prosperity of our Order in your section, I remain,

Fraternally yours,

H. I. MCCORMACK,
Sec'y Solomon Lodge No. 1.

The same man that applied to us just before the sitting of the Grand Lodge. *Spot him.*—EDITOR.

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HALL OF LOCKPORT LODGE NO. 538, A. F. & A. M.

Bro. Reynolds:

You will oblige the brethren here, and perhaps save some other lodges from being victimized, by giving publication in *The Trowel* to the inclosed letter. Bro. H. C. Bristol came here this spring and represented himself to be in affluent circumstances at home, in Ohio, but without the necessary means to take him there. The brethren here advanced him money, which he promised to pay. Not hearing from him again, and making inquiries of his lodge, the inclosed letter was sent us.

Fraternally yours,

CHAS. L. STONE, Sec.

RAVENNA, O., March 25, 1868.

To the W. M., Wardens and Brethren of Lockport Lodge No. 538, A., F. & A. M., Lockport, Ill.:

BRETHREN: Yours of March 7th received, and read before the lodge. Bro. H. C. Bristol was raised in this county. He is a member of Unity Lodge, and was in good circumstances until about two years ago. He left here about a year and a half ago, since which time we have heard nothing from him except in a way similar to your letter. There are now charges pending against him in the lodge for violating his word as a Mason, and for obtaining loans from brethren and lodges, well knowing that it was impossible for him to pay.

If you have any knowledge of his whereabouts, you will oblige us by letting us know.

Fraternally yours,

E. TWITT,

Secretary Unity Lodge No. 12, A. F. & A. M.

For the Mystic Star.

HOW SHALL I GAIN ADMISSION?

BY T. F. GREEN.

ANS.—"Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Genius of Masonry, tell me, I pray,
How to thy portals may I find the way?
How gain admittance to that sacred place
Where all meet as brothers—no matter what race?

Mortal, this favor can only be given
To those who love man, and who trusts in high Heaven;
Our portals can only be opened to those
Who would learn to do good—to relieve human woes.

Genius of Masonry, help me to bend
My thoughts and my life to accomplish this end;
Truly, I promise that, trusting in God,
I will tread the same path all good brothers have trod.

List, then, O mortal, if thou wouldst attain
Not earthly honors, not greedy gain,
But a place in a band of select brotherhood,
Whose greatest endeavor is how to do good.

Ask, of a Friend, where are blessings in store;
Seek through his guidance to find the right door;
Knock, and opened to you shall then be
The Lodge of the brothers accepted and free.

MALDEN, ILL.

MASONRY AND POLITICS.

KEEP Masonry and politics apart; let them have no connection, however distant! Remember when you visit the Lodge-Room, that "no private piques or quarrels—far less quarrels about nations or State policy" can exist there with safety to our Order. At the door we lay aside all our differences—let them rest in silence and forget them for the time, and mingle like brothers on the ground-floor, in the middle cham-

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ber, or the sanctum, on a common level, united for a great and noble object. How beautiful and heart-cheering is such a sight! Brother! you, like ourselves, can behold it and know its influence. From the fierce strife, men, all flushed with party rancor—rivals and strenuous opponents in the political contest—come up to the entrance of the porch; their flushed countenances become composed; the spirit of opposition manifested in the eye, grows dim; the hands active in gesticulation but a moment before, as with the indices of opposing thoughts, clasp each other with a warmth which flows only from the heart; no angry debate is heard; no word of disrespect escapes the lips of any; all is tranquil and calm — a unity of sympathy and desires, and as each listens to the teachings of Masonry, and feels their benign influence, he forgets that there is any strife without, all is so peaceful and unanimous within. Such a scene is the strongest evidence of the benefit and purity of Masonry; such a scene is one of her proudest trophies. This state of things should be witnessed in every Lodge. Where it does not exist, some one has been false to his trust, some one has disregarded the principles of the institution, and through ignorance, carelessness, malice, or misguided zeal, seeks to inflict a blow, when he should be actuated only by the feelings of reverence and gratitude.—*Key Stone.*

HOLD ON, MR. DEVIL.

In the early days of the State of Indiana, the capital was Corydon; and the annual session of the General Assembly usually brought together as wild a set of honorable wags as could be found in the State, who had to rely upon their resources for amusement, for there were then few theatres, concerts or shows.

These lovers of mischief had established a mock masonic Lodge, into which they would entice such as were a little green, and take them through a variety of ridiculous ceremonies, to the infinite amusement of the crowd.

On one of these occasions, it being understood that a good natured athletic young man, about half simpleton, was to be initiated, the room was crowded. Judge Grass (it being a character in which he was peculiarly happy) had consented to act the role of the devil, and, to make the ceremonies more impressive, had put on a false face and a large paper cap surmounted with horns, and, with some chains in his hand, placed himself behind a screen.

After taking the candidate through a variety of ceremonies, he was brought to a stand before the screen, and told that he had then and there to confess all the crimes he had committed during his whole life. The candidate confessed some trivial offences, and declared that he could recollect no more. At this, the Judge came out from his hiding-place, groaned and shook his chains. The frightened candidate related some other small matters and declared he had disclosed all the crimes he had ever committed. At this, the groans of the pretended devil became furious, the chains rattled and he shook his horns in the face of the terrified candidate, who, starting back in alarm, cried out:

"H-hold on M-m-ister D-d-evil: if I m-m-must t-t-tell you, I d-d-did k-k-kiss J-j-judge G-g-grass' wife a c-c-couple of t-t-times!"

The groaning ceased.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

GRANDFATHER'S LECTURE.

"Here's an excellent thing in the newspaper, wife," said Uncle John Tyro, looking up, with a mischievous expression on his broad face.

Aunt Patience did not lift her eyes from the garment which she had spread upon her lap, and to a rent in which she was nicely adapting a suitable patch; but she replied:

"That is a good paper, husband, and contains many excellent articles. Read the one in question, if you please."

"Oh!" he cried, "I have got past it now; but it was about three things that never get rusty—the two first, immaterial; the third, a woman's tongue."

The flush on Aunt Patience's meek face deepened perceptibly, as she answered, in a low tone:

"The editor who admits such articles into his columns is afflicted with a bad heart or a weak head, and ought never to hear the tones of affection from the tongue of mother, sister, wife, or daughter."

"Ho! ho! I thought this was 'a good paper!'" cried Uncle John; "but you make it good, anyhow. Your tongue will never grow rusty."

Aunt Patience crumpled her work into her basket, lighted an extra candle, and left the room; but, as she turned to shut the door, a big tear on her cheek flashed in the candle-light, like a diamond.

Old Grandfather Tyro sat in his easy-chair, amid the soft cushions which Aunt Patience had stitched and stuffed for him, and comfortable in the easy clothes and soft woolens which her dexterous hand had fabricated for his use. He laid down his white pipe as she went out, and thus addressed Uncle John:

"My son, listen to me, now, a little while. I shall not be with you long, to counsel or reprove. I do not often lecture you; but now I must speak. You are not naturally wicked or cruel; and yet you have wantonly inflicted a cruel injury on the heart of an excellent and unoffending person. She said right. Any man who, by publishing such an article, adds a thong to the scourge of tyranny, ought never to hear the voice of human love. Man has robbed woman of every independent right and privilege, and, standing with his foot upon her neck, rails and reviles because he can not take from her the freedom of speech, also. Don't interrupt me, John. I am speaking for your good; and you must listen. But, tell me, did Patience ever reprove you when you did not need reproof? Did she ever advise but for your good? Did she ever complain without just and sufficient reason? Reflect and answer.

"It is well. She never did; and I am confident few women ever did.

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Mark me: I say *women*—not children or idiots. Why is it, then, that the spirit of man rises so indignantly against the voice of woman? In the beginning, God said, 'It is not good for man to be alone. Let us make an helpmeet for him. Certainly, then, the All-wise created woman a meet, or suitable, companion for man. But man has made her a slave—the most oppressed and burdened of all slaves. I read, a few weeks since, in a newspaper published at Utica, and entitled *Christian Contributor*, and headed 'Charles Manly and his Slave Primus.' The writer, in sketching the affectionate intercourse between Mr. Manly and his slave, has depicted the most perfect and tender conjugal love. There is not a wife living, who might not envy the situation of that slave, or say, 'Oh! that my master were as indulgent and affectionate as his!' And yet the writer of that article laments over the fate of Poor Primus, and says, 'All inflicted bondage is a war waged against the highest life of man, and at once an usurpation and abuse of the prerogative of God. Wherever a faculty is given, its freedom is implied. God never gave a power, without the charter for its largest exercise, consistent with the functions of the whole being; and whoever, in any way, mutilates another's life, is in open rebellion against the sovereign will of heaven.' I wondered, as I read that sentence, whether the writer had his foot upon a woman's neck while he was writing it. If he is a husband, most probably he has a human being in worse bondage than that of the slave Primus, whose life is, as he says, mutilated, and from whom he would gladly wrest even the freedom of opinion.

"I was a young and thoughtless man once, John; and your mother was one of the best of wives and mothers. Yet, John, I made her a real slave, and flouted her tongue as you do that of poor Patience. She brought me a good property. I was prosperous; and, in a few years, we were wealthy. You remember when we lived in the great house, and kept our carriage and horses. Well, I was persuaded to join in that foolish speculation, which proved my ruin. My faithful wife besought me to have nothing to do with it, assuring me that it would be our undoing. 'Mind your own business, woman,' I exclaimed; 'what do you know of such matters?' 'I know,' she replied, 'that those who look on, generally see deeper into the game than the players; and, as for minding my own business, I think it is my business whether I have a home and bread for my children.' 'Hold your foolish tongue,' I cried, in a pet. 'I will not be dictated to by a woman. I have always provided for you, and shall do so still.' See what a falsehood. I had only farmed her money; but I knew she would never allude to that. We have got her sex under such nice subjection that they deem such allusions wholly out of character.

"Well, I went on, and was utterly undone. Your poor mother found herself without a shelter, or bread for herself and children. She did not reproach me then—she even endeavored to console and encourage me; but I knew that I had wronged her; and I felt that she must feel toward me as I would have felt toward her, in the like

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circumstances; and so I added anger and abuse to her other wrongs. If she was sad, I bade her speak the curses she was harboring against me; when she endeavored to be cheerful, I reproached her for want of sympathy with my troubles. For awhile, I tried to procure employment, but could not suit myself. I was too proud or too indolent to labor; and then I gave up to hyrochondria, and became a plague-spot upon society. Then your poor mother took in work, and so earned a living, not only for herself and little ones, but for me, who had condemned her advice, thrown away her property, and added to these every kind of abuse. Yet I saw no merit in all this; because she was a woman. It would have been strange if she had acted otherwise. If, amid her toils and cruel privations, she had replied to my bitter tauntings, by speaking the truth—that I had brought her to all that by my willful mismanagement of her property, she would have been an abusive creature, an undutiful wife, a virago, and every other hateful thing which tyranny has invented as bugbears to frighten woman from rebellion.

"At length, your poor mother fell sick. Then I roused myself, obtained employment at good wages, and we were soon comfortable and thriving. But my poor wife's heart was broken; and, as she faded away, patiently enduring still, and putting forth every energy to educate and train her children, I learned to think, to reflect, to reason, and to analyze; and, I thank God, I became a wiser and a better man. But this wisdom was dearly bought, even by long years of widowed loneliness, and bitter, unavailing remorse. I would save you from these sufferings, my son. I would have you become wise, without passing under the rod of experience, the lashes of which leave wounds that never can be healed.

"Now, mark me, John; all the errors and sufferings of my life sprung from my having imbibed the false and wicked notion of woman's mental inferiority—a notion which some men and writers of the present day are exerting themselves (heaven only knows why) to establish and maintain. But such men are, in my opinion, either actuated by a mean jealousy of female rivalry in the walks of literature, or, having matched themselves with under-witted women, deem all the sex of the same class. Who, but a foolish or bad-hearted man, could thus condemn one full half of God s creatures, having never given them opportunity to prove themselves above the imputation? Look around you, John. Begin with your own children, and widen the search as far as your knowledge extends. Are the boys, as a general rule, superior in intellect to the girls? You admit that the superiority is in favor of the girls; but philosophers say girls are not capable of as great attainments as men. This remains to be proved. If girls, instead of being made wives and mothers at the ages of from fifteen to eigteen, when boys are barely deemed capable of being apprenticed to trades, or sent to academies, were allowed to continue in the halls of science, man's boasted superiority would soon be at an end, perhaps; but, bound, as she is, to domestic drudgery, and the care and attendance of our children, the eminence to which

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woman does, sometimes, attain, is wonderful, and a proof of wonderful abilities.

"The world is making a great noise about female education—erecting seminaries, and publishing books expressly for that purpose; thus giving a small smattering of science, and a few showy accomplishments, mixed up with a mass of false doctrines and fastidious nonsense. I would have women study as men study. Books which are not fit for her eye are only fit for the fire. It is assumed to be unnecessary for her to be versed in natural history, theology, political economy, or the arts—but who should comprehend the laws of nature, if not they who are to be the mothers of all future life? Who should have the knowledge of God, if not they who are to plant the seeds of immortal piety in all future intellect? Who should be versed in economy of civil government, if not they who are destined to form the minds of all the sages, patriots, heroes, poets, orators, and statesmen of futurity? Who should be read in the arts, if not they who are to give the first impulse to the agriculturist, the mechanic, and the artisan, to the end of time? I'll tell you what: man may boast as he pleases, but woman sustains the weight of the world. Permit her to enjoy the benefits of sound and liberal education, and barbarism, bigotry, and superstition will never more pollute the earth by their footprints of blood, fire, and ashes.

"I once heard an old man remark, 'The less a woman knows, the better wife she is;' and I believe all slaveholders preach the same doctrine with respect to their human cattle; and the present deplorable condition of the human race is wholly owing to the incapacity of the mothers of the past and present world to educate their children aright—an incapacity chargeable not on them, but on the tyranny which has kept them chained to its footstool.

"Of late, phrenology has attempted to mark a difference between the male and female head, and so establish woman's inferiority. But this attempt is hardly worthy of notice, as any person having two eyes and common sense, can look at the heads of his or her own family, or neighbors, or any assembly of the two sexes, and satisfy themselves at once that God or nature has made no such distinction—that women, taken as a class, have heads as large, in proportion to their bodies, as men have, and that, taking a given number of each, there are as many intellectual heads amongst the women as the men.

"I am aware that this is unfashionable doctrine; but it must be preached, and will be proved; for woman has now attained that advantage in point of knowledge, which must progress to perfection. Yes, she must either be crushed back to the old ignorance and servitude, or be permitted to take that station in the intellectual world for which she is fitted and intended by our Creator. She can not, much longer, be made to believe that the end of her being is to court admiration and secure a husband; but, having nobler ends in view, will only marry when she loves, and will love only a worthy object. Domestic felicity will then be perfect. Men will not flatter spoiled and petted children into matrimony; and then

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hold themselves aggrieved because the marriage rite has not changed them to sensible and experienced women.

"You may preach that woman has no just cause to complain of her position. I tell you she is every way oppressed. Her husband is lord of her person and property. If he abuse the one and squander the other, to whom shall she appeal? The laws were framed by men, and are administered by men, who, having never experienced, can not justly appreciate, the evils of which she complains; and who are, almost always biased against her. 'It is so unwomanly for a wife to complain against her husband.' They are aware of this, and so suffer silently on, even unto death. Witness my poor, departed wife."

Grandfather Tyro drew a deep sigh, lighted his pipe, and sank back in his easy chair. Uncle John arose and went out, evidently affected; a wiser, and, I trust, a better man.

L. J. Pierson.

LIFE'S STORMS.

BY J. A. FIELD.

Arouse thee, man! spring to thy feet!
Stretch forth thy strong right arm!
Awake to meet life's tempest-shocks,
Unmoved by weak alarm.
Arise and fear not! face the storm
With firm, undaunted mien!
Unflinching stand! be bold! be strong!
On no frail willow lean!

What though the lightnings round thee flash!
What though the thunders roll,
And darkness, like a mantle, comes
To drape thy harrassed soul;
What though the wind-swept waves advance,
With loud and threatening voice;
Quail not, thy manly soul shall yet
For this dark storm rejoice.

Thy mind would stagnate, were it not
For trials, winds, and waves,
That save the drooping energies
From base, ignoble graves.
They mould anew imperfect thought;
Give to the will its power;
Task sculptor-deeds to shape the form
Rough-hewn in pleasure's hour.

They sap the walls of indolence;
Expand the arid brain,
As the parched bud unfolds its leaves
After the summer rain.
They topple down gay fancy's bower,
To show man's real needs;
Draw good from what is worthless called,
As iodine from weeds.

The sea throws up its hidden gems
To gleam on beauty's breast;
And many an intellectual pearl
Spring from the heart's unrest,
To spread around man's shadowed path
Its fixed, unwavering light,
When error, bat-like, shrinks away,
And firmly walks the right.

The loving heart gains other hearts,
Hand presses hand again,
And angel-choristers repeat
The jubilant refrain;
"Joy! joy!—the trial-storm is past!
What treasures man hath found
With wisdom, truth, and calm content,
His weary soul is crowned.

A HIGHLANDER'S HONOR.

Two centuries ago it was thought an insult in the Highlands of Scotland to ask a note from a debtor. It was considered the same as saying "I doubt your honor." If parties had small business matters to transact together, they stepped out into the open air, fixed their eyes on the heavens, and each repeated his obligation with no mortal witnesses. A mark was then carved in some rock or tree near by, to

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be a remembrancer of the compact. Such a thing as a breach of contract, we are told, was then very rarely met with, so highly did the people regard their honor, and so truly did they fear Him beneath whose eye they performed such acts.

When the march of improvement brought in the new mode of doing business, they were often pained by these innovations. An anecdote is handed down of a farmer who had been to the Lowlands and learned worldly wisdom. On returning to his native parish he had need of a sum of money, and went to ask a loan of a gentleman of means, named Stewart. This was cheerfully granted, Mr. S. counting out the gold on his library table. This done, the farmer took a pen and wrote a receipt, and offered it to the gentleman.

"What's this, man?" cried Mr. Stewart, sternly eyeing the slip of paper.

"It's a receipt, sir, binding me to give ye back yer gold at the right time," replied Sandy.

"*Binding* ye? Well, my man, if ye canna trust *yersel'*, I'm sure I'll na trust ye! Ye canna ha' my gold!" and gathering it up, he put it back in his desk and turned his key on it.

"But, sir, I might die," replied the canny Scotchman, bringing up an argument in favor of his new wisdom, "and my sons might refuse it to ye. But this bit o' paper wad compel them."

"*Compel* them to sustain a dead father's honor!" replied the high-minded Scot. "They'll *need* compelling to do right if this is the road yer leading them! I'll neither trust ye nor them! Ye can gang elsewhere for money. But ye'll find nane in this parish that'll put more faith in a bit o' paper than in a neighbor's word o' honor and his fear o' God!'

CHARITY.

NIGHT kissed the young rose, and it bent softly to sleep. Stars shone, and pure dew-drops hung upon its bosom and watched its sweet slumbers. Morning came with its dancing breezes, and they whispered to the young rose, and it awoke joyous and smiling. Lightly it swung to and fro in all the loveliness of health and sweet youthful innocence. Then came the ardent sun-god, sweeping from the east, and smote the young rose with its scorching rays, and it fainted. Deserted and almost heart-broken, it dropped to the dust in loneliness and despair. Now the gentle breeze, which had been gamboling over the sea, pushing on the home-bound bark, sweeping over hill and dale, by the neat cottage and still brook—turning the old mill, fanning the brow of disease, and frisking the curls of innocent childhood—came tripping along on her errand of mercy and love; and when she fondly bathed its head in cool, refreshing showers, the young rose revived, and looked and smiled in gratitude to the kind breeze; but she hurried quickly away, singing through the trees. Thus, charity, like the breeze, gathers fragrance from the drooping flowers it refreshes, and unconsciously reaps a reward the performance of its office of kindness, which steals on the heart like rich perfumes, to bless and to cheer.

The drying up of a single tear has more
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

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Original.

A WAIF.

BY M. C. JOHNSON.

Flowrets blooming
'Long life's pathway,
How much of hope and joy they speak!
Leaflets falling
In wildwood gray,
The shroud, the parting, tomb, bespeak.

Life's bright, gay scenes,
How quickly past!
So transient, oft, are friendship's hours,
Whilst virtue's gleams
Will ever last,
And brighter shine in Eden's bowers.

The stars aglow,
So pure and clear,
Emblemize the joys to come;
While earth below
So dark and drear,
But shadow forth the sorrows done,

Rain-drops falling
In gentle showers,
The rose and violet bloom again.
Winter calling
Forth her powers,
Death's shroud is seen on hill and plain.

A mother's voice,
In gentle words,
Sends joy's wild thrill through every vein;
But hushed that voice,
Those gentle words.
How burn our tears! How deep our pain!

No cloud there is,
However dark,
But has its silver lining, too;
No joy there is
To move the heart,
But hides a grief for me and you.

All things we see,
Above, below,
An emblematic language speak
To you and me,
If we'd but know,
And humbly solve these mysteries deep.

"DON'T STAY LONG."

It is rarely, indeed, that we have read any thing more truly pathetic than the subjoined waif, which we find floating among our exchanges. Would that every husband in our land might read and profit by it:

"Don't stay long, husband," said a young bride tenderly in my presence one evening, as her husband was preparing to go out. The words themselves were insignificant, but the look of melting fondness with which they were accompanied, spoke volumes. It told the whole vast depth of woman's love—of her grief when the light of his smile, the source of all her joy, beamed not brightly upon her.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I fancied I saw the loving, gentle wife, sitting alone, anxiously counting the moments of her husband's absence, every few moments running to the door to see if he was not in sight, and finding that he was not, I thought I could hear her exclaiming, in disappointed tones, "not yet."

"Don't stay long, husband!" and I again thought I could see the young wife rocking nervously in her great arm-chair, and weeping as though her heart would break, as her thoughtless "lord and master" prolonged his stay to a wearisome length of time.

Oh, you that have wives to say—"Don't stay long," when you go forth, think of them kindly when you are mingling in the busy hive of life, and try just a little to make their homes and hearts happy, for they are gems too seldom replaced. You can not find, amid the pleasures of the world, the peace and joy that a quiet home,

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blessed with such a woman's presence, will afford.

"Don't stay long, husband!" and the young wife's look seemed to say—for here in your own sweet home is a loving heart whose music is hushed when you are absent—here is a soft breast to lay your weary head upon, and her pure lips unsoiled by sin, that will pay you kisses for coming back so soon.

THE CHOICE OF EVILS.

ALTHOUGH the world is so changeful and uncertain that quiet, among all its rarities, seems the thing most rare, there are many persons who appear to have more than they like of it, and are so impatient for novelty that they are continually leaping out of the frying-pan of their own tormenting restlessness into the fire of positive calamity. By changing, for the sake of change, they expect trouble to give them ease, and find out, to their cost, that the cure is worse than the complaint.

Doubtless, however, it is owing to the real exigencies of life, and it is when a change is unquestionably desirable that the unfortunate transition from bad to worse, referred to in the proverb, is commonly made. And this arises frequently from a mistaken notion, induced by present suffering, that the evil which is, is the worst that will be; but those who have thus inadvertently once or twice exchanged the frying-pan for the fire, learn to exercise the greatest circumspection in all cases where an important step is to be taken, and will even remain in the frying-pan, however hot, as quietly as they may, if it is the coolest place to which they have access.

But it is seldom the case, even when change is most desirable, that a leap is advisable. One may make more haste than good speed in escaping from the plague, by breaking one's neck in jumping out of a window. Some persons fairly kill themselves to save their lives. They leap out of the frying-pan into the fire, not because there was nothing better that they could do, but because they would not give themselves time to do it.

The great desideratum is a sound judgment in distinguishing between two evils, so that we may choose the least. It must be remembered, however, that if they be of a moral kind, we are neither compelled nor at liberty, under any circumstances, to choose either. This principle, though of the utmost importance in correctly adjusting our notions of right and wrong, is but little regarded by many. "If we must commit a sin," says a certain reverend writer of the last age, "let it be as little as can be helped." The thief's maxim, "One may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb," has nearly as much morality in it as is contained in this very lenient injunction. No one was ever yet compelled to commit a sin, small or great, since there is always the alternative of suffering. He who prefers moral to physical harm, of two evils, chooses the greatest; he, beyond a question, leaps out of the frying-pan into the fire.

"MY *bark* is on the sea," as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

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EDITORIAL.

LODGE SANCTITY.

The prime features of a Masonic Lodge are order and purity. The very nature of Masonry interdicts personal strife, vulgar gossip and political wrangling. When we reflect upon the beauties that inseparably connect and weave into the great plan of moral science, which men know and call Masonry, we are appalled when brought in contact with spirits of confusion that clog harmonious work, betray confidence, and produce wrong and ruin. We have traveled much in Indiana and Ohio during the past three months, and had occasion to visit many Lodges, where we met systems of influences, said to be of Masonic origin, that are entirely strange to us. Hitherto, we have been lead by teachings from honored craftsmen, and observance of society in towns where Masonic culture is manifest, to regard harmony in labor, personal courtesy, silence and circumspection. Kindness one to the other as Masons, and a proper regard for the general sentiments of the world, not of us, as the outgrowth and influence of Masonic association and study. Where we find these Masonic virtues exceptions, rather than the unvarying rule, we feel that in granting the charters some authorized body has been imposed upon, and some pledges by parties have been made that are flagrantly violated.

The eternal truths of Masonry, her sublime worth, suffers more in the hands of such barbarism than in resisting all the bitter wars made upon her in time past, against which she contends now, or has in future to combat. In some places we have inspected work that should shame the rude jargon of a party of schoolboys in their first efforts in etymology and syntax. Masons, with no other qualification than that arising from membership, those who are seldom present at a meeting, and who never inform themselves in the work, literal *dead weights* to Lodge labor, and a disgrace to the *rubbish* of the temple. Frequently, in *small* towns, these *small* men of which *little* Masons are made, are prominent in nothing but casting the black ball against possible merit, through the clouds of censoriousness and personal spite. The curative of this great evil rests with the power that sanctions organization. A valuable aid in uprooting these *tares* would be to make the enjoyment of Lodge visitations, depend upon character and degree of proficiency in knowledge of the work—more learning in Masonic philosophy than aptness in manual antics—will lend a powerful influence in this much needed reform.

A nuisance assuming great extension in Masonry, is a class of traveling quacks, drummers, agents, peddlers, who use their membership of the craft as a means of driving their trade, or a facile entrance to society, ignorant of the science, caring naught for its morals, and utterly disregarding the principles inculcated. A conscience incapable of feeling the pangs of secret perjury, is unworthy of Masonic association or confidence. An application to become a Mason to feed curiosity is private fraud, and treason against public honor. Caution and Watchfulness guard more vigilantly the entrance to the preparation room, and save the "north-east corner" from reproach; purge impurities from within; let the grand truths of Masonry bloom and ever freshen around Lodge altars, that true and good Masons may rejoice in the labors thereof.

Free Masonry is too intimately related to truth, science, and philosophy, to fall by assault from bigoted foes; but she may,

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like the civilizations of past empires, fall into decay by idleness and neglect of her custodians, and indifference of her patrons. But so long as her time-honored landmarks are guarded by fidelity and cherished by her pupils, "Her monuments shall last when *Egypt's* fall."

C. C. POMEROY.

JUSTICE.

THIS cardinal principle in Masonry, is symbolized by the Plumb, the Square, and the Level; and morally applied to the life of "just and upright Mason." This cardinal virtue must be regarded by every true brother, as indispensable in living a blameless Masonic life. A life honorable in all respects.

Those who profess to be governed by the Christian code, and entertain a true conception of the character of God, maintain that Justice is an essential attribute of the Divine Being; manifesting equity through all of His works, to all the subjects of His government. This is one of the first lessons we learn of God's character, when our minds are called upon to contemplate his existence, from our religious stand-point. So we are taught, in the very first lessons of Masonry, to practice justice, as an acknowledgment of our faith in God. When an individual Masonically discovers the first rays of light, his mind is impressed strongly to deal justly with all men. And he instinctively looks to God for protection, to receive aid in all laudable undertakings, and puts his trust in Him, he discovers a harmony in justice, and learns that equity should be the government established among men. As God is just, and ever will be, so man should be just and live uprightly.

The principle enjoins honest dealing, and unspotted moral life, before the world. These are some of the choice and sweet fruits of this virtue. It is, and ever must be, the corner-stone upon which every Mason should erect his Masonic superstructure, for it will develop and bring more light to view, as he honestly continues to walk in her pathway. There can be no principle in Masonry, or any act enjoined upon its members, that is inharmonious with this moral element.

Justice, in the Masonic code, can never seek to promote revenge, cruelty, or retaliation. It must ever breathe a loving spirit; manifest a firm discipline, and inculcate a characteristic mildness in harmony with reformation, forsaking evil and doing good. When we look at the masonic side of justice, and regard it in a practical manner; with each other, and the world, it can not claim antagonistical ends with masonic mercy. Upon the principle of mercy, it can only demand right to take place, where there has been a wrong. And when it has obtained the right, and equity is again restored, justice can have no more demand.

This great equitable principle is the common standard and boundary of moral right, and it educates the students of Masonry to give all, indiscriminately, their just and exact due. Being thus taught in the life-giving system of Masonry, it should become woven into the whole moral fabric of our laws, and no one should ever think of deviating, in the least degree, from its strict and imperative rule.

That golden rule laid down in our common religion and system of Christianity, demanding of us to do to others as we would that they should do to us, is precisely the justice Masons are to practice. The practice of justice is that of goodness. In perfect unity and harmony with all good human laws, constituting the strong cement which unites the fraternity in one common brotherhood, and supports civil authority and governments.

Injustice and anarchy produce confusion and rebellion. When the mass yield to injustice, then war, strife, and rebellion upon government ensues: when the individual does the same, it may be a violation of the laws of state, or a disregard for the moral code, that persons should observe, in order to enjoy a peace of conscience. In intemperance, gambling, profanity, and quareling, the individual does injustice to him-

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self, and extends it to all with whom he is associated.

Justice asks for nothing wrong, whether it relates to the regulation of the government of God, or any true and proper government of man, And when the inequalities and irregularities of society are removed, and equity established, then justice will resign, and the government of humanity will need its authority no longer.

MASONRY IN THE CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

As there are special uses for all the different material that composes the wall which the operative mason builds, so there is a special use and propriety in every variety that helps to make up the aggregate character of human life; and so there is a special purpose for which every man is designed. The hard and enduring granite would not answer the purposes for which a softer component would be very appropriate. Large stones would not fill the spaces which the smaller ones admirably fit. And even the spalls rest compactly in the crevices, and the cement permeates the whole mass, and unites the whole body of constituents in one firm and solid compact.

In like manner, there is an appropriate place for every man in the great structure of society. Each may not be in his place, but there is a place for him, and he will fit and succeed in it better than in any other. In the building of Solomon's Temple, the blocks of stone were prepared afar off; they were quarried, hewn, measured, and exactly fitted for the places they were to occupy, and numbered, so that there could be no mistake as to their locality. In this manner, there was a place for every stone, and every stone was in its place.

Now, just so it is in society. There is a place for every man, and every man should be in his place. If he is, he is successful, and consequently useful and happy. But if he is out of his proper place—if he has mistaken his calling, and is devoting his energies in a wrong direction—he will not be successful, nor useful, nor happy. One man is adapted for the bar, or the pulpit, and not for the plough, or the anvil. Another is suited to the plough, or the loom, or the machine-shop, who would utterly fail at the bar or the forum. In fact, it is the lesson of every day's experience, that every one has a peculiar sphere of usefulness, in which, only, he can succeed.

More than any other science, does Masonry teach the necessity for a proper discrimination in the choice of a profession. It points its votaries continually to the propriety and necessity of a special attention to this duty. Thus it is, that while operative masonry produces the strongest and most enduring monuments of its own greatness and perfection, showing it to be the chief among the trades; Speculative, or Symbolic Masonry is busy among the masses, distributing each individual to his proper sphere in the great structure of society. Though not actually belonging to the Order, still those whose minds are thus directed are working in its spirit, and reaping some of its benefits. In this way, among others, Masonry does good to all men, "especially to those of the household of faith."

THE GRAND LECTURERS.

R. ASHLEY.

Not long since, we journeyed in a southerly direction from the Garden City, and made a short call at Kankakee, and were cared for by Bro. R. Ashley. He has labored in this section of the State for Masonry, and with all with whom we conversed he is highly praised. He is a worthy member, well versed in masonic lore, and his shadow should be extended for the good of the Order.

DR. DE LANCEY,

Of Centralia, has been appointed as one of the custodians of Masonry. We have known the Doctor for many years. He has spent much time, and applied himself assiduously to the work of the Order, and has won the confidence of the brotherhood. He is every way worthy and qualified to fill the important station that has been entrusted to his care. We anticipate a bright future for him.

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T. J. PRICKETT,

Of Carbondale, is spending much of his time with the Lodges in what is called "Egypt." And it is not a thing impossible but that in some three or four thousand years from this, some ambitious imaginary aspirant may come from old Egypt, or perhaps the Holy Land, in search of some of our footprints, and make inquiries after the congenial Craftsman of Carbondale. And as he is beautifying a farm with the choice fruits of our modern "Egypt," and planting "evergreens" which will perpetuate his memory, and designate the brow of the hill, where his masonic companions will deposit his earthly remains; it is not impossible but he who may journey to this section will strip the trees that he is planting of their foliage, and send it to the Holy Land, as historic items of Masonry of this our day. Whoever comes, may he deal *justly* and *honorably* with the *Craft* of that *age*.

Laying aside all such speculations for the times that need them, we must say that our short acquaintance with Bro. Prickett was very agreeable. He is very highly esteemed by the Craft in the jurisdiction where he labors. From what we could discover and learn, the institution of Masonry is in good hands, while these brothers have charge of the work.

In every place along the I. C. R. R. we were cordially received, hospitably treated and welcomed. We renewed many old acquaintances, and formed new ones long to be remembered. These journeyings are pleasant reminiscences to be recorded in our own mind's history. The cordial greetings are the bright shining spots of this earthty journey. As we travel among the gilded moths of fashion and folly here in this world, it is truly refreshing to meet an individual who does not need the conventionalisms of this nonsensical, fashionable life to introduce yourself into "good society."

Masonry teaches common sense, and cultivates common courtesies, and it is very easy to form the acquaintance of one who is not crusted over with the follies of human nature.

CALLED OFF.

Our venerable companion, Rev. N. Stacy, of Columbus, Pa., has taken his final earthly dimit from the Lodge of this existence to his Celestial Temple, to that Lodge wrought by the wisdom of the great I AM.

In the January number of the Star we published a letter, and an extract of an address from him. The letter is undoubtedly the last which he ever wrote upon the subject of Masonry. The address was delivered to his church during the anti-masonic raid, when he was requested to renounce Masonry, or resign his office as pastor of his church. The excitement ran so high, and the persecution became so intensified, that he left the parish in Hamilton, N. Y., and moved to the place where he breathed his last on earth.

In 1804 he was initiated into the sublime mysteries of Masonry, and has been its steadfast friend and supporter ever since. For sixty-four years the Masonic Order has not had a truer member than this reverend Divine. During a long life of eighty-nine years, he has been one grand shining light, an example to the Brotherhood. Under all circumstances he exhibited an unwavering consistency, ever practicing a noble charity, and his acts were ever governed by a sublime unselfishness. All, of every party and sect, concede this, and stand with uncovered heads around the grave of the departed.

Mr. Stacy has honored the world with a long, useful life. At an early day he embarked in the study and practice of the noble principles of Masonry, and most effectually he adorned the profession by an upright life.

He has lived his allotted time on the shores of mortality, has finished his work, erected his temple of good works for all who know him to admire. He has taken a higher degree, a more elevated position in that spiritual Temple eternal in the heavens.

After being driven away from Hamilton, N. Y., amid the curses of his enemies, and

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prayers of his friends and brother Masons, and settled in Columbus, Pa., in due time, he, with a few of the Craft, met upon the level, and organized a Lodge. He was the W. M. from year to year, until he became so blind that it was difficult for him to read, and so deaf that he could scarcely hear the word. Being thus nearly deprived of two of the most essential human senses for a Mason, he gave the gavel into the hands of his successor with honor to the Craft and credit to himself. May his long and useful life be ever remembered by every brother of the Order. He has gone to that bourne from which, as an earthly traveler, he will not return; and we hope, we trust, yea, we are sure, that his presence and his usefulness will be felt and realized by the Craft. Most assuredly, his past life will work a good among all who knew him. His noble deeds of life will follow and have their influence wherever known.

DEATH OF CHARLES W. SEELEY.

THIS much esteemed and widely known brother died at Goshen, Ind., on the 1st of May, at the age of fifty-four years. He was a Royal Arch Mason, and Knight Templar, and was devotedly attached to the Order. As a public man, he had an extensive acquaintance, having filled, at various periods, the positions of Sheriff of Elkhart County, Deputy U. S. Marshal of the State of Indiana, and Warden of the State Prison at Michigan City.

His remains were followed to the grave by a procession of 150 Masons, from the Lodges of Goshen and adjacent towns. The funeral services were under the direction of Bro. Geo. W. Gibbon, the burial service being read by Bro. E. W. H. Ellis. The occasion was most impressive, and the ceremonies reflected great credit upon the brethren in attendance.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Lodge:

"At a meeting of Goshen Lodge No. 12, convened at Masonic Hall, Goshen, Ind., May 3rd, 1868, on the occasion of the death of Brother Charles W. Seeley, it was ordered that—

"WHEREAS, It has pleased the Supreme Grand Architect of the Universe, in His infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst our endeared and sincerely lamented Brother, Charles W. Seeley, and to dissolve the ties of our earthly brotherhood; be it therefore

"*Resolved*, That we bow in submission to the hand of Him who doeth all things well, trusting alone in His Omnipotent mercy, who knowing all our shortcomings and all our weaknesses, doth not willingly afflict the children of men, but as a father pitieth his children, so doth He pity, and love, and cherish all the works of His hands, and that our prayer is,

"'Where human weakness doth come short,
Or Frailty step aside,
Do Thou, All Good, for such Thou art,
Still lean to mercy's side!'

"*Resolved*, That we will cherish the memory of our brother, who was endeared to us by his devotion to Masonry, by his kindness of heart, liberality of disposition, cheerfulness, industry, perseverance, and attachment to his friends, and whose departure has left an aching void in the Order he loved, and the community by whom he was respected.

"*Resolved*, That we deeply and kindly sympathize with the family of our deceased brother, and in their sad affliction, commend them to the God of the widow and fatherless.

"*Resolved*, That in token of our respect for our deceased brother, the jewels and furniture of the Lodge be draped in mourning for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be published in the county papers, and in the *Masonic Review* and *Mystic Star*.

"E. W. H. ELLIS,
W. M. WOODS,
E. J. WOOD,
"*Committee.*"

AN INCIDENT WORTHY OF NOTE.

JACKSON is one of the noted cities of the noble State of Michigan. We have a strong attachment for that place. It was there that we received our first masonic light. Having been brought up in the very hotbed and hornet's-nest of anti-masonry, at an early period we formed a resolution to become a Mason when an opportunity might present itself.

So, nearly one quarter of a century has been recorded in the past since we knocked at the door of the Mystic Temple. And when we meet those old familiar faces it

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calls up reflections that are not awakened at any other place upon the globe.

We are privileged still to meet with many who journeyed to and from the masonic sanctuary. Yet, during the same time, others have taken their earthly leave, and entered that Grand Lodge above. New ones have been born into the masonic family, have bowed at the same altar, and learned the same language which is known the world over. Some have become lukewarm and indifferent in the good cause, while a few seem to have made moral shipwreck of themselves, and have been cast out. Notwithstanding all of these things, the greater portion, yea, nearly all, are trying to live the principles taught them in Masonry.

The incident to which we refer was connected with one of the old Patriarchs of Masonry in Jackson. Father Livermore, as he was familiarly called by the Brotherhood—and the sire of one of the honored members now living there, who stood by us—was one who received the love of all This venerable Craftsman held the responsible office of "*Overseer of the Poor*," and was a faithful member of the Baptist Church. He had many a warm controversy with his brethren in the Church, because of his true zeal and strong love for Masonry. They wanted him to do the foolish act of renouncing and leaving Masonry. But none of their pleadings moved him one particle. As firm as the eternal hills, he stood for his principles, and was true to his integrity.

While looking faithfully after the poor, and supplying their wants, he found a poor widow, whose income was insufficient to save her from want and distress. She was either a Mason's widow or a daughter; if our memory serves us, she, too, was a member of the same church. Be this as it may, her needs were known to this good old *Samaritan*, this noble veteran of Freemasonry. One evening he came into the Lodge, and most feelingly presented the case of the widow. We shall ever remember the plea he made as he leaned upon his staff:

"I am an old man, just about to step upon the brink of the grave; a few more setting suns, and my earthly labors will close. This tenement of earth is becoming inactive, and ere long must go to the resting place of all the living. Even now, at this time, I can scarcely feel the *grip*, and with much difficulty can I *hear* the *word*."

Then straightening himself to his youthful stature, and seeming to catch additional inspiration, exclaimed, in a full tone of voice, and the sound was as sweet as music on the shore, "*I am not too old to practice Masonic charity!*"

The result was that the Lodge contributed liberally, and placed the funds in his hands to supply her wants. What a noble act! and what a bright page in the masonic life of this excellent brother. And now, what a magnificent example to leave on record for the contemplation of a younger brotherhood. He has departed, since that time, to his home above, to that Lodge in the bright summer land, where there are no pleadings for the widows and the poor. May his memory be long cherished, and his good deeds be perpetuated among the Craft far down the lapse of time.

WHO IS THE COWAN?

MASONICALLY speaking, a cowan is a profane, or the uninitiated. It relates to one who has never, as yet, been permitted to step across the threshold of the temple of Masonry.

It is a Masonic word, with a Masonic meaning, and does not vary materially from its original meaning in the Greek. The word *kuon* means a dog; and one who is not entitled to the benefits of Masonry, who seeks to obtain them unlawfully, to climb in some other way than by the door, and who receives what is hidden, is not only a thief and a robber, but a sneaking dog.

But as Masons are taught to be polite and courteous, even to such characters, we call them cowans—*kuans*—profaners, outsiders, or Gentiles.

At the early periods of the organization of the Christian Church, when the mys-

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teries were only communicated to those initiated under a veil of secrecy, the scoffer, the blasphemer, the irreligious and profane, were called *dogs*. Hence, the early adherents to the Christian Church were cautioned to "Give not that which is holy to the dogs." "Beware of dogs; beware of evil workers." Be on the lookout. Keep a faithful and untiring watch. Keep aloof from all who are unworthy to be admitted, and who can not make themselves known as true and lawful brothers.

This precaution was learned by the early members of the Church from the knowledge they obtained of Masonry in that age. But as they became less vigilant, and careless, and grew to be a proselyting organization, they soon encountered schisms and dissensions, and the Church fell into disrepute, and went into the wilderness of heathen darkness, and pools of heathen mythology. And strange as it may seem to some, especially to our anti-masonic enemies, the few during the dark ages who preserved more of the true principles of right, were members of the Mystic Brotherhood. In their Lodges they kept the Bible upon the altar, and handed it down from generation to generation, as the great light of Masonry. And as those noble tenets of the Order were transmitted, which have ever made Masonry a cosmopolitan system, from time to time, she has brought the world to the state of civilization it now occupies, and is constantly and untiringly setting humanity upon a higher and smoother plain of human life—a life more devoted to right and justice. Masonry is teaching us more and more now than ever before how to rid the world of Cowans. It is by her precepts she brings the world more under her principles, and thereby prepares the heart of man for her noble aims.

The cowans of Masonry project the wars, the strifes and rebellions of the world. They keep alive the fire of contention, and fan the flames which cause contending armies to meet in deadly conflict. They are the real scoffers of all righteousness, the blasphemers of all that is lovely, good, and wise. Were it not for the anti-principles of right, we would have no cowans to gender strife and war.

The word *cowan* may have a more significant meaning attached to it, as the Mason applies it to his own life and conduct. Evil thoughts, evil actions, unmasonic habits, are forbidden to enter the heart of a true Mason. Each member becomes a Tyler, whose duty it is to keep every thing wrong from gaining an entrance to his mind. He must, in order to be a good Mason, guard well the entrance to his soul, and keep back the innumerable evils of the world. Flank all the adroit movements of every foe to happiness, and resist all the temptations which are presented.

Let each one strictly keep off all such cowans, and govern himself according to the teachings of Masonry, and he can give a good law to govern the world. If every member of this fraternal brotherhood would cautiously tyle his own heart masonically, and effectually resist the cowans which are trying to gain admittance, we could morally revolutionize and reform the world. If all the Masons would stand firm, in one unbroken column, and resist the sin of intemperance, it would soon be swept clean from human society Let every Mason scrupulously refrain from and condemn profanity, and the name of God would not be irreverently spoken in all the land. If the members of this Order would step forward into the front rank, and set their hearts like a flint against gambling, the pernicious habit would hide in the clefts of the rocks; the games to obtain ill-gotten gains would be forgotten, and the world would take a mighty stride in moral improvement.

Then, brothers of the Mystic Tie, it is with us to say, how long shall it be before the day shall dawn upon humanity! It is with us to determine, whether we will arise from these prodigal habits, and before the sacred altar consecrate ourselves to resist these cowans to human happiness!

THE oldest lunatic on record—time out mind.

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THE GAVEL.

In operative Masonry, the gavel is the executive instrument. Even when the chisel is used, it is merely as the servant of the other, and the medium through which the blow is directed to a particular point. The compass, the square, the level, the plumb, and other instruments may be used, but they are merely the legislative or the judicial powers. They say *how* the thing is to be done, but do not act. There is nothing executive but the gavel—the instrument that strikes the blow. In like manner, the gavel is the emblem of executive power sn all civic societies, just as the cross-keys represent the treasury, and the pen the records. In all processions, the President carries the gavel, and represents the whole society. At their meetings, the gavel maintains order, and directs each officer in his duties. It is, in a word, the talisman of power.

Bro. Moore: "*The Freemason's Monthly* has failed to make masonic connection at the office of the Mystic Star this year. The light of its pages, reflecting the mind of the editor, and his large corps of contributors, are ever welcome.

The Evergreen for January is missing. It is not your fault, but we will be obliged if you will forward it.

EXPULSIONS.

Lagro, Ind., April 1st, 1868.

Editor Mystic Star:—You will please state through the columns of your journal, that at a regular meeting of Tuscan Lodge No. 143, held at this place, on the 12th of March, A.D. 1868, Dr. E. B. Thomas was expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, for unmasonic conduct.

John J. Shaffer, *Sec'y.*

Wabash, Ind., March 26th, 1868.

Bro. D. B. Barr, *Secretary—Dear Sir:* Your promptness in making inquiry relative to M. L. West is commendable. He is an expelled Mason. I am told that the Odd Fellows expelled him for the same offence that we did.

Fraternally yours, E. G. S.

To Whom these Presents shall Come, Greeting: Martin S. West was expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry by Hanna Lodge No. 61 F. and A. M., for gross unmasonic conduct: to-wit, violating the laws of the State of Indiana, by selling intoxicating liquors without a license, harboring lewd women, *keeping a house of ill-fame.*

In behalf of Hanna Lodge No. 61, F. and A. Masons, this 26th day of March, A.L., 5868.

Attest: E. G. Sackell, *Sec'y.*

A New and Valuable Discovery.—Peck's Patent Milk Cooler is one of the indispensable and practical articles of the age. As soon as known it will be used by every family that has a cow. It is as necessary to use one of them as it is to have a milk pail or a churn. It will destroy all of the animal heat in a few moments of time, and then, in from thirty minutes to two hours, every particle of cream becomes separated, and can be taken off and churned. You have the sweetest of butter, and your cream is used before it becomes covered with dust and flies.

By using Peck's Cooler, you can make from twenty-five to fifty per cent. more butter, in weight; and one pound made from the sweet cream, taken before it is possible for the milk to sour, is worth three pounds of the miserable article called butter in our market.

State and county rights for sale. P. O. box No. 1544, Chicago, Ill.

Vick's Seed Warehouse, No. 10 Mill Street, Rochester, N. Y.—This is one of the most perfect establishments of *Floriculture* in America. Mr. Vick is entitled to our thanks for a choice selection of flower seeds. Let every one who has a taste in that direction send for a catalogue, and adorn a small piece of land with the beautiful flowers that God has made for us.

Austin & Boal, dealers in farming implements, stoves and hardware, wagon woodwork. This firm is situated on South Water Street, Nos. 221 and 223. We can safely recommend this house to the entire North-west, as being a firm dealing honorably with all.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. VIII. A.L. 5868—JUNE—A.D. 1868. No. 6

Original.

FREEMASONRY.

REVIEW OF MR. FINNEY.

To us it is truly painful to be laid under the necessity of defending ourselves against any attacks that our enemies may make upon us. We dislike to do so, because we hate to use such language as we are necessitated to use in mentioning and refuting the uncharitable aspersions we are about to review. We love *peace*, and wish to exercise fraternal regards toward all men.

But when thus publicly assailed, our silence would be construed by many as an admission that we can make no defence. Our sense of honor forbids this. We wish it clearly understood that we have assailed no man, nor body of men, neither social, religious, nor political. We simply take the *defensive*, and not the *offensive* position. We are not therefore belligerents, unless it is in self-defence.

Under the *caption* of this article Rev. Charles G. Finney, of Oberlin, Ohio, has been writing sundry severe things against us, which have appeared weekly in *The Independent*, commencing with April 9th, 1868. Professor Finney, the quondam *revivalist*, is too well known to our readers to need an introduction here. We intend at this time to notice his first *four* articles as they appear in *The Independent*.

He commences thus: "It is high time the Church of Christ was awake to the character and tendency of Freemasonry. Forty years ago we supposed it was dead, and had no idea it could ever revive. But, strange to tell, while we were busy in getting rid of Slavery, Freemasonry has revived and extended its bounds most alarmingly."

This statement is of importance *only* as it goes to show that the writer was *once* mistaken in relation to this subject, and that it is possible he may be a *second* time. His call upon the *church* to aid him in fighting us must be quite in vain—as very many of our members belong also to the church, and are quite averse to a warfare of that kind. It appears also that we got quite a good start while Mr. Finney was getting the country "rid of slavery." How much that savors of ostentation, to pretend that he or his "church" abolished slavery. They were quite as

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remotely connected with its overthrow as were the Freemasons themselves—many of whom bravely fell on the gory field of battle.

But the *church* must be *alarmed*—the tocsin of war must peal anew, and the thing he calls the "*church*" must gird on the armor to fight the Masons. Why? O, because, they are "becoming numerous."

We venerate the "*Christian Church*," but we have very little confidence in the "Church Militant," the "*Fighting Church*," and especially so when their weapons are clumsy scandal and defamation.

The writer affirms that he knows something about Freemasonry himself—that he took three degrees, and became "what they call a *bright* Mason," before his conversion. Some four or five years after he became a Mason he says, "I found I was completely converted *from* Freemasonry *to* Christ." And again he says, "During the struggle of conviction for sin through which I passed, I do not recollect that the question of Freemasonry ever occurred to my mind." A most extraordinary conversion. "*From* Freemasonry *to* Christ." There is probably not another such conversion on record. But the *sin* from which he was converted did not "occur to his mind" until some time afterward.

A short time after his conversion he withdrew from the Lodge. "They gave me a discharge under the seal of the Lodge. Of this I said nothing," and "for years afterward I remained silent." He, however, remained *silent* a number of years, but when Morgan's book came out, he immediately rallied fortitude to say it was *true*, and by perusing that work was convinced that he was under no obligation to keep the secrets, "unless I could be under an obligation to lie, and lie *perpetually*." If we have any correct views on this subject, we must decline believing that Mr. Finney ever took any *masonic* obligation that required him to "*lie*" even *occasionally*.

His *second* article purports to be information for his young readers, concerning the disappearance of William Morgan, between forty and fifty years ago, but its design is manifestly to pay a tribute to their passions, and inflame their prejudices against the Masons.

His *third* article commences with an inquiry, "How the public are to know what Freemasonry really is?" They can not learn it, he thinks, from our books. "These," he continues, "are silly, and for the most part little better than twaddle." Our sermons and orations he pronounces, "silly, false, spread-eagle, rhodomontade and bombast." The men he thus reproaches are many of them devout Christians, and ministers of that religion which was once propagated by "Him who when he was reviled, reviled not again." If those terms of his are not the words of a *reviler*, then no man ever reviled his fellow man.

He then goes into a search for *witnesses* by whom we are to be doomed, and concludes that "renouncing" Masons are the most important because "they testify against themselves," and are "said to be perjured men." Crowning qualifications!

Again: "Adhering Masons are under oath to persecute them, to destroy their characters, and to seek to bring them to condign punishment." "It is

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downright madness to receive the testimony of such men, it matters not *who they are.*" This attack upon us was unprovoked, and if the writer ever wore the "emblem of innocence," "the badge of a Mason," with the spirit here exhibited, we are happy to know that he has laid it off. Does the writer pretend that *he* took an oath to "persecute" and "destroy." If he did, instead of being a "Bright Mason" he was a *Bogus Mason.* We *know* this statement to be a baseless, wicked fabrication, an unmitigated slander.

He has already arraigned us before the public for trial, subpœnaed his *witnesses* and made his opening plea. The *rules* he proposes for this case are as follows: Masons are to be gagged. We are not allowed to open our mouth, nor be permitted to make any defence. He is to have the liberty to traduce us at pleasure. What an outrage on justice, humanity and Christianity. But while we yet have the privilege of speaking, we would suggest the propriety, in connection with our trial, of having the Professor establish an *auto-da-fe* to carry out the terrors to which our condemnation would subject us. Thousands of our members are consistent Christians, and ministers of the Saviour. They are not to speak: nor be credited should they testify, because "*they are sworn to lie,*" and "under oath to persecute" renouncing Masons, and "it would be downright madness to receive their testimony, it matters not who they are."

We exceedingly regret that this unprovoked attack upon us obliges us to use language to vindicate our honor and veracity which may seem severe, and the more so when it applies to a professed minister of religion. The wise man says, "He that bears false witness against his neighbor is a Maul, and a Sword, and a Sharp Arrow."—Prov. xxv. 18. He *bruises*, he *hews*, and *pierces* his neighbor. If Mr. Finney, when he became a Mason (as he says he did), took upon himself an obligation "*to lie,*" that might in some manner account for his statements above quoted. We have never taken any such obligation, and therefore feel at liberty to speak the truth. Now, in his declining years, he becomes the antimasonic champion, and devotes himself to *persecution!* "Adhering Masons," he says, "have persecuted and still persecute those that reveal their secrets, just as far as they dare." He thinks *he* revealed the secrets forty years ago, when he endorsed Morgan's book, but has never been persecuted. There must be some mistake here again. Either the Masons do not persecute, or he never revealed their secrets! But this cry of "persecution" is the usual covert of dastardly poltroons. "They (Masons) have always persecuted."

He states in his *third* essay—that in the days of antimasonry there were in the United States *fifty thousand* Masons in all, and that out of that number *forty-five thousand* renounced it. That left *five thousand persecutors.* There were at that time (we lived in those days) at least *forty* antimasons to *one* seceder, and these all joined in deadly array against *five thousand* Masons. This antimasonic army then consisted of about *one million and eight hundred thousand*—so that one Mason persecuted *three hundred and sixty* antimasons! Perhaps that was a fulfillment of the

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Scriptures that "one should chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight."—Deut. ii. 2. One would think that such extravagancies were the result of fanaticism, or that they were owing to the imbecilities of confirmed dotage.

In reviewing such statements it is only necessary to throw them together, and they as voraciously devour one another as did the Kilkenny cats. Perhaps the gentleman will consider a refutation of his logic "persecution," but he must remember when he traduces a large and honorable class of citizens, whose standing in church and state is as good as his own, and who are entitled to civil protection and the freedom of speech, that he is not addressing a gang of slaves or a band of outlaws, but men who are capable of taking the extravagance out of his allegations. After a *forty years' sleep* over this alarming wickedness he *awakes*, and shouts to his "church." Endymion was doomed to sleep *only thirty years*, but his was "*Endymion's somnium dormire*" with interest. Forty years converting men who were Masons, and taking them into his church without a scruple; and all this time he knew (being a "*bright*" Mason himself) that they were sworn to commit perjury and to persecute.

But slavery is overthrown, and being "a man of war from his youth," he looks abroad to find a foe deserving his chastening rod, and at once opens his batteries upon us, without any provocation whatever. Perhaps for the past forty years light has been gradually permeating his mind. As an excuse for not at first seeing the immoralities of Freemasonry, he says, commencing with the 25th line of his first essay, "I was brought up with very few religious privileges, and had but *slight knowledge on moral subjects*. I was not therefore greatly shocked at the time with the immorality of any thing through which I passed." This moral obtuseness seems to have been remarkably persistent, not yielding until slavery was overthrown. A chronic malady indeed, to continue for forty years. But he is awake at last to the enormous sinfulness of Freemasonry.

His designs are readily gathered from the four essays we have here considered, and his speeches at Oberlin last winter. *First:* War is waged against us. *Second:* We are to be expelled from the church, and consigned to *Hades*. *Third:* We are not to appear as witnesses in courts of justice. *Fourth:* We must be declared ineligible to office. *Fifth:* The right of suffrage must be denied us, and we reduced to the condition from which the slaves have just been elevated. He considers us as possessing no rights which he "is bound to respect," for he has "had no idea that Masonry would have the *impudence* ever again to claim *any public* respect." *No respect!* It may not be an easy task to overawe us by Ministerial Dignity, or *spurn* us into obsequiousness. Nor shall we suffer any man to entrench himself behind the "Sacred Desk," and heap scandal upon us unrebuked, but pledge the Professor that when he gets through he will find himself one article *behind* us.

A.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

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STRANGE PHASE OF KNIGHTHOOD.

My attention has been drawn to the following resolutions, said to have been adopted by the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin, Knights Templar, at its late conclave in Milwaukee. I also understand that similar resolutions, and perhaps the same, were passed in the Grand Chapter of that jurisdiction.

"*Resolved*, That this Grand Commandery acknowledges and recognizes no degrees of Masonry or orders of Knighthood to be regular, except those conferred by and under the authority of the following constituted authorities in the United States of America, and those of corresponding rank in foreign countries, to wit:

"The Grand Encampment of the United States; the Grand Consistory; and the General Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the United States; Grand Councils of the R. and S. Masters; and the Grand Lodges of the several States. And any Knight holding to or receiving, or having received any irregular degrees, under the assumed name of Masonry or Knighthood, particularly those known by the name of the 'Egyptian Masonry Rite of Memphis,' or the 'Ancient Primitive Rite of Memphis of thirty-three degrees,' shall be required to withdraw therefrom under pain of being expelled from all participation in any of the privileges contained in the provisions of the statutes of the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin; and no Council or Commandery shall be permitted to receive any candidate or visitor into their respective bodies, who in any manner or in any wise is concerned in or with such clandestine degrees.

"*Resolved*, That no person shall hereafter be installed into any office in this Grand Commandery, or any Commandery under its jurisdiction, who in any manner is connected with such clandestine degrees."

It is astonishing to me that Masons claiming to possess knightly courtesy and magnanimity, should so far forget these virtues as to allow themselves to approve of a document so uncourteous, unmagnanimous and unjust. It is uncourteous as attacking the masonic character of brethren against whom no charges can be found; wanting in magnanimity, because it slanders Sir Knights in good standing; and unjust, because it debars them from the full exercise of their rights and privileges for no adequate cause.

The resolutions set out with a declaration that the Grand Commandery acknowledges no degrees of Masonry or orders of Knighthood to be regular except certain ones specified, and proposes to exclude all who will not renounce all other degrees and orders. Especially is this rule applied to members of the "Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis." It may be asserted, without fear of successful contradiction, that some members, at least, of the Grand Body passing these resolutions know that the Rite condemned is recognized as legitimate and regular by the Grand Orients of France and of Italy, and that in this country the authority to work it is derived from the first named Masonic head.

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If they are ignorant of the fact, that ignorance would only be less criminal than a neglect to acknowledge the fact when knowing it. Will these representatives of Knighthood in Wisconsin, with a constituency of a little over five hundred, arraign the decisions of the Grand Body of France, acknowledged to be the most potent on earth, as well as most learned in masonic science, of any similar body on the globe? Will they aver that the degrees recognized by this body are irregular? Will they ostracise those who, having taken these degrees in good faith, and finding them sound in principle and theory, and beautiful in sentiment and ritual, are unwilling to withdraw from them? This is precisely what the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin proposes to do. It enacts that "no Council or Commandery shall be permitted to receive any candidate or visitor into their respective bodies" who is concerned in these degrees. And these degrees they stigmatize as clandestine.

Suppose a Knight Templar from Illinois should find himself in Wisconsin, and an opportunity presents for him to meet other Sir Knights in the Asylum? Shall they first examine him to see whether he belongs to any other masonic rite than those voted authentic, regular and legal? How will they proceed? He must not be admitted if he does so belong. He is debarred from the privileges which every Knight in the Asylum has solemnly, and on his honor, sworn to accord him. No Knightly courtesy may be extended to him. No friendly grasp of hand—no arch of steel for him is raised—no friendly sword crosses his own good blade. He sits at no banquet—he receives no pledge—no God-speed follows him in the way. If he dies, Knighthood sings no requiem over his remains. No prayer ascends to the throne of the All-Father, because the Sir Knight from Illinois is a member of the "Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis." For that great crime Knights forget their vows of courtesy, of hospitality and magnanimity, turn their backs upon, and their swords against, a valiant Knight, and become Saracens in act and spirit, towards the true follower of the Cross. He may not enter their Asylum on pain of expulsion. He may not eat or drink of the water that weary pilgrims need, because he will not abjure his allegiance to an order that he venerates and loves, and which is antagonistic to no other, unless that is antagonistic to virtue, and masonic purity and truth.

I can imagine no more bitter commentary upon the practical influence of the Knightly Orders, than is presented by these unwonted denunciations of the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin. If this is the legitimate influence and effect of the lessons of the Asylum—if such bigotry, exclusiveness and oppression is fostered by its teachings, better would be the world without it. There is bigotry enough in the world without giving it culture in the higher bodies of the great Masonic Fraternity. There is so much exclusiveness that it is not necessary to teach it in the Asylum. There is oppression and wrong enough without giving them additional power by a perversion of the attributes of Knighthood.

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But the "Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis" is a distinct body, mentioned to anathematise, by the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin, above the degree of Master Mason. It is established under the auspices of the Grand Orient of France. The evidences of its regularity and legitimacy are sufficient to convince every unprejudiced mind. The proofs are indisputable. No man who has examined them doubts. As reliable persons as there are in the United States have certified to this fact, and for the Grand Commandery or any other Grand or subordinate masonic body to denounce the degrees of the Rite of Memphis as clandestine, shows a lamentable amount of ignorance, or a very violent attachment to another Rite. The facts are that no masonic establishment in the United States rests on a more regularly laid foundation.

The question might reasonably be raised, by what right the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin assumes to dictate to what organizations its members shall belong? If it may rightly say they shall not become members of the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis, why may they not also declare that they shall not join a Lodge of Good Templars or of Odd Fellows! And why not as well deny them the privilege of becoming members of a Unitarian church, or of belonging to a particular political party? If a Grand Commandery has the right to say those in its jurisdiction shall not become members of other or higher degrees, why may not a Lodge debar its members from becoming Chapter members or Knights in the Commandery? Will this Grand Commandery, which thus puts the Ancient and Primitive Rite of Memphis under ban, accord the same prerogative to the blue lodge and sustain them, should they open a war upon the Royal Arch Chapters and Commanderies, as that Grand Body has done against the Rite of Memphis? There can be but one answer to this question. It is susceptible of but one. They would characterize the acts of the Lodges as ill-advised, unmasonic and unjust. They might reasonably do so, because by so saying they would only express the truth. Such are our feelings in relation to the crusade which the Grand Commandery of Wisconsin has preached against the Rite of Memphis. It is unjustifiable, unmasonic, unjust.

If the Rite of Memphis is clandestine, let them show it, and not content themselves with the naked assertion that it is so. Prove it clandestine, and not one of its members or admirers but will denounce it at once and forever. Prove it clandestine, and I will do all in my power to dispense the truth in relation to it, as I now do in its favor. But it can not be proven clandestine. It is regular and legal.

If the influence of the Rite of Memphis is bad, why not undertake to show it? Prove that it is so, and not one of all who now love and revere it, will ever say a word in its defence. Not one of them will ever again speak in its favor. Prove this, and the work of destroying it will have been finished, and it will be buried beyond hope of a resurrection.

But this denunciation of a system of Masonry by Masons, without reason or cause given, savors too much of a dic-

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tatorial and too little of a fraternal spirit, to be silently tolerated. The Catholic spirit that Masonry fosters is as much opposed to this as light is opposed to darkness—as virtue is opposed to vice. Freemasonry reproves with kindness, admonishes with friendship, and reprehends with justice. It deals not in denunciation. Its fraternal chidings do not take the guise of condemnation until the voice of the accused has been heard. We submit that the Grand Commandery has assumed to speak on a subject and in a manner not warranted by the spirit of Masonry, and still less by the principles of Knighthood. That it will recede from the ground it has taken, we have not the slightest doubt. Its sense of justice and of right will compel it to make reparation by a retraction of the unjust, uncourteous and unknightly order.

EXTRACTS FROM THE ANNUAL ADDRESS

OF GRAND MASTER H. G. HAZELRIGG, BEFORE THE FIFTY-FIRST COMMUNICATION OF THE GRAND LODGE OF INDIANA, 1868.

Brothers of the Grand Lodge:

How pleasant it is to assemble together at our Annual Communications, and extend to each other a cordial and friendly greeting, that keeps bright the chain of fraternal kindness that unites us in one indissoluble band of brothers; to promote the happiness and welfare of the household of the faithful, and ameliorate, as far as in us lies, the condition of universal humanity; to bow at our sacred altar and give thanks to the great I AM for his kind providence vouchsafed to us since last we met, and to implore his guidance in the discharge of every duty incumbent upon us while sojourning in this vale of sorrow, afflictions and disappointments, that when our race is ended we may be admitted to the society of that better world, where we shall no more "take the parting hand."

Our laws make it my duty not only to communicate to you my official acts during the recess of the Grand Lodge, but also such matters as I may deem of importance to the craft, whether arising in our own Grand Jurisdiction or derived from the proceedings of other Grand Lodges with whom we are in correspondence. This latter duty is performed in other Jurisdictions by brethren styled the "Committee on Foreign Correspondence," some of whom have asked the question why we don't abolish our committee of that name, as they don't make a report on that subject. We have twelve Standing Committees, to each of which we assign the discharge of certain duties, such duties as we want them to perform, and as the question why we don't abolish any other of our committees would be equally appropriate, and as some Committee on Foreign Correspondence might wish to be informed on that subject, we had perhaps as well wait and answer all such questions at the same time. We will, however, now say, that in our Jurisdiction we expect and require the Grand Master to exercise a supervisory control over

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the craft in vacation, and to decide all questions of law and practice that may arise, and that he may discharge these duties advisedly, he should have the benefit of all the light that may be derived from the opinions and decisions of other Grand Masters and Grand Lodges; we therefore place in his hands the proceedings of other Grand Bodies, and require him to give to the Grand Lodge the benefit of all the information thus acquired. This we think the most appropriate course, and therefore have adopted it, but will take no exceptions if others should think a different practice better, and will not catechise them as to why they have or don't have this, that, or the other committee, being perfectly willing that they shall regulate their domestic affairs in their own way. It has always been a favorite theory with me, as well as the practice of Masonry throughout the civilized world, that in its government it should, as near as practicable, conform its government to the form of the civil government of the country where it exists, and it being from and through the principal officer (the President) of our civil government that information as to its connections and transactions with other governments are derived; we in this Jurisdiction, conforming to that practice, have required our principal officer (the Grand Master), to communicate to us the transactions of, and our intercourse with, other Grand Lodges, so far as he may think it important to the interests of the craft, believing that he is as competent to judge what is important as is the chairman of any committee. And then his address is always delivered at the opening of each communication, while the report of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence is most frequently not communicated till towards the close, and indeed some times not at all, but by consent delivered afterwards to the Grand Secretary, to be printed with the proceedings, and then to which but little attention is given by the craft generally, and certainly none by the Grand Lodge.

* * * *

I also received the proceedings of conventions to form a Grand Lodge for the Territory of Idaho, and also New Brunswick, in the Dominion of Canada, and the proceedings of the first Communication of each of these Grand Lodges, from which I learn that both have been organized in accordance with the laws and precedents governing the formation of Grand Lodges. I therefore recommend that we extend to them a cordial greeting, the right hand of fellowship, and a hearty welcome to the family of Grand Lodges.

It will not be expected that we should give these three hundred and twenty pages of the addresses of Grand Masters, or the one thousand seven hundred and ninety pages of the reports of the Committees on Foreign Correspondence. If we were to do so, I doubt not the reader would slightly weary before he got through, and in all probability come to the conclusion that there was a good deal of it like the maiden's dance, "all of a sort." But there is much, very much, that is interesting, and fully compensates for the labor of searching it out. From these proceedings we may learn, if we had not done so before, that it is a use-

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less effort to try to please every body, and after a life-long effort to accomplish that most desirable object, we must give it up in despair. In one Jurisdiction we are almost sneered at because our Grand Lodge disclaims the propriety of its expelling a member from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, having delegated that power to the Subordinates, if indeed they didn't always possess it. While in another we are terribly taken to task, because in an unguarded moment we ordered a Subordinate to expel one of its members—a thing that should not have been done, and we now make the *amende honorable* by acknowledging the error. One Jurisdiction says we do right in permitting an officer of a Subordinate Lodge to resign—that they do so too; while another conjures up a frightful bug-bear, and at the top of their voice cry out, "violation of Ancient Landmark," but having in as polite a manner as we knew how, asked these legal wiseacres either to give us the landmark, or tell us where it could be found, and they having failed to do so, and after having carefully examined all the authorities within our reach, on that subject, and failing to find it, we have come to the conclusion that no violation has been committed.

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In view of the many differences of opinion about ancient Laws, Charges and Regulations, it is but the part of common honesty to say that they never were immutable; that the changed condition of every thing pertaining to the affairs of the human family, and the progress of enlightened civilization has necessitated a change in these laws, while pure and unadulterated Freemasonry, and the ancient landmarks ever have and ever will remain the same. The change in its laws and police regulations have no more effect upon its stability and unchangeable hieroglyphics than has the change of language upon the verity of eternal truth. They both are and ever will remain the same.

The action of a large majority of the Grand Lodges on the subject of the status of "army made Masons," accords with our views as expressed in 1866, that of treating them as all other non-affiliated Masons should be treated; any other course would be productive of incalculable difficulties and confusion. I am pleased to know that the difficulties at first anticipated from that source have been so easily and uniformly managed in the different Jurisdictions, the danger is past; but it will cast its light into future years, by the means of which we will be able to avoid one of the errors of the past.

The claim of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, to catch the materials it may accidentally find floating in its territory from other Jurisdictions, and work them into her Local Temple, we have well founded reasons to hope and believe will be abandoned. Our learned and distinguished brother, B. B. French, is again at the head of the Craft in that Jurisdiction, and we know he is too good a Mason and jurist to permit the continuance of a practice so much at war with the universally admitted law relative to territorial jurisdiction, and fraught with so much evil to the peace and harmony of the Craft generally. We know that his well-formed opinions are, "that no Subordinate Lodge can extend its

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jurisdiction beyond the territorial limits of its own Grand Lodge." So we apprehend no further difficulty from that quarter.

* * * *

In some locations there is a great penchant for an accumulation of degrees. Their name, although not legion, yet there is a goodly batch of them. I can but smile when I recollect in my early Masonic days, of hearing talk of Knights of Constantinople, Secret Monitor, Heroine of Juno, Confidence Degrees, Mason's Daughter, Sister, Mother, Eastern Star, and who knows how many more—in none of which do I suppose there is one particle of ancient Craft Masonry; if there is, it has clandestinely got there. I hope none of the brethren will ask if I have taken all these so called degrees, and to keep them from it I will say in advance that I have seen some of them communicated. There is in ancient Craft Masonry, and that is what we profess, but three degrees, and, as an organized body of such, we can recognize but them. Should I be asked what is that about which our Grand Lodge has legislated so much, called the Past Master's degree, I would answer that as a Master Mason I neither do nor can know any thing about it, unless it is the fact of having been duly elected and presided over a Lodge of Master Masons. If this is it, and I presume it is, as we can only know it, then, if experience is worth any thing, I ought, at least, to know some thing of it, having for twenty-three years and a half, consecutively, presided over a Subordinate Lodge, and, during a part of the time, three years over a Grand Lodge; but I am now, by the legislation of our Grand Lodge, happily relieved from presiding over a Subordinate Lodge, never having been elected and installed Warden. I hope, however, that won't render me obnoxious to the charge of being a clandestine Past Master. In one or two Grand Lodges they have a Past Grand Master's degree; as a degree I know nothing about it, nor do I know who does. In some Jurisdictions, from the array of capital letters following the names of some of the Grand officers, we might fear that there was another litter of new fangled degrees, just come or coming from some hot-bed of imagination that is as productive of novelties as well in Masonry as any other science; but as it is a part of my nature, and which I have always cultivated, never to presume an impropriety unless I have strong evidence of its existence, I have, therefore, sought for some Masonic meaning that might be attached to these letters. One attaches to his name the letters, M. D., which we may readily conclude stands for Master's Degree; another, D. D., that might do for two or Double Degrees; another, L. L. D., this will do for Lawful Lodge Degree, in contradistinction to clandestine degrees; but when I come to the figures I give it up; there is too much of it; some have 32 with a little ° attached to their names: some 33 with the same character attached. Now a teacher in geography, in our common schools would, perhaps, tell his pupil that it stood for degrees of latitude or longitude, but that can't be its meaning in the proceedings of a Lodge of ancient Craft Masons, for I find it attached in the proceedings of Lodges

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located in different degrees of both latitude and longitude. It can't mean degrees taken in a Lodge of ancient Craft Masons, for that is a good many more than the "oldest inhabitant," in the old latitude and longitude of Masonry ever heard of; but if, after all, it is merely a display of taste, we, having no right to say a word, will keep silent, only suggesting that there are other places where it would be more appropriate for an exhibition simply of taste than in a Masonic Lodge. How lovely and to be admired is good old fashioned ancient Craft Masonry! it needs no curls, bibs, tucks, flounces, primps, starch or paint to commend it to the love, support and admiration of the good and the true, the world over, in all ages and countries.

THE "BLANCHARD" ANTIMASONIC CONVENTION.

We suppose we ought not entirely ignore the Antimasonic Splutter at Pittsburg, and the following, from the *Masonic Monthly*, expresses our views as fully as any we have seen:

The Antimasonic Convention, announced to meet in Pittsburg, has assembled and adjourned. Not one of our Boston dailies considered it of sufficient importance to devote even a line to convey the particulars to their readers; and at one time we thought it had ended in the smoke of its announcement; but by dint of perseverance we have succeeded in putting together a tolerably full account of the affair.

The Convention was announced to meet on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of May, but, owing to some unexplained cause, did not hold its first meeting until the evening of Wednesday, the 6th inst.

The prime mover of the enterprise, Rev. Joel Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, Ill., called the Convention to order, and nominated for temporary chairman Dr. Cooper, of Philadelphia. This gentleman declined having any thing to do with the affair, and so the owner of the Convention was obliged to select a more willing tool to assist in carrying out his purpose, and offered a new name for presiding officer—Dr. Brown, editor of the *American Baptist*, the big gun of the new Antimasonic sect.

Very little was said or done, however; there were only about one hundred persons present, counting reporters, and at this stage an adjournment was anxiously expected, but the happy idea entered the cranium of Dr. Brown of calling upon the "great Mogul," Blanchard himself, to show the reason why he had called the Convention.

President Blanchard then took the stand, and said that it was now nearly thirty years since a Young Men's Antimasonic Convention was held in Alleghany county, at which a letter was read, signed by Daniel Webster, stating "that the secret orders of this country were wrong in their foundation, etc., and that they ought to be prohibited by law." He quoted the words, he said, not because they were spoken or written by Daniel Webster, but because they were the universal

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sentiment of the Christian community, East and West.

The "prime mover" proceeded to say that the sentiment of the West at that time was, "that membership in secret organisations was inconsistent with the Christian religion." He referred to the abduction of Morgan, who, he said, had been hauled through a thickly settled county in the State of New York, in a yellow coach, a distance of a hundred miles, and said that "there were good men connected with the affair."

We would here take the liberty of informing the Rev. President that it has been the pride of Freemasonry in all ages to have "good men connected with the affair." We wish we could say as much of the Pittsburg Convention. If Freemasonry is to be condemned because there are "good men connected with it," then the measure of its condemnation will not be very severe. As to the "prime mover's" statement that "the universal sentiment of the Christian community, East and West," is opposed to Freemasonry, we would remark that for the West we can not answer (we will leave that for our Western contemporaries), but we can say that here in the East there are no more active and worthy members of our Lodges than ministers of the Gospel. We have never heard truer religion preached from any pulpit than the sublime and holy teachings of Freemasonry.

Singing and prayer were then indulged in by the reverend busybodies, after which the Convention adjourned.

The second day, Thursday, was commenced with a very slim attendance, and ended with very meagre results. One of the secretaries showed his good sense by refusing to hold that position, and his resignation was accepted. No body seemed particularly anxious for the office, so the vacancy was not filled. A resolution was adopted endorsing the temperance movement, provided the temperance societies would do away with their secret passwords, grips, etc. (!)

A fellow from Canada was next introduced. We will not honor these parties by giving their names in the pages of the *Monthly*, as their only incentive for taking part in the movement was evidently the notoriety they might gain by it. As far as we are concerned, they shall be disappointed. This fellow asserted that he had taken seventeen degrees of Masonry, and asserted that the order was unchristian in its teachings. He gave what he called an explanation of the symbols and emblems of the order.

The chief business of the afternoon session was the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, which are not of sufficient interest to copy.

A delegate from New York took the floor, and addressed the Convention at some length. He thought the work undertaken by the Convention was a very important one. He understood the masonic Order to be "Anti-Christ," and if his impressions were correct he thought Christians should meet and pray together.

Another New Yorker wished to know if reading would be in order, and if so, he would like to read a letter. The chairman informed him that it would. He then produced the "Guide to the Royal Arch Chapter of Masons," of Connecticut, from which he read

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several extracts, to prove that the masonic Order was Anti-Christ.

Dr. Fairchild, of Oberlin College, read a paper on "The Influence of Secret Organizations upon Society," which was applauded loudly by the few persons present. The paper by Senator Wilson was not forthcoming, but instead he sent a letter disclaiming all intention of opposing Freemasonry. This desertion from their ranks (even if he ever had any thing to do with them,) of the only respectable name connected with the movement, must have proved a damper to the "prime mover" and his friends. But from the first we supposed that the distinguished Senator, himself a Mason, we believe, would take no part, nor say no word, against our beloved institution.

Of the evening session, the report says that on account of the rain there were but very few persons present. For some reason, which the chairman was unable to explain, the hall could not be properly lighted. The reverend busybodies probably thought that some mischievous Freemason had been tampering with the gas-meter. Wonder if they could attribute the rain to the same source. The "prime mover" took up the most of this session, and, the audience tiring of his windy arguments against Freemasonry, an adjournment was moved and carried.

The chief business of the next day was the election of a board of officers for the ensuing year.

Oberlin, Ohio, was selected as the place for holding the next Convention. From the well known bigotry and intolerance of this place, we should say that a better selection could not have been made.

The Executive Committee was instructed to take steps to have a paper established at once. We await the issue of this paper with some curiosity, and will honor it with an exchange.

The Convention, being drawn near to a close, the "prime mover" announced that sundry little bills required settlement, and that those who danced would be expected to pay the piper. A collection was taken up for this purpose, and the sum of $78.20 was raised, and it was decided to publish the proceedings of the Convention if there was any money left (?) after paying the bills. President Blanchard would require a little to carry him back to the Oberlin hotbed.

An address was made by "prime mover" Blanchard, from the committee on resolutions, which argued that secret societies are instigated by the devil." Rev. Mr. —— was called upon and related a circumstance of a murder committed in Bristol, Pa., which was related to him by a woman on her death-bed. The reverend busybody did not state whether the murderer belonged to a secret society or not, and therefore we are unable to see the pertinence of his remarks.

After saying so many hard things about Freemasonry and other secret societies, the members seemed to repent of what they had done, and adopted the following mild resolution:

"*Resolved*, That whilst we declare our determination to maintain a decided and continuous opposition to all secret societies as deistical, antagonistic to Christianity, and tending to the loosing of moralities, we regard the large portion of the members as well-meaning but mistaken persons. To-

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ward them all we cherish the most kindly Christian feeling, and ask them to calmly consider the exception we take to their orders."

The Convention ended, as it had commenced, with prayer by the Rev. Blanchard, who seemed to be the Alpha and Omega of this utterly harmless Convention.

And thus ended the great Antimasonic Convention. No exposure of its principles can ever hurt Freemasonry. It is founded on the god-like virtues of Benevolence and Brotherly Love, and no handful of bigots can change it in its course.

The small notice which has been taken of this Convention by the press of the country (including the *American Baptist*, the boasted organ of the Antimasons,) will be a warning which we think will be heeded, and it is likely that we have heard the last of President Blanchard, the modern Peter the Hermit, and his new crusade.

In conclusion, we sincerely apologize to our readers for occupying so much valuable space in narrating the eccentricities of such a harmless set of men.

S. R. N.

Original.

THREE STEPS.

BY L. E. ALLEN.

The aged father sits and dreams;
  The sunlight shines athwart the floor;
With tender touch its setting beams
  Embracing, shed a halo o'er
His drooping head, like rays of purest gold,
Or crown of life which waiting angels hold.

A peaceful smile illumes his face;
  A holy radiance lights his eyes;
His feeble fingers interlace;
  His heart recalls old memories,
Which seem to wrestle on his quivering lips,
Then tremble forth in loving fellowships.

All hail the first glad step, he cried;
  Entered apprentice, I beheld
The gates of knowledge open wide;
  Ah, then a bright ambition swelled
And filled my heart's bright chambers full of joy,
That time has softened but could ne'er destroy.

My "second step" as Fellow Craft
  With bold ascent I firmly trod.
I heard the call, the mighty draft,
  That serving man best pleaseth God.
And 'midst the beauty of this age there blooms
A love so pure, the very thought perfumes.

The golden years have swiftly fled;
  How full and rich their mellow fruit;
Though many a hope is sear and dead;
  And age has stayed each fond pursuit;
For years as Master Mason I have stood,
One of the cherished "Mystic Brotherhood."

But, list! methinks I faintly hear
  The soft glad sweep of angels' wings,
And heaven's music fills my ear!
  O, 'tis the song the angels sing;
And yonder, through the portals of the skies,
I see the shining walls of Paradise.

The western sun in royal state,
  Dipped down behind the distant hills;
The wandering robin seeks his mate;
  The twilight hush all nature thrills.
But, joy! the old man's toils and cares are o'er,
He's reached the Temple on the "shining shore."

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CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT WAYNE, IND.—The Commandery, in company with other masonic Orders here, is prospering finely. On the 26th of March we were cheered with the presence of Sir Knight Jas. Collins, of La Grange, Ind., formerly of our place, and one of the founders of Commandery No. 4, of this city.

Upon this visit Sir Knight Collins was pressed into service, and during his tarry, the various orders were instructed in the work of each, and were greatly improved, and made some advancements by his well-timed instructions. Several were dubbed Sir Knights, and on the 2d of April, at eve, five Royal Princes of the House of Judah were made captives, and brought to participate in the banqueting chamber. Lords of Masonry were invited at the dedication of the hall and rooms, and several States were represented. Kings, Princes and Rulers, and also the Lions of Judah, greeted us with their cheerful countenances. The bar, pulpit and the press were represented, and hearty responses made to calls.

Sir Knight Sol. D. Bayless, that ever live Mason, who is considered the key-stone to the arch of Masonry of Ft. Wayne, made an appropriate speech on the early history of Ft. Wayne Masonry.

Then, next in Order, was Sir Knight Shoaff, our worthy W. M. of Wayne Lodge No. 25, who remarked that he was highly pleased to meet so many around the festive board, and hoped that the young and tender plants might not be forgotten, for we old members must soon pass from this transitory sphere of action to a holier world. May they come into the circle, and learn to give alms to the poor and weary pilgrim, and bind up the wounds of the afflicted. May the patriarchs of our beloved institution induce the young by good counsel and precept to live and love Masonry—to become the shining stars who shall be seen to glitter in deeds of goodness along the pathway of future history.

Others cheered the assembly with their good advice and encouraging testimony. To close, Sir Knight Collins was called upon, and made an appropriate speech, full of thought and wisdom. The banquet broke up, and all were well pleased, feeling that it was good for them to be there. May the ever and constant blessings of high heaven cause all hearts to glow with pure gratefulness. May those tokens of kindness be felt by all true Masons. May success attend your noble and commendable enterprise. May the principles taught and inculcated in the bright rays of the "MYSTIC STAR," reach the hearts of all its readers.

Fraternally, yours,

R. W. WOHLFORD.

Original.

ACROSTIC.

BY GEO. B. NEAR.

Mysterious depths of mystic lore,
You give the student bounteous store,
Seeking the heights, the depths profound,
To analyze this sacred ground.
In countries civilized and wild,
Christian and savage claim this child.
Star of the North! thy beauteous rays
The mariner seeks with anxious gaze;
And while we seek the light afar,
Refulgent beams the Mystic Star!

Schenectady, N. Y.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

Original.

THE WIDOW RAY'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

Mrs. Ray sat beside her glowing grate gazing into the embers and plying her knitting needles industriously. The rude winds of a December night whistled around the corners of her cottage, rattled the window-blinds, and sought in vain for some crevice through which to penetrate to the warmth and cheeriness within. The mind of the widow busied itself with the past. How short seemed the time since she was a light-hearted, frolicking child, and father and mother lavished upon her that caressing care which springs only from parental tenderness. How sweetly did childhood glide into maidenhood, and how like a bright dream was the memory of her first acquaintance with young Dr. Ray, the minister's son. Then she thought of the bright summer morning that had witnessed their nuptials, of the fresh June roses, and of the delicate white blossoms that had been culled from her own flower garden to form a bridal wreath; and she remembered how her heart had bounded with joy and pride when the bridegroom had whispered that the bride was fairer than the snowy chaplet.

Thus how sweetly the years had glided by, bearing their rich freightage of joy. Her only child, a noble boy, had grown to man's estate, and become a commissioned officer in the navy, and her heart had cherished him with a mother's fond love and pride.

Then came the memory of darker days; her husband had been injured by a fall from his horse, and became an invalid; and soon after came the heart-rending news that the good ship Henry, of which their son was commander, had gone down in a gale, and that all on board had perished. Dr. Ray sunk rapidly under this great sorrow, and two months later was laid, with masonic honors, in the village cemetery; and Mrs. Ray found herself, at the age of forty-five, a widow and childless. But little property was left her—only her pretty cottage, with its pleasant grounds; and even that was mortgaged for one-third its actual value. But just when she had expected to be deprived of this last relic of happier days, the mortgage had been sent to her by mail, accompanied by a certificate from the mortgagee that the debt had been fully cancelled. But to whom she was indebted for this kindness Mrs. Ray could never ascertain. During the two years that had supervened between that time and the present, she had, at frequent intervals, received supplies of money in the same mysterious way, quite sufficient to meet all her wants. Who was her

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secret friend? True, she had *many* friends who seemed always seeking to make her present happy, and to win her from the contemplation of the gloomy past; but she could think of none rich enough in worldly goods to supply her thus bountifully, and so her conjectures were fruitless. But to-night Mrs. Ray was alone; and as she reviewed the various events of her life, and thought of her lost husband and child, the busy fingers ceased their labor, the knitting lay forgotten in her lap, and a tear-drop found its way down her cheek and fell upon the folded hands. What mattered it to her that this was Christmas Eve, she had none to make her Christmas merry.

A loud rap at the door startled her. She glanced at the clock on the mantel —half-past nine! Who could seek her dwelling on so black a night, and at so late an hour. She hesitated a moment, then went to the door and asked who sought admittance. There was no reply. She heard a receding step on the icy pavement; she opened the door and found a basket, containing a large turkey, already prepared for cooking, and a note tied to the basket-handle, which read thus:

"A merry Christmas to Mrs. Ray, and a contribution to a Christmas dinner—to which the donor intends to invite himself and a few masonic friends."

"Well, this is a strange proceeding," said the widow to herself. "'Himself and a few masonic friends;' who can it be? I wish the turkey could talk and unravel this little mystery;" but the turkey was a mason, too, so far as secrecy was concerned; so Mrs. Ray contented herself with a resolution to do the hostess in good style, and to demonstrate to her as yet unknown guests that she was no second-rate cook.

The next morning Mrs. Col. Cook "dropped in just to wish Mrs. Ray a merry Christmas," and learning of the mysterious advent of the turkey, declared that her "Bridget should come right over and help prepare the dinner." "And you will come with the Colonel and dine with us," said the widow. "Certainly, if you desire it," and I will come early and help prepare the desert.

It was singular how like magic a splendid Christmas dinner assumed form and shape. Mrs. Cook sent Bridget home for a supply of fruits and sweet-meats, but Mrs. Ray did not overhear the words whispered in Bridget's ear—"Tell Mr. Cook we are ready."

"I think," said the widow, looking out at the window, "that it is time the unknown made his appearance with his masonic friends. Ah, here they come: one, two, three, four, five, six. Mr. Norton and Mr. Baker, with their wives, Col. Cook, and— a— stranger."

"Oh," said Mrs. Cook, "that is Capt. Howard, an old friend of my husband, who is visiting at our house. Bridget, put the turkey on the table."

Mrs. Ray met her guests at the door, rallied the gentlemen on obliging a poor widow to give a Christmas dinner, and asked the ladies if they had been parties to the plot.

Mrs. Baker replied "that it was the gentlemen's idea entirely, and was not at all to be wondered at, since it was

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a well established fact that most masons were fond of good dinners."

"And are you a mason, also?" said Mrs. Ray, turning to the gentleman who had been introduced to her as Capt. Howard.

"I am," was the reply.

"Come, come," said Mrs. Cook, "the dinner will be cold."

Hats and overcoats, furs and bonnets, were laid aside, and the party were soon in the dining-room.

"I will do the carving," said Mr. Cook.

"No," said the widow, "you shall not, unless you are the person who brought the turkey. The donor of the fowl shall carve it."

"Well, then," said the Colonel, "I must resign the position to Captain Howard."

Mrs. Ray looked amazedly at the stranger. "Who— where—I do not understand it," she said.

"Then you do not recognize me," said the Captain.

Mrs. Ray fastened her gaze upon him. "Great Heaven!" she cried; "can this be true! Is it—yes, it *is* my son Howard, risen from the dead!"

His arms were about her; she was weeping joyful tears upon his bosom. The other ladies laughed and cried by turns, and even the gentlemen found a pocket-handkerchief convenient.

"There it is," said Mrs. Cook, at length, "I told you the dinner was getting cold, and yet you must all take the time for a 'cry.'"

Howard Ray led his mother to the table, and taking a seat beside her, proceeded to do the honors of host while Mrs. Cook poured the coffee; and no happier party could have been found upon that day. Nowhere was there a *merrier Christmas* than in the humble cottage of widow Ray. The handsome young Captain told them the story of the wreck of the "Good Ship Henry," and of his miraculous escape; of his subsequent capture by a British "man-of-war," and the impossibility of reaching his home sooner. That he had arrived only the evening before, and meeting Col. Cook as he stepped out of the stage-coach, he had with reluctance consented to remain *incog.* until the morrow, that all might enjoy the reunion together; that during the previous evening he had learned that the Masonic Lodge had relieved the old home of the mortgage resting upon it, and had maintained his mother in his absence. "And now, dear mother," he said, in conclusion, and drawing her closer to his side, "let us unite in grateful acknowledgment of this truly masonic care of the widow in her misfortunes."

So the problem was solved at last. It was not *one* kind friend, but *many*. who had ministered secretly to her wants; and from that day forward Mrs. Ray was an earnest advocate of masonic principles.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch; it is founded wholly in fact, and is but *one* of *many* instances of masonic charity and unostentatious benevolence which might be truthfully related by the writer.

THE TRUE FREEMASON, like the true Christian, amidst all the diversities of opinion, searches for the elevated in desire, for the good in counsel, for the just in works, and the charitable in conduct. He loves the good, under whatever temple, at whatever altar he may find them.

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THE SNOW-DROP

IN THE POOR MAN'S WINDOW.

It was a darksome alley,
Where light but seldom shone,
Save when at noon a sun-ray touched
The little sill of stone
Beneath the poor man's window,
Whose weary life was bound,
To waste at one dull, ceaseless task,
The passing seasons round.

Spring's dewy breath of perfume,
And Summer's wealth of flowers,
Or the changing hue of Autumn's leaves,
Ne'er blest his lonely hours:
He knew too well when Winter
Came howling forth again—
He knew it by his fireless grate,
The snow and plashing rain.

Pierced by the frost-winds beating,
His cheerless task he plied;
Want chained him ever to the loom,
By the little window's side;
But when the days grew longer,
He stole one happy hour
To tend, within a broken vase,
A pale and slender flower.

How tenderly he moved it
To catch the passing ray,
And smiled to see its folded leaves
Grow greener every day;
His faded eyes were lifted oft,
To watch the snow-drop bloom—
To him it seemed a star of light,
Within that darksome room.

And as he gently moved it
Near the sun-touched pane,
Oh! who can tell what memories
Were busy in his brain?
Perchance his home in childhood,
In a sylvan valley lay,
And he heard the voice of the running streams,
And the green leaves' rustling play.

Perchance a long departed
But cherished dream of yore,
Rose through the mist of Want and Toil,
To bless his heart once more.

A voice of music whispered
Sweet words into his ear,
And he lived again that moonlight o'er,
Gone by for many a year.

Or but the love of Nature
Within his bosom stirred—
The same sweet call that answered by
The blossom and the bird;
The free, unfettered worship
Paid by the yearning soul,
When it seems to feel its wings expand
To reach a brighter goal—

An aspiration, showing
Earth binds us not her slave,
But we crave a brighter being—
A life beyond the grave.

THE GOLDEN DREAM.

MRS. H. was sitting at the piano, on a winter evening, engaged in the performance of several difficult pieces of music, accompanied by a gentleman with the clarionet. She was a skillful musician, and the fingers of her small, plump hand flew rapidly over the keys, calling forth their varied melody, and the smaller instrument being as skillfully played upon, the sweet and perfectly according tones were too ravishing for mortal ear to hear unmoved. The two musicians seemed wholly absorbed in their employment; they were lifted above the earth and soaring away on the wings of sound, unconscious for the time of aught that was not harmonious, heavenly and sweet. A child, left to amuse himself as pleased him best, was trotting about the apartment, wofully disturbing the arrangement of books, chairs, and every thing which his little hands could reach or move, occasionally approaching the piano, and pulling mamma's dress with childish impatience and vexation, without being able to gain her atten-

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tion; but he did not cry or scold, for the music apparently exercised a restraining influence over him, preventing any thing more than a pantomimic manifestation of his desire to be noticed. The child's father was seated on an end of the sofa, unseen by the players unless they turned toward him, with his head bent down upon his hands, seemingly subdued, or overcome, by the melodious sounds which filled the apartment; but he might with equal probability have been fast asleep, for any thing that the performers knew to the contrary, as he made no single demonstration of pleasure or applause, and it was very evident that they were not exerting their talent to amuse an audience, but rather to gratify themselves.

When they had brought the performance to a close Mr. H. roused himself from his reverie to bid their visitor good-night, and then sank down again into his corner and his meditations. Mrs. H. went humming about the room, putting the chairs in their places, closing the piano, arranging the music, etc., and finally taking the child in her arms, who had followed her around in all her movements, she put off his little garments, singing and chatting to him meanwhile, and then bearing him in her arms to an adjoining room, when he had murmured his short prayer, left him to his rest. Though all this time she had been apparently unmindful of her husband, it was not so, for she had seen that he was not thinking of what passed before his eyes, but had refrained from annoying him with questions. Now, however, when they were alone, and all was quiet, she sat down upon the sofa beside him, and when he looked up in her face, she said, "You have not encored the musicians this evening, Henry, what fault did you find with the performance?"

"Fault, oh, none at all! In fact I believe I scarcely heard it, or knew one piece from another. What were you playing?"

"Barbarian! I thought so! I thought you were not listening; but there is no need of your asking for the programme when the concert is over, and I shall not take the trouble to name the pieces we were practicing.

"The man who has no music in his soul,
And is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils."

Now what treason have you been plotting against my individual peace, or the good of our common country, while you remained insensible to such soul-moving music?"

"I wish I had courage to tell you."

"Then you admit that it is something treasonable, and I see that I am to be the victim, since you fear to give me your confidence."

"Yes, it is even so, Ellen, and there must be a sacrifice if I go on with my plan."

"You are in earnest, my dear husband; you are troubled; something goes wrong with you. What is it? May I not know?"

"Did you think me asleep this evening?"

"No, I knew you were not."

"And yet I dreamed."

"A waking dream, I suppose."

"You shall hear. I saw myself transported to the lately acquired country where gold is so plentiful, and

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with my own hand I gathered the yellow sands till, in a little while, I could call myself independent. I could rest from my labor and enjoy life, free from the harrassing care of providing for daily wants. I could see the wife I love, happy in the midst of ease and elegance, and the child we idolize enjoying every advantage which wealth can bestow. And why may not this dream become a reality? Why should I not seek my fortune in that golden land as well as others? Say, Ellen, why should I not?"

"Because I should be left alone and unhappy, and worse than that, I should be tortured with the fear that you were sick and suffering. Ah, my husband, I have been so happy! You have made the short years of my married life so blest! I have every thing that my heart desires, and this very evening, as with a sense of sweet security, I looked around our cheerful apartment, and while I hushed the child in my arms, thanked Heaven for my pleasant home and its dearest treasures, I felt that perfect content which only the happy wife and mother can know. With you and for you I could bear much; I could even submit to a separation if it were necessary, and if it were not to lead *you* into distress and danger; but I can not listen to a project like this without fear and pain. Have we not enough to satisfy us? I do not wish for more, and why should you leave certain for uncertain good?"

"If I have allowed you to be deceived in regard to our pecuniary affairs, it was with an affectionate motive, a desire to spare you pain; but now, Ellen, it has become necessary for me to tell you that the little fortune left me by my father is nearly gone; how, I hardly know; I am not a spendthrift, but I fear that my carelessness and want of judgment or economy are to be blamed for bringing us so soon to the verge of want. It seems to me that this golden region has been opened for the careless and improvident, and that there, if any where, their fortunes must be retrieved; and why should I not try the experiment as well as the rest?"

"Because you are not an adventurer, and are not used to hardship and privation; you might be ill, with none to care for you, you might die in that distant land. How much better to be contented with a little at home, where we have health and friends, those *real* blessings, than to run the risk of losing them, while we go in search of that which is at best but a secondary good. Your pecuniary affairs can not be so badly deranged that prudence and industry will not bring them right again; and believe me, Henry, I will most cheerfully join in any plan of retrenchment, and aid you, so far as I am able, with good advice, if nothing else."

The wife's arguments and entreaties for awhile prevailed, but shortly the fever returned again, and when she saw that it was useless to endeavor to convince him that the measure was ill-advised, she said no more against it, but with a heavy heart lent her aid in making preparations for his departure.

(*To be continued.*)

May not the bird who sleeps upon the wing be said to occupy a feather bed?

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EDITORIAL.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A CANDIDATE.

WHEN the profane, of his own free-will and accord, presents himself as a candidate for initiation, it is a transition, the sublimity of which, too many fail to realize, understand or appreciate. Emblematically, it is a "*new birth*," from the outside world into the sanctuary of the masonic fraternity. He resolves, if found worthy, to place himself in a new relation to an Order, a true knowledge of which he can not know without being permitted to *hear, feel* and *see* the beauty of the great moral truths of Masonry; and willingly subject himself to her laws, usages, and edicts—none of which interferes with any duty to his country, his neighbor, his family, or to his God.

In many instances the neophyte may be ignorant of his duty in these several relations; and Masonry will direct his thoughts to duty, and enable him to make the requisite improvement in moral life, and stand higher in all the relations of his existence. It simply brings him from darkness to light; and leads him up the rugged pathway of human life, to a true knowledge of the arts and sciences. Masonry unlocks the door, and the mind goes into the rich mines of truth, and becomes in possession of her valuable treasures.

The first thing indispensable for us to know, is the candidate possessed of the right spirit and proper qualifications. Due inquiry, observation and acquaintance will determine the fitness of all profanes. The capacity of becoming acquainted with the mysteries of Masonry is an important item, many times overlooked. There are but two sources from which we can determine whether a candidate has already or will so cultivate his mind and become proficient in the true interest of her claims. The *internal* and *external* sources are the channels through which to judge of the requisite qualifications.

The internal are those which lie hid within his own heart, and are made manifest by his acts. Properties which are locked within his breast, and are unknown to the world, may, perhaps, disqualify him from ever becoming a good and true Mason. Some of these properties are such as may never be known to any one else. Cautiousness and secretiveness, with a limited conscientiousness, and a large share of selfishness, may keep hid from the masonic brotherhood his real character, and hence we are deceived many times in making our selections. Therefore, when we accept him by a clear ballot, and he is admitted into the temple, we rely upon him as a man, and trust that he will make an upright Mason, and become a worthy brother among us. We trust to his honor as a man, relative to the motives which prompted him to ask to be admitted to step over the threshold of the vestibule of our institution.

One of the first ideas imparted is, the assurance that it is the *internal* and the *external* qualifications which recommend him to the Fraternity. Wordly wealth and honors are not considered necessary to open the door to him.

When a candidate asks us to take his petition before the Lodge, we suppose that he believes he has honest intentions, pure motives, and the requisite preparation of heart. With these impressions we investigate his case, find no external barrier in the way; a favorable report may remove doubts upon the mind of some brother; the ballot is spread, and is found clear. And not being able to see the interior we may be deceived.

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As the candidate comes of his own *free will and accord*, no member can proselyte or invite any one to petition without violating the principle of Masonry. The only masonic proselyting method that is justifiable is the example of a good and an upright life. Other organizations permit their members to compass sea and land, and stand by the corners of the streets and market-places, and exert all their energies to persuade persons to unite with them. But this is entirely out of place, and can not be tolerated in the masonic fraternity. It is incompatible with the genius of our Order, to persuade any one to become a Mason. Whoever desires to undergo the transition should first be prepared in his heart, and possess the qualifications which will enable him to duly appreciate this society, which is founded upon the purest principles of virtue, honesty, and that pure religion which is undefiled. Therefore he must come uninfluenced except by precept and example.

We are not taught that Masonry goes out and seeks its votaries. It teaches, and is sought; it does not solicit membership, but it will respond to all who seek to become enlightened in her mysteries, and knock at her door. The time has come when we need not fear that there will be any lack of membership. We should fear that the door of the Temple is not watched with that caution and vigilance which our sublime rites demand. In order to have true, zealous and trusty members, they must come without being influenced by the persuasion of friends.

The practice is so common and prevalent in other organizations, that many—who are well disposed toward Masonry—wonder and inquire why they are not invited and urged to unite with us. If the same practice prevailed with us as with others, no one would come of his own free will, consequently proselyting is forbidden.

Bro. HACKER, Grand Secretary of Indiana, is entitled to our thanks for advance sheet of the Grand Master's Annual Address.

CAIN—THE FIRST ANTI-MASON.

We believe that the first Anti-mason was Cain, the son of Adam and Eve. We are not able to say, positively, that there were any Masons or masonic Lodges in those days, but we have the best historical evidence that the spirit of anti-masonry was entertained by a member of one of the "first families" in Eden. When Cain, after the commission of his great crime, was asked, "Where is Abel, thy brother?" he answered by asking, "Am I my brother's keeper?" implying very clearly that he did not think that he was under any obligation to look after his brother, to know where he was, or to have any care whatever concerning him. From this expose of his sentiments we are morally certain that Cain did not belong to any masonic Lodge, even if there were any at that time. If he did he would have known better. If he had been only an "entered apprentice," he would have known better. No man ever crossed the threshold of the Order without receiving some very impressive lessons upon this subject, that he could not forget.

In fact, if there is one sentiment which, more than any other, is truly Masonic, it is that which assumes the very opposite of the position implied in Cain's answer. Masonry asserts so positively and so often, that we are our brother's keeper, and are bound to watch over him with the most tender care and earnest solicitude, that it is the great ideal of the institution—the very genius of the Order. Brotherly love, fraternal regard, is the cement that holds us together.

We regret that all Masons do not live as closely to this principle as they ought. We are sorry to say that the reproach is merited, but this however implies the purity against which we sin. There are some Cains wearing our regalia and bearing our name—men who "would steal the livery of the court of heaven to serve the devil in"—Masons who are Anti-masons, and do us more harm in belonging to us than the combined opposition of all the Pittsburgh conventions in the world. No Anti-masons do us so much wrong as they who bear our

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name. These are the Cains who can not see that they are their brother's keepers, and who in all this deny practically the first principles of masonic love. And, on the other hand, if we permit those who are not of us to show more of brotherly love than we, we allow them to rob Masonry of its most beautiful laurels, and transfer to other brows the crown that belongs to her. Those who practice brotherly love, and practically acknowledge that they are responsible for their brother's whereabouts, are really Masons. Yes, whether male or female—whether in the Lodge or out of it, they are Masons. Masons in their kindness to the erring—Masons in their care and tenderness for the suffering, and Masons in their solicitude that the straying may be reclaimed and placed in a true position in the great structure of useful life. Much good material is laying waste and sinking into the rubbish, that might be useful, and for which we can find an appropriate place, if we are true to our calling. And this is masonic, no matter who performs it. But the man who will not acknowledge that he is his brother's keeper, and who questions any responsibility as to what may become of him, is the Cain of the present day.

MASONIC LAW OF ILLINOIS.

THE Grand Lodge of Illinois, in her by-laws regulating Subordinate Lodges, has upon record the following:

"This Grand Lodge will sustain the action of any Subordinate Lodge under its jurisdiction, in punishment by reprimand, suspension or expulsion, any member who shall be found guilty of the inordinate use of *intoxicating drinks*, *profanity*, *gambling*, *quarreling* WITH OR ABUSING A BROTHER MASON."

This is an excellent law and regulation. Still, we have an objection. It implies that if the individual abused is not a brother Mason, the Grand Lodge will not sustain the punishment, or even require the subordinate to inflict any penalty whatever. It is not enough to fulfill the obligation which Masonry imposes upon us as members, to only refrain from "abusing a brother Mason." And no Grand Lodge under the canopy of heaven should have such an implied law. Suppose a member should be punished by his Lodge for abusing one not a Mason. He appeals to the Grand Lodge, claiming he has not violated a Grand Lodge regulation—that his own Lodge has overreached its bounds by taking cognizance of his conduct towards the outsiders of Masonry.

Again: suppose that the members of the Subordinate Lodge becomes schooled and educated in the implied interpretation of this law, and pay no attention to the abuse of those not Masons? In so doing, are we as Masons living up to the noble principles of the Order? By no means. We like the law which we have under consideration, but we want the Grand Lodge to so amend this regulation, and have it read, "who shall be found guilty of the inordinate use of intoxicating drinks, profanity, gambling, quarreling with or abusing ANY PERSON but more especially a brother Mason."

THE RELIGION OF MASONRY.

MASONRY presumes to teach a morality, and in this particular is like any other system of religion. Her principles, her teachings, all her passwords, and the names of all her grips are found in the Bible. But this presumption to teach a religion and to supersede sects, is in reality her greatest crime, at least in the estimation of her enemies. Were it not for this she would excite but little notice, and encounter less opposition from the fanatical Quixotes of the day. The recent battle of the windmill, known as the Pittsburgh Anti-masonic Convention, would never have found its paragraph in history, had it not been for this great sin of Masonry. She actually presumes to teach a religion! She presumes in her efforts to purify the world, to trench upon ground claimed by certain sects as their exclusive prerogative, and they are intolerant.

In this, however, they have an historical example. Peter and John, the disciples of an ancient reformer, found others doing

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good under another name, and they took umbrage at the effort. Their Master, however rebuked them and said, "Forbid them not, for he that is not against us is for us." It would not be futile for us to commend this item to the notice of those who are so mad in their sectarianism as to lose sight of the weightier matters of virtue and truth.

Yet it is true that Masonry does teach a religion, and she is peculiar in deducing her precepts from every thing appertaining to her art. Her lessons on integrity are drawn from the solidity of the rock that stands firm and immovable throughout all storms. Her teachings of love she derives from the strong cement that binds the different portions of the wall together. The duty of looking carefully to the welfare of the brotherhood, she finds exemplified in the principle of gravity and adhesion that render her structure imperishable. In this way also she derives lessons of wisdom and prudence, which properly improved become of immense value to her children.

But if the sects are Anti-masonic, much more is Masonry anti-sectarian. Instead of separating men from each other by sectarian barriers, she destroys the barriers, and unites in fraternal bonds those who before were aliens and enemies. All sects and divisions of men meet upon the same level under her panoply. Kings and peasants, priests and people, autocrats and democrats, stand before her altar, equals. They are all baptized in the same flood that makes them one, and they come forth, through a new birth, into a fraternity that utterly ignores the castes and divisions that pride and pomp have made. As the king passes the portal into the Lodge, his crown falls from his head and the sceptre from his hand. The priest lays aside the mitre, and the general his sword. Within, however, merit, whether in poor or rich, wears both the crown and the mitre, and wields both the sceptre and the sword.

To PRACTICE sincerity is to speak as we think; to do as we profess; to perform what we promise; and really to be what we would seem and appear to be.

EDITORIAL ITEMS—BY SEA AND BY LAND.

We had an occasion to cross our favorite "*inland sea*" a short time since. We took passage on the "Skylark," and was cordially greeted by her Captain, Bro. H. K. Langley, who is ever ready to meet his passengers with a smile and a welcome. The Skylark is one of Stephens' line, running from this city to St. Joseph, and if any of the brotherhood wish to be treated with due regard, let them place themselves in the hands of the Captain, and fear no danger.

After reaching St. Joseph we directed our course to the Perkins House, which is kept by Bros. Osgood, who are attentive to their guests, and for whom we bespeak a word. Let every body go to St. Joseph, "to see the folks and get peaches."

We visited the brothers in their Lodge, and formed pleasant acquaintances. We have a good working corps in Masonry here, and we learned that the brotherhood were doing good work.

In due time we stepped on board the Van Raalte, a steamer that runs between St. Joseph and Grand Haven. Capt. Jones, and Mr. Brown, the first mate, are attentive to the wants of their passengers, and their new boat is fast coming into favor on this line.

Our destination was South Haven, a town which will soon change its costume to that of a city. It is one of the best locations for fruit culture on the lake. The prospect is fair for a good supply this season.

MASONRY NOT SECTARIAN.

We do not believe in any Masonry that requires any religious test except a belief in the existence of a God. This is enough, but any thing further is sectarian. Many of the so called higher degrees are Christian, and in some cases even Trinitarian. This principle is at war with the genius of Masonry, and shuts out of its fellowship many thousands of the very best men in the Order. And, moreover, the same reasoning that would show cause for the insti-

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tution of many of these higher degrees, would be equally convincing for degrees to an indefinite extent. It seems to us that this multiplying of degrees is not only departing from the ancient confines of the Order, but leads to confusion, and tends to burlesque the institution.

Of what practical utility can the 33° be to any man as a brother or companion. There is not one Mason among a thousand who can affiliate with him. The brothers and fellows below him are excluded from his higher fraternity, and his degrees are of but little benefit to him, and none at all to those of humbler spheres. Besides, it is an acknowledged principle in ethics that the higher a man is exalted the less he feels of fraternal love. And if this be so, every degree added to legitimate ancient Masonry will tend to estrange a brother from those of his former level. This, we believe, is to-day its practical result. Of course, we do not expect to convince any one who has taken the (so called) upper degrees, that they are not masonic. But we have a right to say that they are not so, as we have learned Masonry. To exact the belief in the existence of a God, as a common level on which all can stand, is well enough; for all men thus believe. But beyond this, there are a thousand conflicting views among men. All beyond this is sectarian; for, from this point, men diverge into sects. Christianity is a sect to the Jew and the Mahommedan; but as all acknowledge a Supreme Being, such belief is not sectarian, but is rather an appropriate and proper level for the erection of just such an institution as Masonry. The farther we go from this level, the farther we are from the true, warm love, that should cement us together in the bonds of an enduring fraternity.

POVERTY CIRCUMSCRIBES OUR DESIRES.

Poverty and wealth are opposites, and both terms are those of comparison. One man is rich or poor, the other richer or poorer. None so rich but that he might be richer—none so poor but that he might be poorer. The man who has but a single suit or garment, and nothing else, either of food or raiment, is certainly poor indeed; but he would be still poorer without even the little he has. And poorer yet, if to his other sufferings was added the loss of a limb or faculty.

In every country there is a certain price or sum of money that will sustain life; and this price can be reached by the interest that money will always command. On the other hand, life can be sustained by labor. So that while some are fed and clothed by the sweat of their brow, others live by having money to work for them.

Now it is manifest that he who is worth so much that the interest of the money will support him, is independent—rich. On the other hand, he who is well sustained by his employment, whether of speculation or otherwise, though for the time being as well provided for, still, being dependent on his exertions, he is not called rich. And yet, it would seem that he who can dig his own living out of the earth, or make his way through the world without relying on extraneous aid, is more independent than the man who depends on the riches that have wings, or the treasures that moth or rust may corrupt, or that thieves can steal.

And after all, poverty is not the greatest evil that can befall a man. As riches have tempted many a man to do wrong, to live excessively and immorally, so has poverty kept many a man within the proper bounds of morality and virtue. Though it may be hard to believe, it is nevertheless true, that poverty, as well as riches, has blessings and benefits to bestow. Excessive penury, of course, is not desirable. It is an evil that we all wish to avoid. But for all that, a moderate poverty is not without many desirable results. It is the compass that circumscribes our desires, and the square that keeps us within the due bounds of propriety and virtue.

The *New York Dispatch* says: "*Moore's Masonic Review*, the Mystic Star, and the *Evergreen*, are all in a lump before us, and

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each are full of good things: more especially the former, which we always hail with great pleasure, though in saying this we mean no depreciation of the two little fellows last named."

Bro. *Dispatch*, have ye never learned this truth, that small packages are more valuable than large ones. One ounce of gold is worth as much cast iron as the editor of the *Dispatch* can lift. The MYSTIC STAR and *Evergreen* men are impressed with another important truth, that a bed-spread made of shoddy is not as valuable as one-half the size made of the best French Merino. And the MYSTIC STAR is inclined to the opinion that our *Dispatch* brother is convinced of that fact by enriching his paper in publishing two valuable articles of our "*little fellow.*"

We admire his taste, and believe that his head is getting level. And we discover that the editor keeps his choice of the "lump" for its external appearance, and uses our "little fellow" for its internal value—another indication of the soundness of our *Dispatch* brother.

Bro. C. C. POMEROY, our able correspondent, has been invited, by the Masonic Craft, to deliver an oration on the 24th, at Anderson, Ind. Bro. Pomeroy's social quality, and his knowledge of the true principles of Masonry and powers of oratory, amply fits him to do justice on the occasion.

PIANOS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—We clip the following from the Boston *Evening Transcript:*

"Chickering & Sons have received from the Department of State, U. S. A., Washington, the Official Catalogue of Awards to American Exhibitors at the Paris Exposition. The Cross of the Legion of Honor is at the head of the list as the *First* Grand Prize, only four of which were awarded to America, viz.: McCormick, for reaping machines; Wood, mowing machines; Chickering & Sons, pianos; Howe, promoter of the sewing machine. In the list of gold medals the Boston house comes FIRST, viz.: Chickering & Sons, Boston, pianofortes."

EXPELLED.

AT a regular meeting of Abingdon Lodge No. 185, A. F. and A. M., on Tuesday, May 5th, 1868, F. McK. McDonald, who has been a traveling agentfor a Chicago Scale Company, was expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry, for obtaining money and goods from members of this Lodge on false representations, and not paying debts contracted by him. F. McK. McDonald is a Scotchman, has an unmistakable Scotch accent, dark complexion, dark hair, inclined to be corpulent, and about five feet six inches in height.

Published by order of the Lodge.

J. W. BUTLER, W. M.

GEO. S. SMITH, Sec'y.

Abingdon, Ill., June 3d, 1868.

MASONIC DICTIONARY.—We are under due gratitude to Bro. Bailey for a copy of the *Masonic Dictionary.* We find many useful items in it, and some which would be of value to the Order, if they were not published. Upon the whole, perhaps, there is more wheat than chaff, and every discerning craftsman will be able to separate and save the good, and cast the bad away. Price $3. Address John C. W. Bailey, Chicago.

THE NATIONAL EXAMINER.—This is the title of a weekly, the first number of which is on our table. It purports to be an "independent journal, for a progressive age." The copy before us is filled with excellent reading, and we can—if it continues on the same track—recommend it to the family every where.

It contains a Masonic department, well filled with excellent articles, and breathes a proper spirit, directing its course to the moral improvement of the brotherhood. We cheerfully extend our hand to the brothers of the *Examiner.*

WOMAN AND MASONRY.—We have received a well written article on this subject, in reply to one in our last. We shall be happy to publish it, when we learn the author's name and address. We can not depart from the well-defined principle relative to anonymous writers.

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THE

MYSTIC STAR:

A Monthly Magazine

DEVOTED TO

FREEMASONRY AND ITS LITERATURE.

JAMES BILLINGS, EDITOR.

SOL. D. BAYLESS, P. G. M., AND S. ASHTON, ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

CHICAGO, ILL.:
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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. IX. A.L. 5868—JULY—A.D. 1868. No. 1

[Original.]

LEISURE TIME—HOW TO SPEND IT.

BY DR. C. WOODHOUSE.

EVERY one not the veriest slave, has some leisure time, or time not employed in "the ordinary avocations of life." This leisure time is needed by all. We were not made to work or sleep all the time in the twenty-four hours in the day, or during the seven days of the week. Physical and mental health are promoted by hours of relaxation. Now, how shall these hours be employed? Doubtless there are many legitimate ways in which they can be taken up. On the Sabbath, we can go to church where our peculiar religious tastes can find gratification; during the week, on its evenings (the usual time of leisure), we can attend meetings of kindred spirits for mental improvement and enjoyment.

On the manner in which we spend this leisure time very much depends in the matter of happiness for ourselves, and good influence upon others. With some, (too many, it may be feared,) the leisure hour is the season of peril, and fraught with a bane and curse. Many who have gone "the broad road that leads to destruction," can trace their winding and devious way back to mispent time—"time, the stuff life is made off"—worse than slept away, or thrown away.

Were Masonry justly chargeable with wasting time, or imperiling morals, it would be a serious charge. But this is not so. We know some make this charge, but it is groundless. Some would have the world believe that the gambling room, or drinking saloon, are no worse in their influences than the masonic lodge room. Now let us see. Is there gambling in the Masonic meetings? Every Mason can say, No! Is there drinking (of inebriating drinks) there? No! Is the Bible there made a thing of jest and ridicule? No! For it occupies the most honored place, and no lodge can lawfully work without it. Are Masons taught to hate their fellow men, or wrangle with each other? No! But general charity is taught, and among *them*, those who best do, and "best agree," are the most honored. Is the name of Deity profaned? No! For in its sacred presence and at its utterance, all are taught, in all humbleness,

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to bow and adore. True, the work is very interesting as well as instructing, and when well done, by good and expert workmen, really impressive and sublime. But in no part of it, and in no word it utters, is there any thing said, or left unsaid, that will in the least deteriorate the morals of Masonic votaries.

We can, then, with truth, say that our leisure hours can be safely and profitably spent in the Masonic lodge room. The good, generous, liberal soul, will find there, at once, a congenial atmosphere, or congenial spirits within its walls. And those, who, from the force of education or other causes, have their views somewhat contracted, can find fruit for thought, and learn the divine lessons of universal charity, before its sacred altar. Masonry has taught a broader charity than has often the pulpit. Masonry will knock off "the rough corners" of bigotry, and plainly show that manhood is the true nobility, whether it wears the peasant's homespun or the monarch's purple. And it will teach the bitter maddened zealot of a creed, that to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, and comfort the distressed, is more than all burnt offerings and sacrifice.

RUTLAND, Vt.

OHIO.

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT ON FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

WE would give more of this able report, but for want of room. We present the following:

"In the course of our examination of these various proceedings, we have been struck with the many conflicting and contradicting decisions on questions of masonic jurisprudence, as promulgated by different Grand Masters and Grand Lodges.

"We have come to the conclusion that at present the question of a uniform code of masonic jurisprudence is of more real importance to the general welfare of the fraternity than the old and comparatively insignificant question of 'uniformity of work.'

"The old subject, 'uniformity of work,' still engages much of the attention of many of the Grand Lodges. From the reading of these proceedings we infer that, notwithstanding the efforts that have been made for so many years past by means of grand lecturers, convocations, conservators, etc., etc., looking towards that masonic millenium—*perfect* uniformity of work—(approximate uniformity we always had); but little real progress has been made, and perhaps we are as far removed now from the uniformity of ritual in the various American Grand Lodges, as we were fifty years ago. We do not think this vexatious question begins to be worthy the importance attached to it.

"The gratifying news has frequently come to us from more than one jurisdiction, that they have at last triumphed, and with them uniformity of work prevails.

"Baron Pompolino, while engaged in the vain effort of fitting the *glass slipper* on his daughter's foot, in his

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anxiety and and excitement, triumphantly exclaims, 'It's on! it's on!' 'On,' echoes the Prince. 'Yes, all but the heel,' lugubriously responds the Baron. So we fear with absolute uniformity of work, there is always something lacking—uniformity—all but the heel. As to all the essentials of our ritual, we think its uniformity throughout the entire world is wonderful. Wherever we may go, whatever language may be spoken, the marvelous coincidence of the esoteric portion of the ritual of the symbolic degrees, is most striking."

MASONIC LAW OF ILLINOIS.

DIMITS.

It is contrary to and inconsistent with the ancient usages and precepts of our Order, to withdraw from a subordinate Lodge, or to reside in the neighborhood of a subordinate Lodge without becoming a member thereof.

A Masonic dimit dates from the Lodge record when the same was granted, and membership ceases with said date.

No Lodge shall grant a dimit unless the applicant shall have paid his dues and produced a receipt therefor.

CHARTERS.

It is not in the power of the majority of the members of a subordinate Lodge to surrender the charter of said Lodge, so long as seven Master Masons, members thereof, continue to work under said charter, and according to the ancient landmarks of Masonry.

Whenever the charter of a Lodge shall be destroyed by fire, or in any other manner, or shall be stolen and surreptitiously taken and detained, without the fault of the Lodge or Master, it shall be lawful for the Grand Master to order another charter to be issued to said Lodge; which charter shall set forth the names of the members and officers named in the charter so lost, detained, or destroyed, the grand communication at which it was granted, the names of the grand officers attached thereto, and the circumstances of its loss, destruction, or detention, and shall be signed by the Grand Master and attested by the Grand Secretary, under his hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, without fee.

Whenever the charter of any Lodge shall become so defaced or illegible as to be unfit for use, it shall be lawful for the Grand Master to grant them another charter, bearing the same name and number, setting forth the names of the members and officers named in the first charter, the date thereof, the names of the grand officers attached thereto, and the reason for granting another charter, which shall be signed by the Grand Master and attested by the Grand Secretary, under his hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, and who shall be entitled to the usual fee therefor.

MORALS—CRIMES—MISDEMEANORS.

All chartered Lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall have full power and authority to perform that duty which requires them to exercise penal jurisdiction over all

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Masons, unaffiliated as well as affiliated, within their geographical jurisdiction, for violations of moral and Masonic law.

TRIALS.

All trials for Masonic offences in Lodges under the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge shall be as follows:

A regular charge, in writing, specifying the nature of the offence, and signed by the accuser, shall be delivered to the Secretary, who shall read it at the next regular communication, at which time the Master shall appoint the time and place for trial, of which it shall be the duty of the Secretary to give due and timely notice to the accused, who shall be entitled to a copy of the charges, and to ample time and opportunity to prepare his defence.

All Masonic trials shall be in the Lodge of the highest degree to which the accused has attained, in which the examination of witnesses shall take place in the presence of both the accused and the accuser, who shall have the right to be present at all the examinations of witnesses, in or out of the Lodge, and to propose such relevant questions as they may desire.

After the trial is concluded, the accused and the accuser shall be requested to retire, and in case the trial has been in a Lodge of Entered Apprentices or Fellow Crafts, the Lodge shall then be opened on the third degree; for no decision shall be made for or against a brother, after regular trial, except in a Master Mason's Lodge, in which the question of "Guilty" or "Not Guilty" shall be put by the Master, in which all the members present shall be required to vote, and of which two-thirds shall be in the affirmative, or the accused shall be declared "Not Guilty."

If the verdict is "Guilty," the Master or presiding officer shall put the question as to the amount of punishment, beginning with the highest and ending with the lowest Masonic punishment herein provided. The vote on the nature of the punishment may be taken by a show of hands, and decided by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

If the residence of the accused is not known, or if, upon due summons, he refuses or neglects to attend, a Lodge may proceed to trial without his presence.

The witnesses in all Masonic trials, whether masons or not, shall be persons who have the use of their reason, and such religious belief as to feel the obligations of an oath, and who have not been convicted of any infamous crime.

The testimony of Masons shall be taken in Lodge or in committee; that of competent persons, not Masons, by committee, on oath, administered by a competent legal officer, and may be by affidavit.

A subordinate Lodge should not suspend a member for non-payment of dues without written notice and fair trial.

PUNISHMENTS.

The Masonic punishment which may and shall be inflicted by the Grand Lodge and its subordinates for unmasonic conduct, shall be either reprimand, definite or indefinite suspension, or expulsion from all the rights and privileges of Masonry.

A reprimand may be either private

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or public, but shall not be given except by a majority vote of the members present, nor until the offender has had due notice and an opportunity for explanation or excuse, nor by any one but the acting Master, in the manner and form he may deem proper, to the offender, in private or in open Lodge, from his appropriate station.

When a Mason is expelled from a Lodge, he is thereby expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry.

APPEALS—RESTORATIONS.

All Masons have the right to appeal from the decisions of subordinate Lodges to the Grand Lodge, in which case the Lodge shall furnish the Grand Lodge and the appellant with an attested copy of its proceedings on the trial, and such testimony in its possession as he may require for his defence.

An application to re-instate an expelled Mason must in all cases be accompanied by a recommendation from the Lodge by which the brother was expelled: *Provided*, such Lodge be still in existence.

Restoration, after a definite suspension by a Lodge, shall take place at the expiration of the time specified in the sentence.

Restoration, after an indefinite suspension by a Lodge, shall be by the action of such Lodge at a regular meeting, after due notice, and by a two-thirds vote of the members present.

SUMMONS.

A summons issued by a subordinate Lodge, or the Worshipful Master thereof, must be written or printed, and under the seal of the Lodge.

Any summons issued as aforesaid need not contain any other matter except the requisition to attend the Lodge, issuing the same, or the Master thereof, when required.

Every Master Mason is bound to attend before the Lodge, at the meeting of the Lodge so requiring him, on being summoned or notified.

Any member of a subordinate Lodge is subject to the discipline thereof, excepting only the Worshipful Master.

NEGROES.

All subordinate Lodges under this jurisdiction are instructed to admit no negro or mulatto as a visitor or otherwise, under any circumstances whatever.

If any Lodge in this jurisdiction violates this expressed will of this Grand Lodge, it shall be the duty of the Most Worshipful Grand Master of the State at once to arrest its charter.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Subordinate Lodges are required to do all their business in a Lodge of Master Masons, except conferring the first and second degrees, and the trial of Entered Apprentices and Fellow Crafts.

The returns of each and every subordinate Lodge shall contain the number of miles necessarily traveled by the representatives to attend the communication of the Grand Lodges, and be made part of said return.

AMENDMENTS.

The Grand Secretary shall append to the published proceedings all propositions for the amendment of the Constitution and By-Laws, or any other matters upon which it shall be necessary for subordinate Lodges to act. He shall notify the Lodges by circu-

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lar, embodying such propositions as it shall be necessary for them to act upon, in season for their action; and such Lodges shall make report of their proceedings in such cases to the Grand Secretary, on or before the first day of September thereafter.

No alteration or amendment shall take place in these By-Laws, except in the following manner: Every amendment shall be proposed in writing, at a regular meeting of the Grand Lodge, which shall be spread upon the minutes and printed with the proceedings of the Grand Lodge; and if a majority of the members at the next regular communication shall agree to the same, it shall become a part of these By-Laws.

The previous question is unmasonic, and all proceedings had by means of it, in Grand or subordinate Lodges, are irregular and unlawful.

When any Lodge in this jurisdiction shall cease to work for a period of six months or more, citizens within its jurisdiction shall be permitted to petition the next nearest Lodge for the degrees, without regard to the claims of the dormant Lodge.

MASONIC HOBBIES.

BY BRO. JOHN SCOTT.

Enthusiasts, upon all subjects, are prone to fall in love with some particular pet of their own fancy, some "one idea," and to run after that to the neglect of every thing else. So is it in Freemasonry. As it presents itself to them they see but the one favorite part of it; that part they pursue to extremes, and unwilling to acknowledge merit in any other. In the comprehensiveness of our noble science there is ample room for the selection of "hobbies" to suit the fancy; and full many are chosen, and ridden nigh unto death, and not much to the credit of the horse or rider. I select a few of the most common.

Some will tell you that Freemasonry is a "social institution;" that it is for the purpose of enabling us to meet as lovers of each other, and of mankind at large; that we may then avail ourselves of the hours of refreshment, remembering always that we are not to convert the means thereof to the purposes of intemperance or excess; that the cheerful song and the festive toast are the great features of the Order as it is, and as it should be; and that the most perfect confidence between man and man which is engendered among Masons is its end and aim. They say it is a "social institution."

Others inform us that Freemasonry is a "moral institution;" that its great purpose is to teach us, by its precepts, the three great classes of duties that we owe to our God, to our neighbor, and to ourselves; that we are by it to be restrained from the violations of the great "bill of rights," the Moral Law, which is comprehended in the ten commandments; taught to do justice between man and man; to love mercy, and to extend it to all, and to walk humbly before God, and to treat even his very name with reverence.

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They say it is a "Moral institution."

There be those also, who say that Freemasonry is a "charitable institution;" that its purposes are to relieve the distressed among the brethren; to suppress the widow's sigh, and to dry the orphan's tear; to wipe the death-damp from the brow of the dying, and to commit his ashes to the tomb; to fulfill the injunction—"If thy brother be waxen poor and fallen into decay with thee, thou shalt relieve him; yea, though he be a stranger or sojourner, that he may live with thee." They say it is a "charitable institution."

Others, and great admirers and lovers of the Royal Art, are they who say it is a "religious institution;" that it teaches its votary to put his trust in God with a faith that wavers not; that the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul, so clearly set forth in our symbology, are but the shadowings of the great doctrines of revealed religion which teach us also to rely on the firm grip of the Lion of the tribe of Judah to raise us to a bliss unspeakable and full of glory. Thus are they led to cry out, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will towards men." And these say it is a "religious institution."

Who is right? Who is wrong? All these are right! Each of these is wrong!! Freemasonry is a social institution, but it is not that alone. Freemasonry is a moral institution, but not merely a moral institution. It is charitable, and it is more than charitable. It is a religious institution, and in the common acceptance of the word, it is more than that; it is void of bigotry and without sectarianism; teaching those truths which all must acknowledge, and inculcating unfeigned piety. Freemasonry is social, moral, charitable, religious; it is not merely possessed of one of those attributes, without the others, as some would fain have us think; but it possesses all of them, and more. Those, therefore, who give it either of these valuable jewels, are right; those who give it *only* one, two, three, and even *all* of them, are wrong.

The work of Freemasonry is the same, the lectures are the same, wherever seen or heard. Yet have I seen Freemasonry taught as a science limited in its aims, ends and operation, as hardly to recognize it. It is not possible to distinguish by which of its votaries it is shorn of its brightest beams; by those who make it altogether of the earth, earthy; or by those who make it solely spiritual. Let me ever view it as a grand, a perfect whole, where are combined the virtues of all, contrived by Wisdom, supported by Strength, adorned by Beauty. O, what a goodly temple our fathers builded! Let us, then, cherish each Parian shaft, each pure pilaster, in its pristine beauty and perfection, and suffer no despoiler to despoil us of our heritage. Away with all such trifling as would make our order seem to be *only* designed for good fellowship! away with all such lessons of sectarian bigotry as tend to convince the neophyte it is less than a universal religion! Instead of these give us Freemasonry.

"Oft have I met your social band," sang one who loved the festal board full well. Long may we all meet in

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that cheerful place. Much may we all enjoy those temperate pleasures of the Lodge-room which we love so well. But as we greet and are greeted with the Mason grip, as we enjoy the Mason song, the Mason-jest, the Mason-smile, the Mason-laugh, let us not forget the Mason duty, the Mason-tear, the Mason-prayer.

Original.

THE STARRY DECKED HEAVEN.

"To this object the Mason's mind is continually directed, and thither he hopes at last to arrive."—*Monitor.*

Amid the bright stars of the azure sky,
Shining unnumbered from far on high.
There, Brothers, remains a home for you,
Canopied o'er by those curtains of *blue.*

Those stars illume the bright world to come,
Where true Masons shall find an enduring home.
O, sweetly sublime are the thoughts you inspire,
Ye sparkling suns of celestial fire.

My eyes have traced the mystic Rhine,
Seen castles once strong, on its banks recline,
Viewed the high hills as they rise from the shore,
And the *homes* of the brave in the days of yore.

But the home 'mid the stars in the distant sky
Inspires in my heart thoughts far more high.
Transcendantly vast are the thoughts you inspire,
As your brilliancies shine like eyes of fire.

The Alps have their beauties above all price,
Their glaciers so chill and their rivers of ice.
Sublime are the thoughts that to you I have given,
As ye tower so high in the arching Heaven.

But think of that star lit home in yon blue,
Transcends very far every thought of you.
I gaze on you oft, and with tearful eyes,
Ever glittering so pure in Cerulean skies.

I have stood where Niagara's billows leap
From a giddy height to a foaming deep,
Seen the laughing Minnehaha fall,
Seen the bridal veil, and those beauties all.

But sublimer still is that Home where the star
Sends its twinkling rays from its home afar,
My soul springeth up, with sweet awe and delight,
While I gaze on you now in the silent night.

We are happy when met in our peaceful halls,
Where duty invites, and where pleasure calls,
And the hours seem light, which we here employ,
While greeted with smiles of reciprocal joy.

But O, the joys of that world of space,
Where sparkle unclouded the bright star's rays;
That realm of light, still to mortals unknown,
The centre of which is the Maker's Throne!

All self-abased I fall to the ground,
With delight and reverence, vast, profound,
For Him who decks with bright stars our Home
In that bright world, the world to come.

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GRAND MASTER MICKLE'S DECISIONS.

1867–68.

(1.) *Query.*—Can a brother be a member of two lodges at the same time?

Answer.—No.

(2.) *Query.*—Can a brother, without a demit from a regular lodge, be an officer of a lodge U. D.?

Answer.—No. Section XVIII., Grand Lodge By-Laws, requires that *each* brother signing a petition for the formation of a new lodge, shall be "in possession of a regular demit," etc., which fact *must* be certified to by the lodge recommending the petition.

(3.) *Query.*—A mason is suspended by a lodge in another State for unmasonic conduct, viz.: intemperance. Subsequently the lodge suspending him, for some cause, becomes extinct. The suspended mason moves into this State, and within the jurisdiction of our lodge, and has resided here several years, conducting himself creditably so far as we know. He now desires to be admitted to membership in our lodge. How can it be done, if at all? Can we receive his petition and admit him as though he had never been "made a mason?"

Answer.—He is a "suspended mason," and can not be recognized while under that sentence, and you have no right to receive his petition or initiate him again. He must first be restored to all the rights and privileges of masonry by the lodge suspending him, or by the Grand Lodge of the State under whose jurisdiction the same was held, before he can be allowed to affiliate or be recognized masonically.

(4.) *Query.*—Is desertion from military service of the United States a *Masonic* crime which should subject a brother guilty thereof to trial and discipline by his lodge?

Answer.—I think not. The offence of desertion is one that is punishable by military law before a military tribunal, and savors of a political nature, with which we, *as Masons*, have nothing to do.

(5.) *Query.*—Can a lodge be legally opened and work done in the absence of the Worshipful Master and both Wardens?

Answer.—No. A lodge opened in the absence of the Worshipful Master and both Wardens would be clandestine, and all work done therein be illegal and absolutely void.

(6.) *Query.*—Does the jurisdiction of our lodge extend beyond the state line and half way to the nearest lodge in the adjoining State (Minnesota), or only to the State line?

Answer.—It extends only to the State line, especially as the "adjoining State" has a Grand Lodge of its own. No lodge has the right to receive petitions for the mysteries of masonry from persons residing within the jurisdiction of another Grand Lodge. The last clause of part first, Sec. XXVII., of the Grand Lodge By-Laws, reads as follows: "Nor shall a petition for the mysteries of masonry be received from any person

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who has not resided one year *under* the jurisdiction of this Grand Lodge."

(7.) *Query.*—Can charges be preferred in a subordinate lodge against a former Worshipful Master, for offences committed while he was Worshipful Master of said lodge, and he be tried and disciplined therefor?

Answer. — Yes, provided the acts complained of were for gross unmasonic conduct, and not of an official character. For his *official* acts he is responsible to the Grand Lodge, where he may be arraigned and tried for his official misconduct; but where a brother who has been honored by an election to the responsible position of Worshipful Master of a lodge, so far forgets himself and the duty he owes to the craft in general, and that lodge in particular, that has thus honored him, as to be guilty of gross unmasonic conduct during his term of office, he can, and should receive such discipline as the nature of the offence would seem to merit, and the "good of masonry" may demand.

(8.) *Query.* — A brother was suspended for unmasonic conduct, and appealed to the Grand Lodge, where, it is claimed, the action of the subordinate lodge was reversed, and the suspended brother restored to all the rights and privileges of masonry including membership in his lodge. There is no transcript or certificate from the Grand Secretary filed or returned to the subordinate lodge, showing what action was had in the Grand Lodge, neither has there been time for us to receive a copy of the Grand Lodge's proceedings. The suspended brother applied to visit the lodge, when another brother objected to his admission for the reason that the lodge had no lawful knowledge of the action of the Grand Lodge in the premises, and of the brother's reinstatement.

The Worshipful Master decided that the mere report from parties who had attended the sessions of the Grand Lodge was not sufficient, but that he must have some official notice of the brother being restored before he could be admitted, and declined to admit him at that time. Was the Worshipful Master justified in refusing to admit the brother?

Answer.—I think he was right, under the circumstances of the case, as shown by the facts presented. The records of his lodge showed that the brother had been regularly suspended, and before admitting him to visit the lodge, he should have proper masonic knowledge or information that such sentence of suspension had been reversed, and the brother restored to all his masonic rights and privileges. This could, and perhaps should have been obtained by the appellant, in the form of a transcript or certificate from the Grand Secretary, under the seal of the Grand Lodge, showing what action was taken by the Grand Lodge in that particular case, so that it might be made a matter of record in the subordinate lodge. This course seems to me to be not only reasonable, but one that is required for the safety of the lodge, and inflicts no injury upon the other party.

(9.) *Query.*—A Fellow Craft applying for advancement is rejected. Is his good standing in the lodge affected thereby?

Answer.—No; and he may renew

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his application at any subsequent stated communication.

(10.) *Query.*—Can a lodge hold its communications alternately at another village within its jurisdiction under the same charter?

Answer.—Certainly not, unless specially authorized by the charter under which it is held, or by special action of the Grand Lodge.

(11.) *Query.*—Is it necessary for the Worshipful Master of a Lodge U. D., to receive the so-called Past Master's degree?

Answer.—No.

(12.) *Query.* Must the officers of a lodge U. D. be installed before acting?

Answer.—No.

(13.) *Query.*—There is a man here who desires to be "made a mason." He is so much esteemed and respected that he is certain to be elected if his petition is presented to the lodge. But he is hare-lipped, so that strangers do not readily understand him when he talks. There are no other objections. Is it proper to make him a mason?

Answer.—If he can speak his words intelligibly, and his articulation is sufficiently distinct so that he may be able to make himself known, and approve himself a mason, it would be proper, otherwise not.

(14.) *Query.*—The By-Laws of our lodge provide that the Tyler and Secretary shall receive, each, fifty cents a night for their services. Has the Worshipful Master a right to entertain a motion to pay them one dollar per night each, or the lodge a right to vote the same?

Answer.—A lodge has the right undoubtedly to vote to pay either or both of said officers a larger sum than that provided for by the By-Laws, if they think the circumstances of the case and justice require it. It follows of course that the Worshipful Master may entertain such motion.

(15.) *Query.*—A candidate petitioned our lodge and was accepted, and in due time received the degrees of Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft, but before receiving the third degree a brother from another lodge protests against his further advancement, and *refuses* to give any reasons for his protest.

(1.) Would our lodge be justified in disregarding said protest?

(2.) Is it necessary for a brother protesting against the advancement of a candidate in a lodge of which he is not a member, to give his reasons for such protest?

Answer.—(1.) Yes. Nevertheless the fact of such objection being made should put the brethren on their guard, and cause them to thoroughly investigate the character and qualifications of the applicant before advancing him further.

(2.) Certainly, if he expects his protest to be respected. If the objecton has any good reasons why the brother should not be advanced, he should place the lodge in possession of all the facts in the case.

(16.) *Query.*—Can a visiting brother object to the initiation of a candidate, who has been elected by our lodge, and should his objection be respected the same as if made by a member of the lodge, without his giving any reason therefor?

Answer.—I think not. If the visit-

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ing brother knows of any good and sufficient reason why the candidate ought not be "made a mason," he should at once put the members of the lodge in possession of all the facts bearing upon the case, and upon which his objections are based, so that they having "due and timely notice" may govern themselves accordingly. The lodge may then judge of their sufficiency, and if considered well founded will of course refuse to initiate the candidate. Every lodge is the judge of who shall be its members. To hold that a protest or objection against the initiation or advancement of a candidate made by a brother not a member of such lodge, should have the same effect and be respected the same as if made by one of its own members, it seems to me, would be equivalent to extending the ballot to all masons not members of the lodge.

(17.) *Query.*—Has the Worshipful Master the right to order the Secretary not to write down certain portions of the testimony given in a masonic trial?

Answer.—That would depend entirely upon the circumstances of the case and the nature of the testimony. If the testimony were such as might tend to disclose to the profane such things as are "improper to be written," it may be suppresed, but not otherwise.

(18.) *Query.*—Is the brother who prefers charges against another, a competent witness on the trial of the case? Or should his interest exclude him?

Answer.—He is a competent witness. But if interested, that fact with all its attendant circumstances, should be considered and weighed in connection with other testimony.

(19.) *Query.* — After a witness against the accused in a masonic trial has been examined, and cross-examined, has the Worshipful Master the right to examine the witness further, calling it rebutting testimony, and also prohibit the accused brother from cross-examining the witness as to such rebutting testimony?

Answer. — He has the undoubted right to examine the witess further, and it is his duty so to do, if the case before the lodge can be elucidated thereby, and the truth made to appear more fully. But he has no right to prohibit the accused or any other member of the lodge from asking the witness any proper questions that may tend to establish either his guilt or innocence. The grand object of a masonic trial is to ascertain the *truth* without extenuation or exaggeration, and every facility should be given to discover the truth of the allegations without regard to any mere technicalities or quibbles of law.

(20.) *Query.*—Has a brother on trial for unmasonic conduct the right to impeach a member of his own lodge who is a witness against him, and thus relieve himself from the results of false testimony against him?

Answer. — If any witness be examined of notorious bad character, whether mason or profane, whose testimony is material to the issue, and the facts justify it, his evidence may be impeached. In fact, it might be necessary to do so to protect the innocent against the effects of false testimony. However, it is to hoped that there are no *masons* of so bad

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character that it is possible to impeach their testimony. If there are, get rid of them as soon as possible, and let them no longer disgrace the name of masonry.

(21.) *Query.*—If a brother under charges for unmasonic conduct demands that all the members of his lodge shall be summoned to attend the meeting at which the trial is to take place, can such trial be had, and vote taken thereon without his demand being complied with?

Answer.—It would be irregular to try and convict a brother for unmasonic conduct without summoning *all* the members of the lodge living within its jurisdiction, more especially when it is demanded by the accused. Otherwise it would be possible to do the accused great injustice, by summoning only such as were known to be unfavorable to him, and that would vote for his conviction, and perhaps expulsion.

Rule 7 of the Digest of the Masonic Law of trials and punishments, reads as follows:

"All trials (except for offences committed in open lodge) shall be had in a lodge *specially notified* and convened for the purpose," etc.

(22.) *Query.* — Where a majority of the members of a lodge disregard all masonic law and usage, and being thus in the majority, elect officers of the same character, and therefore can not be disciplined, can the evil be corrected, and if so, how?

Answer.—If the difficulty lies with the Worshipful Master, his jewel can be arrested and he be removed from office until the next meeting of the Grand Lodge. If it lies with the lodge, upon a proper showing, their charter can and should taken from them. I sincerely hope there is no case within our jurisdiction requiring such extreme measures. If so, give me all the facts properly authenticated.

(23.) *Query.*—We are informed that in Pennsylvania lodges they exact pay for the three degrees in advance, and ballot but once for all three degrees. A Fellow Craft from a Pennsylvania lodge resides here, and has in his possession a proper certificate or recommendation of good standing from the lodge in which he was admitted, and desires our lodge to confer upon him the third degree.

(*a.*) Is it necessary that he should petition our lodge in writing?

(*b.*) Shall we receive him and give him the degree the same as his lodge would have done, without examination, or even a ballot, or must he conform to our rules here?

(*c.*) When raised, will he be a member of our lodge or of the Pennsylvania lodge?

Answer.—(*a.*) Yes, and be referred to a committee as in other cases.

(*b.*) He must conform to Iowa regulations and pass on his own merits. He must be examined, and exhibit suitable proficiency, and a ballot must be spread.

(*c.*) If duly elected and raised in your lodge he will be a member thereof on signing the By-Laws of the same.

(24.) *Query.* — There is a brother here who received the Entered Apprentice degree in a subordinate lodge under another Grand Lodge jurisdiction. He wishes to receive the other degrees in our lodge. Is it necessary

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for us to have the *permission* of such foreign lodge before conferring on him said degrees?

Answer.—No request or permission is necessary. All that is required in such cases is that "the brother applying shall produce a recommendation or certificate of good standing from the lodge in which he was admitted." See Sec. XXV. Grand Lodge By-Laws.

(25.) *Query.*—Can a non-affiliated mason apply for membership to any lodge he chooses, or must he apply to his nearest lodge? Also in the case of an Entered Apprentice or Fellow Craft made in another State who has removed within our jurisdiction, must he apply to the nearest lodge for the remaining degree or degrees?

Answer.—He must apply to the lodge nearest to his respective place of residence, except in towns or cities where there are more than one lodge, in which case he may apply to either as he may elect. See Sec. XXVII. Grand Lodge By-Laws.

FREEMASONRY—II.

REVIEW OF MR. FINNEY.

In pursuing his labors of love (?) this redoubtable seceder, in his *fifth* article against *Masons*, reiterates his oft repeated statement that the revelations of Freemasonry made by *Elder Bernard* and others are "truthful and correct." He appears to remember the degrees he never took, just as well as those he did take. But his memory may not serve him in this respect, any better than it did in what he said in his first essay, when he asserted that "the Master of the Lodge at Adams, N. Y., (which he joined,) was a DEIST," or when he stated that he attended only one Lodge Meeting "after his conversion."

The "*National and Freemason*" has published under date of June 20, 1868, the records of "Rising Sun Lodge," Adams, N. Y., as kept by Mr. Finney himself; from which it appears that Bro. Benjamin Wright was Master of said Lodge, and the records of the Presbyterian Church at Adams show that Bro. Wright was an elder in said church from 1822 until 1853. Jan. 18, 1821, the records of that Lodge read: "Charles G. Finney duly installed Secretary," and at that time *Benjamin Wright* was Master. So instead of reading *Deist*, it should have read *Deacon!* Further, the records of the Lodge show that *Charles G. Finney* was present at Lodge meetings frequently for *two years* after the time on which he dated his conversion. The *records* show conclusively that Mr. Finney can't remember distinctly what happened in the Lodge *forty-six years ago.* And yet he affirms that Morgan's revelation was a *verbatim* expose! He recommends the buying and reading of *Elder David Bernard's* "Light on Masonry," the new edition.

Some very candid men believe that he is in partnership with David, in the sale of his Books. His writings puff this work; but say nothing commendatory of Elder David Bernard's

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"Light on the Bible." The Elder once undertook to give light on the *Bible* by getting up a New Translation of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written. But his "Light on the Bible," after having cost many of his brethren (Baptist brethren) all their earthly possessions, fell as noiselessly into oblivion as *Satan* was represented by Pollock to have dropped into perdition when Gabriel threw him over the battlements of Heaven. If his "Light on Masonry," the new edition, possesses the effulgence of his "Light on the Bible," this planet must be highly illuminated.

Mr. Finney's *fifth* article is mainly in proof of his gratuitous and truthless statement that "Freemasonry originated about the middle of the eighteenth century." "For every one who reads revelations of Freemasonry will see that Solomon and Hiram, and those ancient worthies, every where figure in these rites and ceremonies. So if these men were indeed not Fremasons, then Freemasonry is a sham, an imposture and a swindle." This logic we will apply to an analogous statement. Peter, Paul, James and John, those ancient worthies, every where figure in Mr. Finney's church, so that if these men were not indeed Congregationalists, then the Congregational Church is a sham, an imposture, and a swindle. This is remarkable logic.

Mr. Finney's *exhortations* are, in fact, more logical than his logic. To the young Masons he says: "My dear young men, you have been deceived, you have been imposed upon as I was imposed upon, you have been made to believe a lie." Does Mr. Finney wish to class himself with those mentioned, Thess. ii. 2, 11, on whom as a judgment "God shall send strong delusion, that they may believe a *lie* that they all may be damned?"

In the *sixth* number, Mr. Finney still pursues his usual *gnostic* style. He says, "The benevolence so much boasted of by Freemasons is a sham." Such a misrepresentation needs no refutation.

"The law requires equal love to our neighbor, that is to all mankind." "Our neighbor means all mankind." Christ tells us that our neighbor is the man that shows us *mercy*. Matt. x., 30–37, and his authority with Masons would be esteemed higher than that of the author of the "Systematic Theology." But if Mr. Finney *loves* all mankind as he does the Masons, they will never thank him for his affection.

Perhaps it might be as well for Mr. Finney when writing on Christian benevolence, to take into his account the benevolence of the church to which he adheres, who have starved one-third or one-half of their ministers out of the "desk" since the war! He very modestly "*challenges*" us to *show* to the world that we have done any thing for the poor. He seems to belong to the "trumpet" benevolent society; and asks us to violate the positive injunction of the Saviour, "Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them, otherwise ye have no reward of your Father in heaven. Therefore when thou doest alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do, in the synagogues and in the streets, that

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they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, they have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth."

One of the most malicious thrusts he is pleased to deal us, is in a quotation, which he endorses, from the new edition of Elder Bernard's "Light on Masonry" when he affirms that our funds are "principally devoted to the support of Grand Lodges, and for refreshments for the craft, and I think I may add, for the support of *kidnapping and murder*." What fiend-like malice could possibly prompt such an attack on men who are morally his equals, and intellectually vastly his superiors? Nothing more venomous ever escaped the lying lips of Apollyon, the sable angel of the bottomless pit. Is this a specimen of his LOVE to all mankind; or is it only intended as another part of the story about the "DEIST?"

But even this vile accusation does not betray as much hatred toward Masons as the awful chicane, by which he seeks to place Masonry in hostility to the Christian church, and the Christian church in hostility to Masonry. The worst trait in the character of Diabolus is that he loves to "sow discord among brethren." He (Mr. Finney) often contrasts "Christian benevolence" with Masonic benevolence. We remark,

1. The Church of Christ is not hostile to Masonry, nor are we (Masons) hostile to the Church. We love and venerate that sacred institution.

2. Many of us belong to *the* church, and spurn any vile attempt that seeks to place us in hostility to it—an attempt which could originate only in a heart cunning in mischief, steeped in crafty plots, and dyed in nefarious contemplations, and just fit to preside at the infernal conclaves of Pandemonium.

3. A large proportion of acts of Christian benevolence which he mentions, we perform ourselves, as Masons and members of the church.

4. Thousands who belong neither to Church nor Lodge, are far more benevolent than a majority of his members.

5. His church, the anti-Masonic, filibustering society, is weak and feeble in members, consisting mainly of brainless chanticleers, all included, not more numerous than the ministers in some Christian churches that are friendly to us—a mere insignificant schism, an unimportant faction, which, should it become extinct, would never be missed by the great Christian brotherhood, nor would the cause of religion suffer in the least by its dissolution, a majority of its leaders, men of limited attainments, small caliber, ascetic disposition, and who would quarrel with the angels in heaven should St. Peter be so inconsiderate as to admit them to that peaceful place. And this is the *thing* that Mr. Finney calls the Church! and of this church Mr. Finney is the anti-Masonic mouthpiece. He asks, "What has Freemasonry done for the general poor? Nothing." We pay annually, beside our voluntary subscriptions, taxes enough for this object, to purchase his whole church property. "The Church of Christ has poured out its treasures like floods, to enlighten mankind generally, but what has Freemasonry

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done? Their boasted benevolence is a sham. They do in a very slovenly manner the work of a mutual insurance company." These very men who "poured out their treasures like floods," were *Freemasons*. Mr. Finney need not credit himself nor church for all this. If we have acted in a "slovenly manner," it has been when we have given money for missions at home and abroad; because the funds were squandered in paying agents and advertising charities.

But, he says, we "do our work in a slovenly manner." Let the man living in the glass house beware. We will *illustrate* this. Rev. ——, of Hudson, Ohio, was appointed an agent to solicit for missions, with a salary of $1,200 a year. In a certain part of his field of labor he called on a wealthy brother to beg for the Mendicity Society. The brother had some curiosity to ascertain where the funds he was called upon to donate were going. He asked the Rev. what salary he had as an agent. Twelve hundred dollars, was the reply. Before he left the brother inquired into his success in collecting funds for the heathen, and was informed that taking one year with another he collected about *eleven* hundred dollars. Now, with a salary of twelve hundred, how much went to the heathen? This business was not done in a "slovenly manner." All saved! every dime. A Mission Society of ministers who were nearly all *agents*, lashed the churches on the "Western Reserve" most lustily, in behalf of their great enterprise, and took up sundry donations. They allowed themselves a small salary, and at an annual meeting, held at East Cleveland, Ohio, their collections were found *insufficient* to pay their salaries; and this Mission Society had not a missionary, nor a missionary station on the face of the "green earth." They saved the funds. They did not their work in a "slovenly manner." Judas Iscariot is not the only apostle that loved to handle the funds and pocket the donations.

In the *eighth* number, he again breaks forth in a pathetic exhortation to young Masons. "And here let me again appeal to the dear young men who *have* been *persuaded* to join the Masonic Fraternity, under the impression that it is a benevolent institution. Do not, my dear young men, suffer yourselves to be deceived in this respect."

They must have been *persuaded*, as he says he was, by an "old uncle," a statement that no Mason believes. He seems to have some bowels of compassion for the "dear young men," but in true Apostolic style, delivers the *old* men over to the buffetings of Satan, without a tear.

But these rhapsodies of exhortation form a beautiful contrast with the severe thread of discourse. Call us *liars, hypocrites kidnappers* and *murderers*, and then, "My dear young men." Behold how fast the tears roll down the cheeks of the grizzly crocodile! See the kind, the affectionate emotions which swell the heart of the voracious wolf, while rending the quivering flesh of the defenceless lamb.

He need not exhort us. For a man to vilify and scandalize me, slander and defame me, heap false and railing accusations upon me, is quite enough. But then to have him exhort me, and pray for me, is a grave insult, an un-

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pardonable mockery. This is the spirit that said to the Saviour in the anguish he suffered, "Hail, King of the Jews."

Again: "Freemasonry is a false religion." Having once been a "bright Mason, it is impossible to attribute this statement to his ignorance. He knows that *Congregationalists*, *Swedenborgians*, *Christians*, *Disciples*, *Unitarians*, *Universalists*, *Baptists*, *Episcopalians*, *Presbyterians*, and *Methodists*, all belong to our Lodges. Have they all renounced the *true* religion? Have they all embraced a *false* religion? The most besotted ignorance or slobbering idiocy would afford a far better excuse for such statements than charity can furnish on any other grounds. To what chicanery, to what tricks, to what artifice this redoubtable polemic, this crafty anti-mason resorts, to disgrace and disparage the members of one of the most venerable institutions under Heaven's broad arch!

Mr. Finney's *ninth* number simply amounts to a denial that any great and good men belong to the Freemasons.

His *tenth* is quite, to his mind, that, "Freemasons are sworn to commit unlawful deeds." He says he once took an oath, backed up by a dreadful penalty, that he would not *write* nor *print* the secrets of Masons. And does he *write* them and *print* them? He says he does. Which time did he tell the truth? Does he affirm that he swore *falsely?* If a man voluntarily admits that he swears falsely, and has on different occasions, will that substantiate his veracity, when not under oath? As we are constrained to believe with more confidence what a man says when under oath than what he says without that solemnity upon him, we are inclined to believe that Mr. Finney has never *written* nor *printed* the secrets of Freemasonry.

We will believe that he *has*, if he will prove in his next number that he has had the dreadful penalty he tells of inflicted upon him. At the present time we do *not* believe he has committed perjury. This certainly is quite a charitable construction of his course. Who would believe that the Rev. Charles G. Finney would be more likely to falsify under oath, than when not under oath?

"Masons (all masons) are sworn to commit unlawful deeds." Is that so? Then here arises another difficulty. He says that he has been "sworn to commit unlawful deeds." Has he done it? He says he used to be a "bright Mason." Then, of course, he *knew* what the "*unlawful deeds*" were, that he was sworn to "commit." Charity again forbids us to believe he swore falsely; and therefore he must for several years have "committed (if true to his oath) many unlawful deeds." Will the Professor make a clean breast of it in his next article, and inform us how many, and how flagrant the crimes were that he committed while a "bright Mason," that is, from 1808, till 1824, when for some cause, Brother Sears was elected Secretary of Adams Lodge instead of Charles G. Finney?

Being a "bright Mason" for six years and in *officer* in the Lodge, it is natural that he should, in conformity with his *oath* "to commit unlawful deeds," perform a great many in that length of time. We simply and earn-

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estly request him, as he is revealing secrets, to tell the public *how many, how great,* and *how appalling* the crimes were that he committed while an *active Mason,* in keeping with his solemn *oath* as a Mason "to commit unlawful deeds." As he has given *part* of his experience while a Mason, our curiosity is clamorous for the rest. While an adhering Mason what crimes did his oath oblige him to perform? Did he faithfully keep his oath while a Mason? Will Mr. Finney inform us which is the most solemn *oath,* the one administered *to* him by the Masons, or the one *he* administers *to* persons he takes into his church? As he has not mentioned this OATH, we will copy it from the "Manual of the Congregational Church."

"You do now, *in the presence of God's angels* and *men,* avouch the Lord Jehovah to be your God and portion; and you do solemnly and willingly consecrate yourself and all that you possess to Him and to His service, receiving and obeying Him as your Creator, Saviour and Sanctifier.

"And you do covenant to walk in fellowship with this church, cherishing for the members Christian affection, faithfully observing its ordinances and services, meekly submitting to its discipline when scripturally administered, and co-operating with it in efforts to sustain at home and disseminate abroad the Gospel of Christ. Finally, you promise by the aid of Divine Grace, to live as becometh the disciple of Jesus, conscientiously performing every duty you owe to God, to yourself, and to your fellow men. In all *sincerity of heart* and with full conviction that *these your* VOWS will be *received at the* DAY OF JUDGMENT—thus you covenant and engage."

It is known to every intelligent reader that a solemn appeal to God, with reference to the day of *judgment* is a solemn oath, most solemn. What penalty can compare with the awards of the "day of judgment" to which *this obligation* alludes?

Mr. Finney asks, "Now has any man a right to incur such a penalty as this?" alluding to what he asserts is a Masonic penalty.

Now we ask, has Mr. Finney a right to administer such an oath as we have just copied; which no member of his church ever pretends to keep, and to affix to its violation the *doom* of "the day of judgment" that is ETERNAL PAINS AND TORTURE, as he preaches it?

Have boys or girls a right to peril their *souls* in this manner, "in the presence of God, angels, and men?" "with the full conviction that these *vows will be received at the day of judgment?*"

With a renewal of our promise to answer Mr. Finney's *articles* to his entire satisfaction, we anxiously wait for more of his *revelation.* A.

GALESBURG, Michigan.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

THE GOLDEN DREAM.

[*Concluded.*]

When he was really gone, and months might pass, before she could even hear of his welfare, she did not sit idly down and give way to her despondent feelings, but roused up the energies of her character, which circumstances had not hitherto called forth, to be ready for further trials and emergencies. Her case was like that of many another wife, who, kept in ignorance of her husband's affairs, lives in the enjoyment of a competence long after that competence is gone, and in some bitter moment suddenly becomes aware of an evil, which, had she been earlier warned, might have helped to avert. And perhaps the world accused her of extravagance, and of hastening her husband's ruin, when she is in fact innocent of any wish to go beyond their means. and would not be guilty of such imprudence, if the world did not know more than herself of her husband's affairs.

Mrs. H. was left with slender funds, for she generously insisted upon Henry's taking more than he deemed sufficient for his every need, and she determined to maintain for herself the most rigid economy during his absence. She gave up their pleasant dwelling, and taking board with an acquaintance, made her musical talent a resource, by giving instructions on the piano. She had no golden anticipations, but felt that the summer of her happiness was over, and was constantly haunted by the fear that her husband would be ill, and she not with him, or that she should see him no more.

So the months wore away, and the first letter brought no cheering tidings. The long voyage, not yet ended, had dampened the adventurer's enthusiasm, and though no word confessed it, the anxious wife rightly judged from the tone of the letter, that he already wished himself at home. Then nothing more was heard for many months, and such silence was hard to bear. Another letter brought distressing details of hardship and disappointment; and finally came the tidings of illness and suffering. Exposure, and exertion beyond his strength, had brought on bleeding at the lungs, and now his only wish was to be permitted to live till he could reach home, And oh, how earnestly the wife prayed for this! that she might see him again, that she might nurse and comfort him. She would be all in all to him; he should forget that he had neither wealth nor health, if she could but be with him, and watch over him.

At last he had taken passage home, and the vessel was daily looked for in port. It came, and the anxious trem-

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bling wife was among the first on board to seek her husband. She had scarcely stepped upon the deck, when the Captain came forward with a passenger, pale and emaciated, leaning upon his arms, scarce able to walk even with such assistance. Could that be Henry! that corpse-like looking personage! Henry who had left her in the glow of health, in the pride of strength and beauty! and this was the sacrifice made for a golden dream! She was hardly prepared for this; but he came nearer, she heard a faint voice whisper "Ellen," and then *her* arm was supporting him, and his head was resting upon her shoulder. "Thank God!" she said, "we will not again be separated."

She made every thing comfortable and pleasant for his reception; no want or wish of his should be left ungratified, while her talent or her labor could eke out their slender means; and while the grateful invalid reclined upon his couch, or sat in his easy chair, with their child on his feet, she went about her daily avocations with the same cheerful spirit, which had characterized her in their more prosperous days.

Two months have passed since the wanderer's return, and on another evening, after a visit from their musical friend, they are alone together. Ellen has again rectified the disorder of the room, laid aside her work and music, sent the boy to his rest, and made all necessary preparations for retiring; and now once more she seats herself beside her husband, and holding his hand, and gently bringing his head upon her shoulder, she says, "How is it, Henry, that you are so silent this evening? You must not get downhearted."

"No, Ellen, not if I can help it. I have only been thinking of another evening, two years ago, on which I laid the ax at the root of your happiness, by breaking to you the unwise project of going on a fruitless and disastrous journey. You have never reproached me for it, by word or look, but now I see how much better it would have been, had I given heed to your wiser counsel."

"Let us not regret the past, dear husband, seeing that we can not amend it; you acted according to what you judged would be the best, and we are not responsible for consequences which we could not foresee or avert. It is the loss of your health only which I regret, the pecuniary loss and the disappointed expectations are as nothing, and if you could but be well again, we should be more happy and more wise than when we first began to walk the path of life together."

"Yes, and *my* wisdom is dearly purchased, Ellen, but I must not complain; I will not; for God in mercy permitted me to come home to die, while many a worthier man has passed his last mortal hour away from all he loved, uncared for, and unattended. When I contrast my present life of dreamy idleness, passed with no greater exertion than moving from my couch to my cushioned chair, with all my wants anticipated, and you, my ministering angel, ever hovering near, with your sweet voice and cheering smile, with the suffering and misery of those months of absence, and count over the days and weeks, which seemed so endless in their passing, when reduced to infant helplessness, I lay upon my rough bed with none but strangers to attend me, and

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no gentle woman's hand to help, or loving eye to watch over me. When I thus compare the present with the past, my heart is filled with an indescribable happiness and content, and the thought of death is not appalling; for I feel that it were better to die now, if Heaven so wills it, than to outlive those who love me, or be called away when they cannot be near. Ellen, it is useless for us to disguise the truth from each other; you know, do you not, that my life is drawing near its close?"

Tears and a bitter sobbing were, for some moments, the only answer to this question, and then clasping both his hands with an almost painful pressure, she looked calmly in his face and said "Henry, it must be as God wills!"

And so it was. There came greater weakness and weariness for one, greater watchfulness and anxiety for the other, and then the last scene, the final parting; and he who thus passed away in the prime of life, was but one of the thousand victims, who have fallen by the wayside, or perished in consequence of a thirst for golden treasure.

A STRANGE DUEL.

"An amusing duel took place yesterday about five miles from the city. It originated in a remark made by a man to his friend on seeing a lady come out of church. The lady was unknown to the person making the remark, but happened to be the other's wife. A slap in the face was the consequence, and a challenge came soon after.

The wife got wind of the affair, and took steps to prevent the dreadful catastrophe. Her first thought was to notify the police, but that might have given her husband the reputation of a coward; and she took a better method by going to the house of the other party, where she met his wife, and a plan was concocted between the feminines.

This morning both husbands got up early—wives ditto. Husbands took carriages; and their wives—one armed with five young children, and the other with three—took the other vehicles in waiting.

When the two duelists arrived at the spot, they were somewhat astonished on seeing the two carriages drive up with their passengers, who cooly informed the men, that they also had come to fight, so as to make it a complete family quarrel, each at the same time producing an empty purse and a package of baby linen, as their arms and munitions of war. The little ones had pop-guns and firecrackers, and soon some indulged in a cry.

It is useless to add that the bloodthirsty Benedicts made peace on the spot, and returned to their homes, in company with their seconds, to celebrate the affair over a grand dinner.

PRIDE.

There is a great prejudice against pride. But it should be considered, that there is a great difference in the quality of that experience. *How* a man is proud, will make a great differance as to the moral complexion of the thing. There is a good and bad pride of position; a good and bad pride of character; a good and bad pride of achievement; and the good is as noble as the bad is mean. We do not wish to write a treatise, still less a homily on the subject; but there is one aspect

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in which those who are beginning the future, may do well to consider this matter of pride. There are young men who begin life with a stern purpose, not only to win success, but to achieve it by truth, by honor, by fidelity unflinching, by faith in rectitude. It often happens that such persons are severely tried and proved. A generous impulse is of little use if it can not sustain itself under temptation. And a young man who means to have honor and character, as well as wealth and reputation, and who has of his own skill and industry to earn them, will have, at the first, to put his faith in the profitableness of integrity to a severe trial. It will seem to him as if honesty was always cheated; as if scruples of honor always lose advantage; and as if a certain suppleness of conscience and pliancy of morals were indispensable to success in wordly things. And then, just as despondency gets hold of him, and poverty is beginning to pinch and the gay world is thundering past him, and leaving him to gnaw the bare bones of a profitless morality, he will be tempted by flattering offers and chances, by which, at a step, he may secure his whole chance for success, by some slight inflexion of rectitude, by some always excused compliance with customary wrong. If a man is weak, he will show it now. He will yield his scruples, and take prosperity wihout honor, and against his sense of right. No matter how much he may gild and conceal the fact, such a man is sold and bought. But if his faith is stern and unyielding, and he say heartily, "I will die in mine integrity rather than live by bartering it," he is strong and noble indeed. And when a man has such a back-bone as that, and is ribbed around with ordinary good sense and enterprise, he is as sure to succeed, as the sun is to rise and bring daylight with it. Such men are needed in all avocations, A man whom no price will buy from integrity, is beyond all price, valuable to men who have great interests at stake. And when they have been tried, proved, and found out, they are like diamonds. However long they may have lain neglected in the sand, no sooner are they once discovered than they have a value that will never go back. And when, step by step, a man has built up a position, a home or property, by legitimate industry and indomitable integrity, he has a right to be proud of it. This is pride of goodness, pride of nobleness. That man may be proud of his estate, when every object in it, acheived by scrupulous ability, is a record of personal worth, a journal of nanly conduct.

But few readers ever think of the labor and care devolving upon an editor. Capt. Maryatt most truly says:

"I know how a periodical will wear down one's existence. In itself it appears nothing; the labor is not manifest; nor is it in labor; it is the continual attention it requires. Your life becomes, as it were, the publication. One day's paper is no sooner corrected and printed than on comes another. It is the stone of Sisyphus —an endless repetition of toil and constant weight upon the intellect and spirits, and demanding all the exertions of your faculties, and at the same time you are compelled to the severest drudergy. To write for a paper is very well, but to edit one is to condemn yourself to slavery."

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THE OTHER SHORE.

BY MRS. S. P. MESERVE HAYES.

We are passing away from this earthly sphere.
To the heavenly shore we are drawing near;
To the evergreen glades of that beautiful land,
Where our Saviour dwells with the happy band
Of holy ones who have passed before,
On the way that leads to the other shore.

Smiling and broad is the way of sin,
And many are they who walk therein;
But the narrow path that the saints have trod,
Is the way that leads to the Christian's God;
And Christ is waiting to welcome o'er
The heirs of grace to the other shore.

In that blissful land we shall know no care,
No sin or sorrow can enter there;
But life eternal with Him on high,
He gives to all who for mercy cry.
Then come, ye sinners, delay no more,
We'll wait for you on the other shore.

The gates of pearl, and the streets of gold,
Will our eyes on that day of days behold!
When with garments pure and free from sin
His Holy City we'll enter in,
To dwell with our Lord forevermore,
And sing his praise on the other shore.

(Original.)

THE MAN OF HONEST TOIL.

BY M. C. JOHNSON.

Give me the man with sun-burnt brow,
Who tills the answering soil
Of high resolves, whate'er his garb,
The man of honest toil.
Whose hand though rough, yet answers back,
The love revealed to him;
Who mockery scorns, but acts out well
The good that burns within.

Give me the man—I care not what
His work, or calling be,
I only ask that on his brow
God's holy signet be;
No churlish fop, who lisping sighs
For fancy's gilded hall,
No miser's grasp, to stint the joy's
Which God designed for all.

Give me the man who walks upright,
And boldly faces wrong,
Who dares to do whate'er is right,
Despite the croaking throng;
No sickly saint, who weeping sighs
O'er wrongs to human kind;
But quickly goes where prayers are said,
And bows at mammon's shrine.

Give me the man—what matters it
Of high or low degree,
Who practices what truths he grasps,
Whate'er his creed may be.
Such men we love, in cot or hall,
Their honest hands we'd clasp,
They're noblemen—earth's diadems,
Whose love no storms can blast.

The man who wears the homespun garb,
Is better far than one
In broadcloth dressed, who never toils,
Nor honest penny won;
The man to fame fore'er unknown
Is worthier far, by right,
Than he who wins by stealth and fraud,
Ambition's utmost height.

THE BOTTLE.

Young man, run your arm into an adder's den, place a rattlesnake in your bosom, chew the berries of hellebore, but leave the bottle alone. Though the liquor glow like molten rubies, though its beads sparkle diamond or amber, though the gods may have drank it, and poets embalmed it in immortal verse, though its aroma may be pleasant as the spice-kissing breezes of "Araby the Blest," yet avoid it as you would the spotted leprosy. Its ruby and diamond and amber hues are the false lights of the soul's wreckers, and its sweet aroma is the breath of the siren who will surely allure you to destruction. Each drop contains a devil, and in drinking ye quaff the fires of hell. Avoid the bowl if you would not perish.

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EDITORIAL.

MASTER'S WAGES.

"WHATEVER is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is a maxim of universal commendation. The proposition is so plain and convincing that it needs no proof, and is self-evident. No young man should start in any profession until he has previously determined to be a master in and a master of the business. It is all nonsense to be half a lawyer, or half a farmer, or half of any thing. Be master or nothing. Too much of the world is made up of the half-cut sort, and too few go at their business with a will and a purpose to excel. Some great man once said that if he were "only a boot black, he would be the best boot black in all London." This is the great principle that should stimulate every man in every undertaking. It is the "excelsior" that should be inscribed on every banner and impressed on every heart.

When a boy goes to learn a trade, he should make up his mind to be a "boss," and keep his eye steadily fixed upon this point as upon the North Star of his life, and never give it up. Difficulties may come in his way. Obstacles may arise. Malice and envy may oppose him. But perseverance will remove them all, and he will triumph. True, if he expects a crown he must endure the cross, for in almost every thing the one precedes the other. This is just as true of every man as it was with the great Reformer of Judea. So, too, when a candidate knocks at the door of Masonry. He should first resolve that he will be master and receive master's wages. This should be his aim and unswerving purpose from the time he puts his foot on the threshold, through all the troubles and difficulties that follow, until he reaches the goal. In the whole world there is not a position more truly worthy the most pure and honest ambition. To gain it, any sacrifice is commendable. No stone should be left unturned, no effort untried, nor should persistence abate, until the prize be won. Be a master, that you may receive master's wages.

And what are master's wages? the reader asks.

We answer: That if he expects to make money, or advance his worldly interests by joining the Masons, he has not only made a sad mistake, but he should have been unanimously black-balled when he first made the attempt to harness the institution to his business. He is out of place and had better resign at once. Masonry is a brotherhood, and all its labors are labors of love. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," and, as a general thing, a man gets what he works for. We have read that those who make long prayers and do their almsgiving in public places, to be seen and heard of men, have their reward.

But if a man joins the order with a just appreciation of what it is and what he will have to learn and what will be his duties, he will work for wages that thieves can not steal and which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. As Masonry is a fraternity, so a Lodge is, as it were, a family and the Master is like a parent. And shall we ask what are a father's or a mother's wages? Certainly they are alike in kind and character to those of the Master of a Lodge; derived solely from the happiness and

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prosperity of those over whom God in His providence has placed them. And whether a Mason be master by election or by dispensation, he is entitled to wages in proportion as he works for them, and aims to discharge his paternal duties. There are thousands of duties to perform, and thousands of pleasant reflections to enjoy as the consequences of well doing. No man can get the wages without doing the work, and none lose the wages that do the work.

The Lodge like the family is to be properly governed; fraternally and lovingly, so that all may take pleasure therein and the institution profit thereby. Every avenue must be closely watched and every element of discord and dissatisfaction kept out. The master's highest wages and chief joy is the prosperity and harmony of the Lodge, and the loving kindness that binds the members each to the other, and all to him.

THE PROFESSIONS OF MASONRY.

THE professions of a Mason are very frequently misplaced. It is not unfrequent that men unite with the Order, and drink in the principles to that extent that a confiding, and an unsuspecting trust will be put in every one who approaches as a brother of the Craft. This is right, provided all come as true brothers. The profession of a Mason should always be open, frank, and tolerant. As the interior spirit of Masonry is hid from the profane, its profession is forced upon the neophyte, and by practical requirements its truths are unfolded to his mind. Certain rules, regulations and claims, founded upon the great fundamental principles of Masonry, are brought to his notice, and are in sublime harmony with a strong faith, which will cause an upright Mason to adorn his life with moral excellence.

In Masonry it does not so much matter what his ideas of religion or party politics may be, as to what his manifestations are for by them he must be tested, and his real worth known. If weighed in a balance for what he does, and he is found wanting, there is need that he amend his life, in order to adorn his profession as a Mason. The practical life of a member of Freemasonry should be like a living and a running stream of what he professes to be, and of what he is called, pure from evil designs and plans.

Christianity asserts truly that a man's faith is dead without corresponding works of righteousness; as the body is dead without the spirit, so his faith, and his profession is dead without acts of goodness; and holds good in regard to Masonry. The vital energies and moral power of the faith one manifests in the institution is solemn mockery and is dead without works harmonizing with the profession he makes. The way and manner that a person's general conduct is presented for the inspection of the world, and the winding up of his transactions with his fellow-men, in the varied relations of life, is the true touchstone to his real worth. It is the index to his real history.

An individual may sound his own fame, and make his loud professions to God, and with lip service say many good things of Masonry; he may perform much external labor and still be corrupt, dishonest, treacherous and full of all manner of hypocrisy at heart.

Such individuals exist and move, such persons we have who are moral *clogs*, dead *weights*, and are a stench in any society whose aim is for good. And this behooves every one who looks well to the Order, to be vigilant as watchmen upon the walls of the *Mystic Temple*. It matters not as to his sayings, but his deeds. If he fails in his honor and duty to man "whom he hath seen," he will not be over scrupulous in the observance of his duty to God "whom he hath not seen." A man—who is governed by selfishness—may mechanically declare that he puts his trust in God, but at the same time persecutes, defames, and slanders his brother, he unfolds the truth to his real motives, and opens the real character of his heart.

In this condition, the world who is ignorant of the true issue, may listen to all of

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these *hollow-hearted professions*, and come to the conclusion that an innocent party is guilty. And perhaps *no* blame can be attached to them, their desire may be to do justice, but they may have been cut off from evidence and testimony which would have changed the complexion of the case. But, be this as it may, the innocent can, without any hesitation, look within his own conscience, and up to God, and make a truthful plea of not guilty, whereas his enemy can do no such thing, in the inner court of his own *mind*, and before *God*, he stands *condemned*. Memory will awaken conscience, and the just goading will surely come.

Yet, notwithstanding all this, memory may fail, conscience become seared, and the stripes be less felt, where there is an evident lack of virtue, which has been overpowered by selfishness, deceptive morals, and a long training of hypocritical pretentions and proclamations of good. These will cause the tongue to utter truthful sayings of religion and Masonry, while the heart is running over with corruption. It is an easy thing to *black-mail* the confident and unsuspecting individual.

The soft and soothing words, spoken by the *oily tongue of deceit*, will easily mislead the one whose confidence has been secured, and the the innocent is charmed into the snare, just as the little bird is irresistibly drawn into the mouth of the poisonous *reptile*.

We contend that religion and Masonry have accomplished but little for a man if they have not made him honest, or at least started him upon the road. If the evil in his heart is not destroyed, and uprooted, his high pretentions, relations and sayings are but "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal."

We must live honestly. There is not a simple item that can be called our own until it is paid for, and not then, if we have taken the money of another to obtain it. Our splendid suit, fine carriage equipment, and household paraphernalia may be directly paid for, with the hard honest toil of a confidential friend. But the practical question is, are we justified in having them? Are we honest Christians or upright Masons in our pompous display as the owner? Masonry and religion, that will not rob the widow and orphan emphatically answers, No! They tell us, and our consciences confirm it, that we are sporting the gain of others.

Every move we make, at every turn, and every glance bestowed upon us loudly rchearses the fact that our lives falsify our profession, and tell us that we are living as a highwayman, unrighteously and wrongly.

In looking at such pictures, we hesitate not in saying what should be the nature of our professions as Masons We should not eat the bread of others for nought, or stretch forth a hand and grasp that which is not our own. Under all the circumstances of life, live prudently and honorably, and then our brotherhood will remember us with joy, and *forgive* our *errors* with cheerfulness.

MASONRY, LIKE TRUTH, FEARS NO EVIL.

THERE are no well informed craftsmen, who entertain any fears that the institution will ever be overthrown. At times, however, arising from the carelessness of its workmen, in not having skillful overseers, the walls of the superstructure may not be carried up plumb; and it may, like truth, become buried amid the ruins of the superstructure. Still, the trusty and prudent will come to the rescue, and rebuild again the grand edifice. Masonry, like truth, has lived, and it has been cherished in every civilized dominion. The historians of the world bear ample testimony of its utility, and of its practical benefits in its march to relieve the wants of the distressed of humanity. Into many a dark and benighted corner of the earth, it has carried its shining light; and dispelled the gloom of bigotry, and the idolatries of some of the nations of the earth.

Its hieroglyphic light, wherever introduced, has attracted the admiration of kings, princes and potentates of the world,

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and they have worn its mystic emblems with credit to themselves and honor to the craft. Where human language is spoken, there Masonry is known, and its principles are understandingly taught. So that a member, whether he be a Jew, Musulman, Greek, African, or one of the wild uncivilized savages, can readily recognize its landmarks. It matters not to what tribe or nation he may belong, a brother is known the entire length of the Masonic cable.

When we find a brother in a Jew, he at once cherishes the Mystic tie, and understands the Mystic language. And the Christian, in his devout faith at the foot of the cross, pours out his heartfelt thankfulness to the great I Am, and as far as understood, and the understanding of each, truth is reverenced as it becomes unfolded to their capacities of thought and mind.

Looking out from the lofty and elevated summit of the moral code of Masonry, and there view the durability of her principles, and carefully examine the firm rock upon which she stands, can we reasonably have less confidence? Then, how can we say that there is no truth in Masonry, while these tenets and doctrines, with their influences on the mind, are making an indelible impression upon all the minds, who come in contact with the working power of the order! The very fact of its making this indelible impression upon the character of the world, and doing such things as are calculated to harmonize with the nobler feelings of man, is proof of its permanency. That it will stand the test, and be amply prepared for all the storms and trials to which it may be subjected. As long as Masonry is a system untiring and constant, reaching after truth, and doing good, there will be one untiring race for the great prize, and there can be no fears of any permanent evil. Grow bright it must, advance it must, and emit more light as ages roll into the history of the past.

All the combined enemies of every clime, tribe, sect and party, can not overthrow her moral system of truth. She must and will, and can withstand all the fiery darts of her foes. Truth and right can never be destroyed. They may be smothered, or hid for a season, but in due time, will burst forth upon the mind, and the age in which they make their appearance will espouse their cause, and thousands flock to their fold.

GRAND LODGE OF IOWA.

By the politeness of Grand Secretary Parvin, we have received a copy of the address of G. M. Mickel, of Iowa, and also of that of Grand Orator Kendig, of the same state. They are both very able productions. We regret, however, to notice a very exceptional expression in brother Kendig's address. We refer to the phrase, "Earth's Creator and man's Redeemer, Jesus Christ." This sentiment is purely sectarian and as such, much at variance with Bro. Kendig's general good taste. It is reasonable to suppose that not a tythe of those he addressed believed in the statement. All Universalists, all Unitarians, all Israelites, all Spiritualists, and many others, do not believe in it at all, and were all such removed from the fraternity, there would be precious few remaining. So that it is altogether out of place on such an occasion. Bro. Kendig has a perfect right to his opinions and to preach them in his own pulpit, but to smuggle them into a Masonic Lodge is as appropriate as it would be for a merchant brother to take his goods there to sell.

Bro. K.'s address is an admirable production,—eloquent and able. Yet we would not do justice to our own feelings nor to the rights of a large majority in the order, did we not thus protest against the introduction of any sectarian matter in any address to the Craft. Besides being in execrable bad taste, the practice is utterly subversive of the harmony that should pervade all our public gatherings. It is not right that any man should take advantage of his position as orator to inflict upon his auditors sentiments that they do not wish to hear. To allow this would be to open the door for the introduction of party politics and sectarianisms of every shade with their concomitant wrangling.

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ST. JOHN'S DAY AT ANDERSON, INDIANA.

THIS day was observed up to the full Masonic standard. The pleasant city was overrun with the Fraternity from most of the prominent towns and cities of eastern Indiana. The ceremonies took place in a beautiful grove near by, and its shady bowers were crowded with the Craft and their friends, at a fair estimate, three thousand in number.

The procession was organized by Bro. Thompson, of Kokomo, with his aids, whose names we can not now recall. The Craft of every degree was fully represented, and the Sir Knights mounted on black horses, and the Princes of the Royal Secret on white horses, presented a grand and imposing sight—each fully armed and equipped in accordance with the regulations.

The orations were delivered by Bro. C. C. Pomeroy, of Chicago, Ill., who discussed the relation of operative Masonry as one of the chief arts of man, and its parallel with speculative Masonry. Time and space will not admit of even a syllabus of the address this month. He was followed by Bro. Leonidas Sexton, of Rushville, Indiana, who discoursed in a clear and logical manner the rise of civilization and the arts, and the great influence exerted by Craft Masonry upon successive ages of the world. Each address was well received by the vast multitude that clustered around the speakers' stand. After the ceremonies the crowd took refreshments in due Masonic form, that were amply provided by Mr. Cartwright, who was assiduous in contributing to the comfort of the guests. Bros. Roach, Barnes, and all the Craft, in truth, in Anderson, spared no pains or labor on that excessively hot day, to make the visiting brethren comfortable. The occasion was an honor to Masonry, Anderson, and Indiana. Sir Knight Blossum, of Dayton, O., Reed Commandery, sung with delightful spirit the song, "Bright Links in Memory's Chain," that brought evidences of the power of music from many a true Masonic heart. As night began to approach, and the workmen to gather up their working tools, we were conducted to the halls dedicated to Masonry in Anderson. In every particular they reflect credit on the Masonic taste and energy of its craft. The hall of the Princes of Jerusalem is one of the rarest and most ingenious arrangements we ever saw. The labyrinths and marches on the pilgrimages are decidedly mythical, and reflect great credit upon the Princes. The whole demonstration speaks loudly for the prosperity of the Order in that region of Indiana. We had promises from many brethren that the MYSTIC STAR should have a welcome among them which we hope will not be forgotten. In the recollection of many similar occasions, we can recall none that gives greater satisfaction than that glorious union of Freemasonry on that day. The results can not help being beneficial to the Order, and likewise to society. We wished in our hearts *that the small squad of grumblers* that met in Pittsburgh, could have witnessed that host of Masons and orderly and intelligent people in council. We can not conclude the notes of this occasion without mentioning, as we have never before had an opportunity of doing, the attention of the officers of the Chicago, Columbus & Indiana Central Railway, the most direct route to Cincinnati from Chicago, and passing through the finest region of Indiana. Bro. Young is an old engineer of high standing, and Vice President of the road, and we as one of the "chain men" and "levelers" on other roads, wish here to acknowledge his frequent acts of professional courtesy to us in days gone by. Also to Bro. N. E. Scott, the general agent of the road. His talent and knowledge of men and business can not fail to make this road a popular thoroughfare in all time to come. He is successor to Bro. Fred. A. Garfield, one of our old subscribers, but for the last year we have not seen him about the Temple, or around the festive board, but we hope he has not laid aside his working tools, and trust we will find

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him soon with his jewels as bright as in days of yore.

Fraternally, "on the wing,"

C. C. POMEROY.

N. B.—We have the promise of a railroad club for the "STAR." Come on brothers.

WEARING MASONIC EMBLEMS.

WE have always been opposed to wearing masonic emblems outside the dress. It seems like an advertisement. But Masonry is not obtrusive, "does not behave itself unseemly, and is not puffed up." She approaches us by a still small voice, and brothers recognize each other by signs that can not be seen, and that are not ostensibly paraded for the public gaze. We can not accord to any man who displays such emblems, any fraternal regard. Some few may thus wear them from an honest pride of belonging to such an ancient and honorable order. But while this is true, there are thousands who thus adopt "the livery of the court of Heaven to serve the devil in." They do it as a means of driving trade, and each emblem they exhibit is a kind of "decoy duck" to entice the unwary. Whoso is deceived thereby is not wise.

Every man knows that the possession of such emblems is no evidence that the owner belongs to the Order. Any man can buy them, or beg, or even *steal* them. Every Mason knows that no man can legally obtain the right to wear them through any mercenary motive, and that therefore every such use of them is dishonest and treacherous. Now, therefore, what sensible, thinking Mason can be caught in such a gull-trap. Every such display of a masonic emblem bears upon its face the mark of fraud. All such men have gained admission into the Order by fraud, falsehood and deceit. And if they have cheated the Fraternity as a whole by joining it, they will certainly defraud the individual members at every opportunity. They are wolves in sheep's clothing.

Instead of being attracted to do business with a man who wears such emblems, every Mason should be repelled by them. Instead of being a cause for any confidence they indicate a treacherous heart, and the only use any man can put them to as a matter of business is to deceive the thoughtless. Beware!

BOOK OF THE LAW.

THE Bible is considered, among Christian masons, the book of the law. The Jews look upon the Old Testament as the book of the law, or perhaps, more particularly the writing of Moses.

In England, lodges open the Bible at Ruth iv. 7, when in the first degree.

And when in the second degree, it is at Judges xxii. 6.

In the third degree at 1 Kings vii. 13, 14.

But in America, or the United States, we believe it is usually opened at Psalms cxxx, in the E. A. degree. And at Amos vii. 7, 8, in the F. C. degree. When on the third degree, at Ecclesiastes xii. 17.

SUPREME SACRED TEMPLE OF MICHIGAN.

WE have received a copy of the "History, Correspondence and Reports of the Supreme Temple of Michigan." It is an expose of certain troubles incident to the organization of an order composed of the Mothers, Wives, Widows, Daughters and Nieces of Master Masons, of which our esteemed correspondent, Mrs. Hazlett, is the chief officer. We do not now express any opinion of the merits of the controversy, but advise our readers to get a copy, which they can do by addressing,

MRS. S. W. COOK,
Hillsdale, Mich.

IOWA.—We are under obligations to Brother Langridge, Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter, for a neat copy of the proceedings of the Thirteenth Grand Annual Convocation. The able report of Comp. Gilbert is one of the best coming under our observation. Our Iowa brotherhood are entitled to the first premium, in getting out the transactions of their Grand bodies in a neat style. It is a credit to themselves, and an honor to the Craft.

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POLITENESS IN THE LODGE.

TRUE fraternity involves true politeness, just as the *major* always includes the *minor* in matters of logic. If we are as fraternal as we ought to be, we will be so from the heart, and our brotherly manifestation will be the outgushings of our indwelling love. This is the only kind of brotherly kindness that will prove a man a Mason. A mere professor is a different thing. In Masonry, when properly understood, there is no "sounding brass nor tinkling cymbal," no hollow-hearted professions, no grip where the heart is not in the hand.

We sometimes hear men talk of their "sincere thanks." But with the Mason such expressions are out of place. He has no thanks that are not sincere—no professions that do not express his real sentiments, no vain pretensions. A man with a hollow heart may make any pretensions that suit his purpose, but he is no Mason and should not be fraternized. We should be really and truly fraternal, or nothing.

Especially should we be so in the Lodge, and more especially to visiting brothers. At our homes we are polite to our visitors. We take them by the hand, direct them to a seat and endeavor generally to make them comfortable. And in the Lodge we should take advantage of the visits of the Craft to exercise our abilities to please in like manner. To adopt such a habit and system of Lodge etiquette, would give our respective gatherings a very attractive peculiarity, and do much in the way of strengthening the cement that binds us together.

PALETINE.

THE members of the Masonic Brotherhood in and about Paletine observed St. John's day in an appropriate manner. A goodly number of the Mystic Tie assembled in one of the most beautiful groves on Bro. Woodruff's farm, and after good vocal and instrumental music, an address, by Bro. Billings, was delivered to an attentive audience. Suitable remarks were spoken by a Brother of the Craft from Albany, N. Y. Then the brothers and their ladies, friends and little ones, all repaired to a sumptuous feast that had been provided by skillful hands. All freely partook of the abundant refreshments, and every one seemed to be upon the very pinnacle of enjoyment.

After refreshments were over, they were called to labor again under the charming and inspiring influence of music. Our Albany brother was quite lame to all appearance, but performed his part of the ceremony with admirable skill. Some one remarked to him that being lame improved his graceful movements, to which he answered that he was "like cold potatoes, better for being warmed."

The day was all that could be desired, and every thing passed away with the best of feeling; no accident, nothing but smiles of joy beamed from every countenance, emblematic of the bright rays of the sun darting between the green foliage of the trees. Nature was vocal with music, the birds sang their sweet melodies, and assisted to commemorate the day of an upright craftsman.

All tried to drink in the spirit of the occasion, and vie with each other and see who could emulate in producing happiness. Such seasons are calculated to unite friends more closely together; it cements them with love and causes a deeper regard for Masonry.

The Masonic Fraternity are doing a noble work in this vicinity. The acquaintance we found was very pleasant, and this our first visit will be cherished in memory as we journey down the lane of time as being one of the happiest days of our life. May the God of Heaven smile upon the Craft in this section of the Masonic jurisdiction.

WHILE Masonry has her secrets, she nevertheless courts investigation into her outside record. While, in her acts of charity, she would not let her right hand know what her left doeth, she defies the tongue of slander to injure her fair reputation.

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OTHER PEOPLE'S EYES.

We may talk as much as we please of our independence of the opinions of others, and how we do as we please, regardless of what they may say; it is, nevertheless, true that a deference to such opinions is the most powerful and effective of all moral motives. Masonically speaking, we are more careful of our front wall—the part that is most seen, that it shows well. Other parts may be defective, there may be flaws and cracks of imperfection in many other places, and we will pass them by or fix them up as best we may, but the front must not be marred by a single error. This is true of every trade. The carpenter, the shoemaker, the smith, and, in fact, all, acknowledge their obligation to appear well. It is true of every family; of every nation, of every society, of every man; and it is all nonsense to talk about any exemp tion from the despotic power of other people's eyes.

This power places a skeleton in every house. For what would there be to hide or cover up, if there were no eyes to see? If we have anything in our domestic relations that we do not wish others to see—that we would bury in oblivion or exclude from the knowledge and gaze of the world—that we would hide away in perpetual darkness; we would be relieved of all annoyances on account of it, could we believe that there was no one to see. When, in the beginning, the fiat went forth, "Let there be light," and darkness was dispelled from the face of the earth, the chances for hiding were greatly diminished. There are thousands of secrets covered up in the darkness, from which all light is carefully debarred. Evil deeds love darkness rather than light, and no light is so much dreaded as that of other people's eyes. There are but few, if any, of us whose work is so perfect that we do not fear the light of inspection. It may be passable in places, here and there, but not every where. Now, it must be plain, that were there no eyes to see, we would care but little for the outside appearance, as it would be the same with all the rest. Were there no eyes to see, we would care but little how we built up our character, or whether we put our best foot foremost, or otherwise.

What would we care about our respectability or that of our children, if it were not for the opinion which the Smiths, or the Jones', would form of us. In fact, just as it was transgression, that first suggested the fig-leaf apron, so we always desire to hide in some way the imperfections of our work, of our lives, and of all connected with us. The power thus exercised over us is despotic, and employs the passions of scorn, contempt, pride, avarice, and others equally powerful.

It is said by certain religionists that "across the river," the light of that sphere shall be so great that nothing will be hidden—not even our thoughts; that we shall know as we are known, and that all our motives and thoughts shall be unclothed to the gaze of the outside world. Thus, both error and crime will be dispelled, and men will be impelled to honesty and holiness by the very light that surrounds them.

Then, let other people's eyes pry into our most inner secrets. Let every thing be known, so that there will be no occasion for concealment, and then we will have a better condition of society, divested of many of the current evils of life.

CAUTION.

Ypsilanti, June 20, 1868.

To the Masonic Fraternity: It seems by several communications received from various places, that there is a person by the name of Charles Stow, *alias* Charles Stewart, traveling through the country, claiming to be a member of Phœnix Lodge, No. 13, F. & A. M., and as such asking for charity.

You are hereby cautioned against him as he is not nor ever was a member of said Lodge. Austin Guild, W. M.

Attest,

T. J. Wilder, Sec'y,
Phœnix Lodge, No. 13, F. & A. M.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. IX. A.L. 5868—AUGUST—A.D. 1868. No. 2

SYNOPSIS OF THE ADDRESS OF LEONIDAS SEXTON TO THE MASONIC FRATERNITY,

AT ANDERSON, IND., JUNE 24, 1868.

THE speaker introduced his subject: "The practicability and usefulness of Freemasonry," by some general remarks on the utilitarian tendencies of the age, and the general desire among men to make every thing they put their hands to, profitable in a pecuniary point of view, But he did not propose to show that Freemasonry was profitable to the membership, as a money-making enterprise, or to induce persons to connect themselves with the Institution, and suggested as to the latter, Masons never "held out inducements" to others to join with them, but they were left to act with reference to it, "of their own free will and accord," while they were required upon initiation to disclaim, that they were moved thereto by "mercenary motives" and to aver, that they sought the association "with a sincere desire to be serviceable to their fellow creatures." If any expected to make money out of Masonry, he ought to be at once and forever undeceived, as such a purpose was entirely foreign to the spirit and object of the Fraternity, and that probably more money could be made by breaking stones on the highways, or by the use of honest industry in any other calling, than out of Freemasonry. He said, that a discussion of the usefulness of Freemasonry in ancient times, would have been wholly unnecessary, as then our brethern worked in both operative and speculative Masonry. Its usefulness was then illustrated in the upbuilding of temples, cities, monuments, military walls, bridges and other great public works, where skill was required. He then proceeded briefly to trace the history of Freemasonry, from the earliest times, down to the re-building of London, and the transformation of the Fraternity, from a mere association of operative mechanics into the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons, as we have it at this day. He dated the existence of speculative Freemasonry at the adoption of Dr. Anderson's "constitution and charges," and then showed its rapid spread over the earth. Having shown when and how Freemasonry ceased to be operative and that we "work in speculative Masonry only," he proceeded to show the prac-

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ticability and usefulness of the Fraternity, by illustrating the following propositions:

1st. It furnishes her membership with wholesome and proper associations.

2nd. It furnishes the only universal language.

3rd. It teaches the purest morality. Under this head, he showed that the morals of the Fraternity, were drawn from the "great light" — the Holy Bible, including both the Old and New Testament—and instanced, in illustrating some of the "cardinal virtues," the Masonic view of the Temperance question,—showing that Masonry came up to the highest standard of rectitude on this great moral question.

4th. It secures her membership against immorality and crime. Not by protecting the person who has committed crime or who has been guilty of immorality, from the just punishment provided by the law, or from the condemnation of public opinion, as is often slanderously charged against us, but it administers moral sustenance to the human heart. Infirmity of mind is common to humanity, so is there a desire for sympathy. This Freemasonry supplies. If our brother is hungry and naked, we feed and clothe him. If sick and afflicted, we visit and assist him. If beset with temptations and liable to fall into error, we cast about him the arms of brotherly love and if possible stay and support his slippery feet. The instructions of the lodge room are admirably calculated to build up and strengthen aspirations after a purer and better life. The Freemason is taught to avoid the specious temptations of vice, by industriously and diligently employing himself in doing good. Idleness leads to crime.

5th. Masonry teaches the equality of our race. We are all upon a level. In this country, this truth is embalmed in that immortal document which declares its independence, in that it says, "we hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal," etc. It is not only in a political sense, wherein freedmen and property are involved, but as Masons, we recognize, the equality and kinship of the entire race—claiming a common father—acknowledging common and reciprocal duties, and journeying together to a common destiny. So the Level reminds us, "that we are descended from the same stock, partake of the same nature and share the same hope, and though distinctions among men are necessary to preserve subordination, yet no eminence of station should make us forget that we are brethren." That man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upwards, we have the authority of Job for saying, and whatever differences in respect to race or rank, color, character or position, may distinguish one man from another, our liability to trouble, proves how nearly we are allied. Pride, education—the conventional rules of society, will not at all times permit us to acknowledge it, but when the great leveler "with his scythe" arrives, we are no longer able to deny it. At the grave we lay aside all distinctions, and the greedy mould of the church-yard wipes them all away. From Masonic equality and kinship, naturally follow the Masonic duties of benevolence and charity. Our monitors tell us, the lodge is a

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miniature world, and its imaginary boundaries are co-extensive with the universe. From east to west is its length. Its breadth from north to south, while its heighth extends from earth to heaven, and its depth from the surface, to the centre of the globe.

This idea of illimitable extent of the Lodge, is to illustrate the universal spread of Masonry when her mission on earth shall have been accomplished, and also to show that a Mason's charity should reach and embrace the whole family of man. These, he said, were only a few of the useful and practical things in Masonry. To speak of all would require a volume rather than a brief address. While there is much that is mysterious, and a great deal that is only symbolic, connected with Masonry, it is believed that no part is wholly useless, and to the intelligent and reflecting mind, the whole system presents a practical and useful study. He said, Freemasonry has come down to us from the early years of creation. Its birth-day is more difficult to fix than the source of the Nile, and gave the views and opinions of learned Masons, and writers regarding its origin and authorship, and proceeded to say, "But whether it had its origin in India, whose civilization was far advanced six thousand years ago; or whether with the men who lived through the flood, or with Abraham who was born two years before Noah died, and about three and a half centuries after the deluge, and who has himself been sleeping in Macphelah's care for one thousand and seven hundred years; or whether it found its life and light at the hands of his descendants at the building of Solomon's Temple, or had a much more modern origin; while these are questions of much interest to the antiquarian and historian, they can not now be of vital importance to us, the Masons of modern times. No man is able certainly to fix the beginning of its history. 'It has existed from a period that dates back beyond the memory of man.' As of the ancient city of Damascus, whose foundations were supposed by Josephus to have been laid by a grandson of Noah; a city, old, and populous and busy, before the foundations of Athens or Rome were dug; a city whose streets thronged with business life four thousand years ago; a city near which the father of Isaac renewed his idolatry; as of that city it may be said its *builders* are not *surely* known; yet we do know, both from scripture and history, that it is so old that Abraham dwelt there, and that it was wealthy, and populous, and great, thousands of years ago, and we also know, that it is still a great city, that it has outlived all the cities of antiquity, that it is still active with busy life, that it is still increasing in wealth, business, population and extent, and promises to endure while time lasts. So may we say of Freemasonry; while we may not certainly say who laid her foundation stones, we do know she has lived hundreds, and perhaps thousands of years in one form or another, her main features remaining unchanged, while we know and believe she has lived and flourished in every age and clime, where civilization had a home; that hillocks are white with unnumbered graves; that she has witnessed the rise and fall of ancient empires; that

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she gave learning and wisdom to people long buried. So we also know she was present at the birth of our own nation's freedom, and that her disciples took an active part in the wise counsels that prevailed when the foundations of the American Republic were laid, and that the leading spirits of the American Revolution, its principal generals, including Lafayette and DeKalb from foreign shores, and the great Washington himself, were devoted members of the Fraternity; humbly receiving instruction at our altars, and practicing the precepts of Freemasonry in their lives. As her vital principles, *Faith* in God; *Hope* in immortality; and *Charity* for all mankind. The principal rounds of the Masonic ladder, with the great lights and attendant ornaments and jewels of the Lodge, have been ample to sustain her in the long ages of the past, so in the present, we find her alive, stirring and active, her lights still burning, and her great heart beating strong in the struggle with all that is evil in the world, endeavoring to advance the best interests of the human race.

It is in vain to point to Masons who are dissolute, drunken and profane, for they have forgotten Masonry, and gone back to the world. They are but finger-boards along the highway of life, to warn the true Mason from the by-paths of disobedience, while the great body of the Fraternity are marching forward in the accomplishment of the heavenly mission of Masonry, instilling the lessons of peace and the great principles of pure religion, by exhibiting in their lives and conduct, that they are ready to *deal justly*, that they *love mercy* and *walk humbly* before God.

MASONIC OUTLOOK.

We are living in the most enlightened age of the world, and in the midst of this flood-light of intelligence all about us, we have not feared to present ourselves in open day on this festival of our patron saint. It is common to hear regret for the "good old times," that we are degenerate and all that. But I can't resist the conclusion that the world is growing better as it grows older. In all manner of physical progress, we are greatly in advance of other days, and certainly in point of general intelligence, we are not behind, while it is safe to say, that at no time in the past, has religion taken a stronger hold upon the people than at present. Christianity seems to be, and is, a vital and powerful religion, filling the whole desire of the immortal soul, and the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, in fulfillment of his direct command, are going into all the world and preaching his Gospel to every creature. The real Christain is ever doing his Master's work, and they are making his Gospel felt, as is apparent in the fact that many things which were formerly regarded as perfectly right and proper, or matters of mere policy, expediency or taste, such as polygamy, slavery, drunkenness, etc., etc., have become outlawed and driven from civilized society. Indeed, the assertion that the world is growing worse is contrary to the sure end of prophecy. For are we not told that in these "last times they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks:" "Nation shall not

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lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." And "They shall not hunt or destroy in all my holy mountain, for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders." While God has promised that a time will come when vice shall be eradicated from the world, when the passions of men shall be suppressed, and when the pure and undefiled religion of Christ shall universally prevail. When that period shall arrive, the mission of Freemasonry will have been accomplished: for, in the language of another, the real object of Freemasonry is, "To efface from among men the prejudices of caste, the conventional distinctions of color, origin, opinion, nationality; to annihilate fanaticism and superstition; to extripate national discord, and with it to extinguish the fire-brand of war. In a word, to arrive by free and pacific progress at our formula or model of eternal and universal right, according to which each individual human being shall be free to develop every faculty with which he may be endowed, and concur heartily and with all the fullness of his strength in the bestowment of happiness upon all, and thus to make of the whole human race one family of brothers, united by affection, wisdom and labor." This, my brethren, is the promised good of Freemasonry. That the whole world shall then become the Masonic Lodge, a miniature world should ours be. Let us labor to make it so.

"When all men's good shall
Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea."

ADDRESS TO THE LADIES.

We are told, that after the creation of man, a garden was planted for him "Eastward in Eden," and that out of the ground there was made to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food. And that the tree of life was in the midst of the garden, and that it was watered by a beautiful river, which had various branches reaching out into several lands, where there was much fine gold and precious stones, and the man was put into the garden to dress it and to keep it. He was given full control over the garden, and was permitted to eat of the fruit of every tree, except of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, which also grew there. Surrounded by such beauty, and enjoying so many of the delights of nature, and with such rational freedom, one would reasonably suppose the man ought to have been happy and contented. But it seems he was not, for "the Lord God said it is not good that man should be alone." So he "made a woman and brought her in to the man." God's works and his gifts to man, are always appropriate, always good, and always suited to their condition. The only thing Adam possibly could have lacked, was just what he received—a woman. She was God's last creation, and in consideration of her character, disposition and usefulness, her beauty and her gentleness, we, the descendants of his rougher workmanship, should not through pride or vanity hesitate to admit, she was his best. What a sad world this would be without a woman! The poet says that even "Adam

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grieved till woman smiled," and it is not hard to see now that he was right.

She was his heart-want, and he could not help it. The female character is expressly suited to the work of speculative Freemasonry. Her sympathetic heart, her affectionate and loving nature, her ready and kindly hands, her willingness to do good and be good, has ever caused her to hold a warm place in the affections of the fraternity. She was not suited to the rough work of the operative Mason, she could not hew the cedars upon Lebanon, nor lift the great stones from the quarry. So she was excluded from the work and labor of the Mason's Lodge. This was doubtless more for her own comfort and good, than because our ancient brethren entertained ungentle feelings toward the sex. On the contrary, the good Freemason is taught to honor and love his fair sister, and among his first duties is charged to be mindful of her welfare. When the Freemason becomes such, he is not only to remember his mother, but his friendship is to extend to the "dear ones" at the brother's home. The Mason's friendship is like that of David for Jonathan. When Jonathan was in life, and his father king, he loved David as his own soul, and shielded him from his father's wrath. When Jonathan was dead, and his family driven from the throne, and David had himself become king of Israel, then David remembered his love for Jonathan, and though Jonathan was not there to receive its tokens, David sought out the poor, crippled son of his departed friend, and cared for him for Jonathan's sake. So the friendship of the Freemason is not the ephemeral sentiment of to-day only, it goes with its object through the ever varying scenes of life, plants the evergreen of memory in the grave, and looking over and beyond it, reaches out after the sorrowing widow and orphan children of him who is no longer able to provide for them. I say nothing of the "Adoption Degrees" of Masonry, to which women are admitted, for we are told they are "patch-work," made to appease the opposition of disaffected and unfriendly wives, and I wish to avoid a controversy with our female friends in regard to them. But I do say, the association of the Fraternity with the gentler sex is delightful in itself, and is profitable in softening the manners, and encouraging by her hearty sympathy those who are engaged in the good work of the amelioration of the race. And while they are only permitted to do the easy work of Masonry—only to be gleaners—or we may say to them in the language of Boaz to Ruth, "Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide fast by us." "Let thine eyes be on the field" we "reap," "and come thou after us. Have we not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? And when thou art athirst, go unto the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn, and at meal time come thou hither, and eat of the bread, and dip thy morsel in the vinegar." Ladies! the old Fraternity wishes Heaven's richest blessings on your heads!

True Masonry is true to itself, true to fraternal charity, true to the best interests of humanity and true to God.

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BROTHER BILLINGS:—These lines were suggested by seeing in the MYSTIC STAR those excellent ones by M. C. Johnson, "Winter is not Always Here."

"*SUMMER IS NOT ALWAYS HERE.*"

BY REV. M. MAGILL.

TRUE, the wintry clouds and storms are past,
Nor could the frost and the snow always last;
Nor longer ice-bound, are our rivers and lakes,
Nor snow flying round us in silvery flakes,
The spring and the summer have come with their cheer,
But remember that "Summer is not always here."

How apt are we mortals to ignore the past,
Onward! yes onward! Oh we are living so fast;
That we take not due care, to note, as they fly
The months, and hours, and the days that go by,
We feel it is sunshine, and no winter we fear,
Forgetting that "Summer is not always here."

True, while sunshine is present "hay should be made,"
While youth is in vigor, life's plans should be laid;
Our powers and talents should be now put in play,
And work should be ours the whole summer day,
But alas, that we think not in the joy of the year
That the heyday of "Summer is not always here."

The Craftsmen should work with a hearty good will,
Their noble and glorious engagements to fill,
Every plan on the trestle-board should be observed,
And the effort put forth that truth be preserved,
For alas, winter's storms and tempests draw near,
And the bright light of "Summer is not always here."

We have age to provide for, and years that draw nigh,
When the wearied Craftsman shall fear "that is high,"
When the door shall be shut "and the grinding sound low,"
When the Tyler shall tremble—but yet without fear
As he feels that his "Summer is not always here."

Then, up and be doing, ye trusty and true,
Work while the sun shines, your labor pursue,
The Master will come when your toil is all o'er,
And call you from labor, to yonder bright shore
Where a welcome shall greet you and hearty good cheer,
In that region where "Summer prevails all the year."

PERU, Ill.

ROB MORRIS IN THE HOLY LAND.

THIS erratic brother, who, as our readers well know, is pursuing one of his Quixotic speculations in the "Holy Land," writes home that, as is usual with him, he is low in funds, and makes an urgent appeal to those of his brethren in this country who do not know the idiosyncracies of his character, or knowing them, have faith in his pretensions and promises, for pecuniary aid, to enable him to continue his explorations among what he ridiculously calls the *seven* "Masonic localities" of Palestine and Syria, which he says are Tyre, Gebal, Mt. Lebanon, *St. George's Bay*, Joppa, Succoth, and Jerusalem! And he has the impudence to intimate (for he does

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not believe a word of what he writes), that if supplied with the requisite means, he shall be able to unearth and identify untold "evidences that *speculative* Freemasonry of the *Solomonic* type, was wrought in them," in the reign of the wise king and that of his successors! What evidence of speculative or theoretic Masonry he expects to find among the ruins of Palestine, is more than we are able to understand; the absurdity may, however, pass current with those who believe in him, and to whom he promises in return, to send home for every contribution of *three dollars*, the following equivalents:

1. "A piece of the *native* stone from the memorable quarries under Jerusalem, out of which the Temple itself was built."

Supposing the Temple to have been built of stone quarried beneath the city, which is by no means certain, we are at a loss to understand what particular Masonic interest can attach to it more than to the stones found in its streets or suburbs. We are, however, surprised that he does not promise specimens from the original wall of the Temple itself, for like other equally genuine "relics," such specimens may be cheaply purchased of the dealers in such articles in large or small quantities, though the precise location of the original building is a problem that does not admit of a very satisfactory solution.

2. "A piece of native stone from the ruins of Tyre."

3. "An ancient coin taken from the ruins of Gebal."

We are at a loss to determine whether the fool or the knave predominates in this promise. It is the most impudent piece of humbuggery and mountebankism that we have ever met with. He would have his credulous dupes believe that these ancient coins, all genuine, of course, are to be dug from the ruins of Gebal by the thousand or bushel!

4. "A pilgrim's shell taken from the port of Joppa, the *same* that the Crusaders wore."

From this we suppose he intends us to infer, that the Crusaders having no further use for their scallops, deposited them at the Port of Joppa, before their return to Europe, and that having turned his attention to "clam digging" he has prepared to supply his friends with any quantity that they may desire, at three dollars apiece!

All the above he promises to his *three dollar* contributors. To those who shall send him *five dollars*, he promises in addition to the foregoing:

5. "A sprig of Acacia from the mountains about Jerusalem."

6. "A piece of Cedar from Lebanon."

7. "A shell from the Masonic bay near Beyrout."

Where this Masonic bay is located the geographers do not tell us.

8. "A piece of clay from the clay ground between Succoth and Zarthon."

9. "A piece of olive wood from the Mount of Olives, large enough to work up into a Masonic emblem."

10. "A pomegranate fruit."

This completes the list, and it is with such contemptible and insane promises, that this notorious charlatan expects to replenish his exhausted finances, to enable him to wander like a vagabond around the world, at the

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expense of his befooled and credulous victims. — *Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND FREEMASONRY.

It is well known to the great majority of our readers, that the Roman Catholic Church frowns upon all secret societies, and that for years its opposition to them has been made manifest by Bulls and Encyclical letters of the Popes. While many good men who are Catholics are members of the Masonic fraternity, there are an immense number who might become members of it if it were not for this opposition of the ruling powers of their Church. We recently received the following communication:

MASONIC EDITOR OF N. Y. DISPATCH—*Dear Sir:* A friend and myself, both members of the Romish Church, are anxious to become Masons, and wish to learn through the columns of the *Dispatch* how we are to attain our object. We are young men, in business on our own account, and are firm believers in Masonry, as laid down in your journal. What Lodge would you recommend? And what will be the expense?

Yours, etc., A CATHOLIC.

The questions propounded here could be easily answered by saying that any Lodge in good standing is capable of conferring the degrees upon "A Catholic" and his friend, and that the expense of becoming a Mason differs with different Lodges, and that any information desired on these subjects can be obtained from the Grand Secretary at his office in Odd Fellow's Hall, who will cheerfully answer any reasonable question that may be propounded to him. We might also say that in the list of his acquaintances our correspondent might easily find a Freemason who would present his proposition to a Lodge, and who could give him all the desired information. The questions, however, are coupled with a declaration of faith which leads us to reply in a more extended manner than we otherwise should have done; for if all that was desired by the writer was to know how a man should proceed to become a Mason, the coupling with it of the declaration referred to was unnecessary; for in obtaining the Masonic degrees the Catholic takes the same steps, and passes through the same ordeals as the Protestant, the Jew, or a person of any other religious faith, so long as he believes in one ever-living and true God.

The form of the question, and its peculiar texture, lead us to believe that something more is desired than mere information as to formula or routine, and acting on this belief, we shall assume that a brief consideration of the propriety of a strict Roman Catholic becoming a Mason can not be out of place, nor irresponsive to the spirit of the question.

When a man becomes a Mason, by taking upon himself the vows prescribed by the fraternity in its ritual from time immemorial, it is supposed that he will in good faith live and die in the principles which Freemasonry inculcates. This supposition is based upon the fact that Masonry does not impose upon any man the performance of any act that will conflict with any religious sentiment, or social or political duty, and that the teachings of the craft admonish him how he should live, and how he should die; that he should ever fear God, and look

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upon him as a loving, forgiving Father, and as one into whose hands he can resign his soul with trust and confidence in the dark hour when he will be called upon to yield it up forever. He is taught to practice charity in the broadest sense, and to couple that virtue with faith in his Maker, and hope in his salvation. In a few words we have thus given all of the requirements of the craft. The secrets of Freemasonry are simply the means by which brethren may be enabled to recognize each other in all parts of the world, and in the darkness as well as at noon-day.

How these things can come in conflict with the teachings of any pure religious belief, it is beyond our power to determine, and yet the spectacle has frequently been presented of Protestant clergymen denouncing Freemasonry in the most unsparing manner, and the priests of the Catholic faith refusing the last rites of the church to Catholics who were Masons, unless they broke their vows or renounced Freemasonry and its sacred teachings. Such instances as the latter named have been very numerous in all parts of the world, and thousands of life-long Masons have died after having, under priestly pressure, expressed contrition for having committed the alleged sin of having become members of the Masonic Fraternity. Others have persistently refused to do this, and have died *Masons.*

Masonry does not ask any man what his religious belief is. It is simply a Theocracy in its religion and government, and looks upon all creeds with equal favor, if the true God is their foundation. Thus it becomes removed from the bitter antagonisms which have frequently convulsed religious bodies, and stands grandly alone, exacting simply a belief upon which all men can stand, no matter of what sect they may be.

This is the institution which the Catholic Church has denounced, and it is for the Catholic professor of faith to say whether he will throw off priestly shackles, and join it for life and for death; or whether he will join it to live by it, and die denouncing it under the stern dictates of his spiritual advisers; or whether he will leave it severely alone.

Masonry does not ask any man, no matter how exalted, to become her votary, for to become a Mason is a privilege—neither a right to the candidate, nor a favor to the craft.

In view of these facts, "A Catholic" is to be, himself, the judge whether he can as an honest man and a conscientious Roman Catholic, permit himself to become a candidate for Freemasonry. We express no opinion upon that point. We have only stated a few facts in a brief manner, and he is to judge for himself.

(Original.)

MASONIC CHARITY.

* * * But the charitable feature of our institution must not be overlooked. Ours is not a beneficiary. It does not propose to enter the marts of business, and compete with other moneyed corporations, by offering an insurance on life and health. It does not propose to assume a guardianship over the temporal interests of men, but leaves each to make such provision for himself and his dependents as ability and

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inclination may prompt. We pay no dues to the sick and needy as of right, but only give as we are able and willing. In all our degrees it is impressed on us that the destitute and suffering are to receive our aid, and especially that we should be prompt to render assistance to a distressed worthy brother. But this is inculcated as a personal duty, not to be superseded by any organized agent. Here is a lesson which needs to be enforced. That there is poverty and distress all about us is painfully evident. And whether it results from wrong or misfortune, every sentiment of humanity and religion assures us it is our duty to minister relief to the extent of our ability. But the tendency of our times is to shirk this unpleasant duty, and to devolve it on some especial agency. We expect the county to provide an infirmary, and the township trustees to look after the poor. We organize benevolent societies, and send out Ward Committees to distribute supplies. Now, this is all well, and is gratifying proof of the Christian spirit which pervades our modern civilization. God forbid I should utter a word to impede any method of aiding the unfortunate. But all this does not excuse us from the personal duty of charity. Do we not too often refuse a pittance to the beggar under the miserable plea that we fear imposition? Do we not sometimes turn away the hungry and naked from our doors, because public provision is made for them? I know there are imposters, and unworthy appeals to our benevolence; that we must consult our ability to give as well as our kindly impulses; that we have not the time or means to relieve all distress. But do we not too often allow those platitudes to cloak a selfish or callous heart? When we offer such excuses can we always answer at the bar of conscience for the rectitude of our intentions? What have we given to the poor in the last year? How much of our substance do we ever devote to charity? Not how much do we pay to support our party or church; nor how large are our subscriptions made to be seen of men; but how much have we bestowed in alms, where the left hand knew not what the right had did? Let this test be applied to our charity and how will it abide the issue? Now, this is the charity which Masonry inculcates. Some times our Lodges appropriate from the general treasury for the relief of special cases of distress; and always it is regarded as their duty to watch over and assist the widows and orphans of worthy deceased brothers. But that sort of charity by which all good Masons are characterized, is that which the individual gives to the call of distress, for this is a duty every where most impressingly inculcated by the Institution. * * *—*Extract from an address by Rev. W. W. Curry.*

[For the Mystic Star.]

THE CLOSING THOUGHTS OF A LATE ADDRESS.

BY S. FISK, LL.D.

FINALLY, I must insist on this, that like our patron saint whose nativity we this day celebrate, we must labor—*labor!*—to "prepare the way of the Lord," and like him should ever be pointing to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

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Masonry was born in the temple of religion, grew up beside its altars as a foster-daughter, and was *perfected within the holy of holies.* When Judah's church was in ruins, Masonry languished; and when from amid the ruins of the wasted temple of God, the truths of religion were restored, Masonry shouted and sang for joy. In later times she has embraced the order of Knighthood; and the Knights of the Red † of St. John, and the Knights Templar have become her brethren, and under the shadow of the cross has ever been their rest. Infidelity has always trembled in the sanctuary of Masonry, and the tongue of the scoffer has been palsied as he essayed to invoke its sanctions. The history of Masonry shows that its strongest and most vigorous growth is under the influences of religion, and in the light of revealed truth. Hence it is due, on the principle of reciprocity, that Masonry should be careful, in her turn, to inculcate the lessons of respect for our holy religion. Having no gospel of her own, no ministry, no sanctuary, no means of grace, it becomes her bounden duty to lead her votaries to the altar of religion, and there to kneel with them, and dedicate them to the eternal God. On her phylacteries, and on all the borders of her garments, should be inscribed, "Holiness to the Lord." All her power depends on the high and holy sanctions of her religion. Strip her of these, and she falls powerless as the merest society on earth. No good Mason can think of religion lightly, nor disregard the services of the sanctuary. The name of God is in the East, and in the West, and in the South of every Lodge; and unless from its altar, and from its burning censer rise the holy fervor of a true devotion, its working materials will grow cold, and the sounds of its hammer be faint and few.

[Original.]

FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

"Faith,"
The trust in the eternal God,
That from the upper Throne,
Within the soul of man is sown,
To flower and fruit as deeds have grown,
Are garnered by the Brotherhood.
Faith in God and faith in man,
In the Grand Master and his Plan.

"Hope,"
The light that falls on the inner shrine,
Illumining the chart of life,
Buoying the heart amid its strife
To seek the teachings therein rife,
Of the Great Architect divine.
From the dim Vestibule march on
Till the Penetralia has been won.

"Charity,"
The band of love, uniting ever,
Through joy and grief the Brotherhood,
Though misfortunes in a wintry flood,
Sweep from life's path each earthly good,
This link is broken never.
The eternal bond that binds the whole
To compass yet, each human soul.

SYCAMORE, Ill., Jan., 1868.

THE REJECTED STONE.

THE Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, thus appropriates a well-known Masonic tradition:

I have heard a story—I can not tell whether it is true or not—out of some of the Jewish legends: it is a tale concerning the text: "The stone which the builders refused, the same is become the headstone of the corner."

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It is said that when Solomon's temple was building, all the stones were brought from the quarry, ready cut and fashioned, and there were marked on all the blocks the places where they were to be put. Amongst the stones was a very curious one; it seemed of no describable shape, it appeared unfit for any portion of the building. They tried it at this wall, but it would not fit; they tried it at another, but it could not be accommodated; so, vexed and angry, they threw it away. The temple was so many years building that this stone became covered with moss, and grass grew around it. Every body passing by laughed at the stone; they said Solomon was wise, and doubtless all the other stones were right, but as for that block, they might as well send it back to the quarry, for it was quite sure it was meant for nothing. Year after year rolled on, and the poor stone was still despised; the builders constantly refused it. The eventful day came when the temple was to be finished and opened, and the multitude was assembled to see the grand sight. The builders said, "Where is the top-stone? Where is the pinnacle?" They little thought where the crowning marble was, until some said, "Perhaps that stone which the builders refused is meant to be the top-stone." They then took it, and hoisted to the top of the house; and as it reached the summit they found it well adapted to the place. Loud hosannas made the welkin ring, as the stone which the builders refused thus became the head-stone of the corner. So it is with Jesus Christ. The builders cast him away. He was a plebeian; he was a man of poor extraction; he was a man acquainted with sinners, who walked in poverty and meanness; hence the worldly-wise despised him. But when God shall gather together, in one, all things that are in heaven and that are in earth, then Christ shall be the glorious consummation of all things.

"Christ reigns in heaven the top-most stone,
And well deserves the praise."

He shall be exalted; He shall be honored, His name shall endure as long as the sun, and all nations shall be blessed in Him, yea, all generations shall call him blessed.

[Original.]

NOT JEALOUS.

BY DR. WOODHOUSE.

MASONRY has, if we can judge from practical facts, done very much to popularize the idea of *private* work for *public* good. Else, how shall we account for the existence of numerous private societies and orders, having for their object mutual protection, relief, and charity, or the promotion of some such virtues as honor, fidelity, and temperance, yet excluding their modes of action from public inspection. These orders, known by appropriate and significant names, are scattered all over the land, and have done, and are doubtless doing, a great amount of good. To deny this would be to impeach the motives and question the judgment of hundreds of thousands of the best people we have, and among them, the clergy of our land, so justly regarded as the conservators of morals, and alive to the welfare of the race. Even more—to deny this, is to deny

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the testimony of the stranger who has found friends in a strange land, the sick who has been tenderly cared for, the widows that have been relieved, the orphans that have been fed, clothed, and educated, as well as the fallen who have been rescued and saved from ruin.

Now, Masonry, as a benevolent and private institution, dates its origin far back of that of any of those more recent, or modern orders. It has prepared the way for them, suggested them, and has done much to make their establishment easy, and their workings practical. Many of their members, until they become well qualified Masons, can hardly know, how much, in various ways, they are all indebted to Masonry. But Masons are not jealous of these institutions. They wish them well. And their individual members ought to wish Masonry well, for superior to them all in the beauty and sublimity of her teachings and rituals, she is, in an important sense, the mother of them all.

OLD FOGYISM AND YOUNG AMERICA.

We find the exhibition in our Order occasionally of the same traits that elsewhere give rise to these cognomens. One class holds on tenaciously in the veriest non-essential to the past, having no spirit of accommodation to varying circumstances of the age. The other class too lightly esteem the past, and would modify every thing, abolishing the landmarks themselves, and borrowing regimen from some society of modern date.

The novitiate of to-day will discourse more positively and dogmatically of Freemasonry than the laborer in its vineyard of many years. He thinks the by-laws and work of the lodge, and a few masonic works, are sufficient to justify *ex cathedra* expressions from him. What he gathers in the lodge-room, and by miscellaneous conversation, enable him to speak volubly, but superficially. But he is not a Masonic student, and can not therefore become an expert. He does not see the connection between the ancient authors, the various branches of the sciences and the arts, and their history and development from the remotest times; between the history of man and the traditions of nations; between the "book of the law," between all these and the principles, history, laws, philosophy, and symbolism of the Order. Why are so many of our brethren contented to remain at the alphabet of our mystic art? Why are some ambitious brethren contented with an office, and a little sophomoric debating ability, and caviling propensity? Why should they not give their ambition wider and higher scope? To understand all Masonic mysteries, and all knowledge, and to cultivate the highest inner life? Familiar with the mystic past, reverencing its teachings, truths, and mighty works, yet stretching forth for the developments of the mystic future?

[An unknown lady of Ohio, has sent us the following article, which we cheerfully publish for its good humor, wit, and logic. —Eds.]

To The Mystic Star:—I read your article, "Why Women can not be Masons;" but to me it does not seem *very* plausible. I love Masonry and believe it a holy institution, and think if a good and noble

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cause will prompt man to good works and charitable deeds, it will grow and prosper in both good and charitable works and deeds if woman can lend her influence. You write truly when you say that Masonry was founded in the times of ignorance, when woman was considered "as little better than man's slave." That was the time of ignorance and superstition that God winked at. Old things are fast being done away with. This world is ever onward in its progression, and there is scarcely an institution *anciently*, but that *modern* times have made an improvement on, and all agree that the modern is better than the ancient. Now, if Masonry so exceeds, and goes far ahead of every other work, why will it still entertain the ancient custom of excluding the noblest of God's works—woman. Every institution has its "landmarks," but, when those landmarks are found to be a detriment they are removed, *and must be.* Now, to deprive woman of a right that unites men in such firm and holy bonds of friendship, is a detriment to her happiness and goodness.

It is a general opinion that Masonry is founded on the Bible; now, all hold that the translators were as liable to err as the men of our times, and that King James was a very bad man. Now, portions of the Bible that were rejected might affect Masonry as it does the condition of the human family. And does it not look reasonable that such a wicked man as king James should feel a little envious that the last and noblest of God's works proved to be woman, and because he had the power he would deprive her of the next noblest work—Masonry! You say that "Masonry imparts its instructions by *symbolry*; a symbolry at once chaste, impressive and beautiful. So much so, that Masons never tire of it." Chastity, impressiveness, and things beautiful are ascribed to woman, and she would never tire of her own interior self. If the repeated lesson makes men better, what angels might we behold in women. This symbolry is known to the uninitiated, you say, as "riding the goat." Now, no good, noble, woman would object to engage in a work, neither would she think it improper, that made her husband a better man. If the goat must needs be rode "*astride* and *bare-back*," woman, with all her fortitude and courage, could go through with it nobly. And she would feel as though if a *goat* was the only obstacle that stood between her and man, the barrier was but a trifle. If there is nothing improper in a man's mounting a goat to accomplish a worthy object, to obtain a good end, a goat would answer a woman's purpose with the same propriety. I would rather be that "one woman of the thousand," and be a Mason, than otherwise.

That goat must have rejoiced at one change in all its long reign.

If that animal is the *only* objection, I think women will have to be admitted.

Gorham. W.

"THERE IS AN IMMORTAL SPARK WITHIN US."—Like the belief in a Deity; the belief in the soul's immortality is rather a natural feeling, an adjunct of self-consciousness, than a dogma belonging to any particular age or country. It gives eternity to man's nature, and reconciles its seeming anomalies and contradictions; it makes him strong in weakness, and perfectable in imperfections; and it alone gives an adequate object for his hopes and energies, and value and dignity to his pursuits. It is concurrent with the belief in an infinite Spirit, since it is chiefly through consciousness of the dignity of the mind within us that we learn to appreciate its evidences in the universe. To fortify, and as far as possible, to impart this hope, was the great aim of ancient wisdom, whether expressed in forms of poetry or philosophy; as it was of the mysteries, and it is of Masonry. Life rising out of death was the great mystery which symbolism delighted to represent under a thousand ingenious forms.—*Albert Pike.*

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"*LET THERE BE LIGHT.*"

THE renowned master of Rhetoric, Longinus, pronounced this saying of the great Creator, as one of the most remarkable examples of the sublime, found in any language or records known to man. But four words only, yet how full of wonder they are! What marvels of power they enfold! What beneficence, of God to man, they enwrap! Light, in the physical world, is indispensable to the complement of natural things and natural harmonies. Without light, every thing else in nature might exist, but they would all exist in vain! Without light, the human eye, that most wonderful optical instrument, might exist in all its perfection, but it would be a useless organ. Creation might be crowned with beauties—but all, to man, would be vain and useless. In the creation of light, God has shown a regard for the necessity of bringing together independent crudition for the production of material order, divine glory, and human happiness.

Light may well, then, be the symbol of truth and perfection. It is so essential to all nature, to all animated beings, that without it every thing else is nought; with it every thing is wonderful, glorious, complete. This shows us the great need of moral and intellectual light. Man has spiritual eyes; moral light is needed to make them the inlets of happiness and means of enjoyment. Masonry has, therefore, her "great lights," showing her appreciation of this necessity, as well as fitness of things. The symbolic forms take us to the essence of vital truths, and instruct us in the wants of our nature, and point us to the abundant and appropriate sources of supply, the Holy Bible, not the least of them all, in cheerfully doing which, each laborer takes his assigned part, the stronger helping the weaker, the experienced the more uninformed, as this spiritual edifice of charity, adorned with all its appropriate graces, out of the rude blocks in the quarry and from the unshaply cedars of Lebanon, stands a complete and finished structure, showing that while there was an evident wisdom to contrive, and there is a visible beauty to adorn, there is also an adequate strength to support, the stately and harmonious pile. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

We have an example of this "noble emulation," given in the book of Isaiah, as recorded in the forty-first chapter, reading thus: "They helped every one his neighbor, and every one said to his brother, 'Be of good courage.' So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith, and he that smootheth with the hammer him that smote the anvil, saying, it is ready for the soldering, and he fastened it with nails, that it should not be moved." Surely, when all thus work, and each one helps every one, and every one each, the good work of their hands, whatever it may be, moves on and up to a glorious completion. This spirit of emulation kindles no strife, fosters no heart-burnings, imposes no wearisome burdens among brethren. It is a laudable ambition, whose trophies are bedewed with no tears of suffering, wisely to rule the empire of the soul, and find in the good of others our own, and in their acquisitions our own best treasures.

Ruttan, Vt.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

EVA DURANT.

BY MRS. M. ADELE HAZLETT.

CHAPTER I.

FASTER and faster spread the flames, and now the ship was enveloped in a fiery sheet. Men and women rushed madly over the sides to meet a quicker but less painful death. The boats, with one exception, had been overloaded and capsized. There were hasty prayers, and heart-rending cries of misery and distress. Death hovered vulture-like over his victims, some clung desperately to the vessel's side, some supported themselves in the water by articles snatched hastily from the burning ship, and with which they had leaped wildly into the sea. The captain sang out through his trumpet, "Take heart and sustain yourselves as long as possible. A ship is coming to our relief."

James Durant stood upon the almost deserted deck with his only child, but four years of age, folded closely in his arms. His eye swept the horizon in search of the ship to which the captain had alluded. He discovered it at length, but it was at least four miles away. The flames had nearly reached him. Before the ship could arrive, they must be burned to death, or, if he sprang, as others had, down into the water, both he and the child would be drowned, for he was not a swimmer.

The little arms were twined about his neck, the pale cheek rested confidingly against his own, but the brave little girl did not tremble.

"O, my God, is there no help!" cried the despairing father, as the flames swept nearer, and he felt that his present position could be held but little longer.

"Here, give the child to me, and I will save her," and turning quickly, Mr. Durant stood face to face with a stranger who held a life-preserver in his hand.

"Quick, there is no time to be lost; the child shall have my life-preserver, and it will float her easily. Yonder is another ship, I have been watching it for the last five minutes. It will reach us in half an hour at least. There, that is fastened securely; now little girl I am going to throw you into the water. You are not afraid?"

"No, no, but my papa!"

The father caught her frantically in his arms. "My darling Eva, you may never see your papa again, but do not fear, God will guard you, somebody will find you, and care for you. If you never see papa again, remember he is with dear mamma in heaven."

"Has she no relations?" asked the stranger.

"None in this country, I am from England, and am traveling for her health."

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"Take that pin from your bosom, and fasten it upon her clothing."

"Heaven help you for the thought," said the father, and in a moment the square and compass was glistening on the bosom of the child. Then the stranger took her from the father's arms, saying, "I am stronger than you. She must be cast beyond the reach of those poor drowning wretches or they will rob her of her life-preserver."

The white drapery fluttered through the air, sank below the waves, and then rising, floated lightly on the waters. James Durant turned to the stranger with tearful eyes. "May God bless and preserve you, noblest of men. But you as well as myself must now be lost."

"No, I am a good swimmer, and here is a piece of board with which you can sustain yourself until relief arrives."

The father cast another glance upon the white speck floating rapidly away, and with an inward "God preserve her," sprang into the sea, followed by the stranger, but the two floated in opposite directions, and they saw each other no more.

Two hours later James Durant awoke as from the sleep of death, and found himself in the cabin of a strange ship, with kind and sympathizing faces all about him. In a moment he realized all that had passed, and said eagerly though feebly "My child, my little Eva; is she safe." There was no response, and a low moan escaped the father's lips.

"Courage sir," said a lady, with tearful eyes, "some of the passengers were saved by another ship." The father's countenance lighted, "God grant she may be safe."

Mr. Durant recovered his usual strength in a few hours, and sought among the saved for the stranger who had proved himself so true a Masonic brother, but he was not to be found.

"He must be on the other ship," said Mr. Durant to himself, and he will care for Eva."

But both ships were in port at New York on the following day, and although Mr. Durant found the stranger who had so befriended him—and who proved to be a Mr. Wadsworth, from a southern city—Eva had been seen by no one, and was given up as lost.

CHAPTER II.

"Here, wife, is a child that has just been washed upon the beach. She is cold and stiff, but I think she is not dead. Let us have some warm flannels immediately, and tell Thomas to run for Dr. Hunt."

It was long before the quivering flashes and feeble fluttering of the heart gave token that success would crown the efforts of Eva's rescuers, but by and by the lids parted and revealed two large, liquid, sky-blue eyes, that wandered from face to face in a bewildered way, and then closed wearily.

"I fear she will not recover very rapidly," said the doctor. "She has a delicate constitution, and will require the best of care."

"Poor child," said Mrs. Turner, "I do not wonder she is nearly dead; but who can she be? some terrible accident must have occurred at sea."

"You had better examine her cloth-

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ing," said the doctor, "perhaps you may find some clue to her relations."

Mrs. Turner lifted the gossamer white dress, and turned it over and over. The square and compass placed upon it by Mr. Durant, flashed upon the eyes of all at once. The doctor and Mr. Turner looked at each other, but neither spoke, and Mrs. Turner did not see the tears that glistened in her husband's eyes.

The doctor's fears that Eva would not recover rapidly, proved to be well-founded, days and weeks of fever succeeded her awakening to life, during which she talked incoherently of "papa," and "poor dead mamma," and of "the burning ship," and of "hunger." But finally she awoke to consciousness, and asked many questions as to where she was, and how she came in that strange room, and who were those that attended her, but Dr. Hunt forbade her being questioned until she was stronger.

How interested were all in the little convalescent whom the elements had cast into the little sea-board town. The ladies declared that never before did a child possess such lovely eyes, or such beautiful curls, while the gentlemen seemed not less interested, and brought her gifts of every thing that might please a childish fancy.

"My dear little girl," said Dr. Hunt, when Eva was at length able to ride out, "will you tell me your name?"

"Eva," said the child; "I thought you knew it."

"Yes, I know your name is Eva, but I want to know the rest of your name, your father's name."

"Eva Durant. Mr. Durant is my papa."

"Yes. Now I want you to tell me all you can remember about your father and mother." Eva's eyes filled with tears.

"O, sir, my mamma died, and went to live with the angels. And I do not know where papa is, he said if I never saw him again I must know he had gone to mamma."

"Where were you when your father told you this?"

"On the ship; and oh, the fire burned me so, and papa held me in his arms until a strange man took me and tied something under my arms, and threw me into the water, and I have not seen papa since. O, sir, can you tell me where he is?"

"No, dear child, but perhaps we may yet find him."

And this was all that Eva's new friend could discover. It was plain she had come from the ship that had been burned a few weeks before, that she had been cast upon the sea, and had floated to the shore, but where was her father? had he been saved, and was he searching for his child? Every possible effort was now made to find him. The circumstances of the case, with the statement of the child, were published fully in the newspapers of the neighboring cities, but the grief-stricken father believing his child to be lost, had sailed a week before for Europe, and it soon became settled in the minds of Eva's protectors, that he had perished. But the little one still prattled of her "papa," and said he would come by and by, and those who believed differently would not pain her by contradiction.

The square and compass that had been found upon her clothing was re-

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garded as a powerful appeal from a Mason to his brethren, to care for his child. So it came to pass, that Eva became, as it were, the especial charge of Hiram Lodge, No. 93. Mr Turner would gladly have taken the entire care of the little waif, and the wealthy Senator W—— requested to be allowed to adopt her as his daughter, but the brethren, in lodge assembled, declared by vote, that Eva should be reared, educated and protected by the Lodge, and that as Providence had placed her in brother Turner's house, that should be her home.

And so years went by, and Eva became a healthy, joyous child, flitting like a sunbeam here and there, and every where meeting the warmest of welcomes. The Masonic Hall was but a few rods from Mr. Turner's residence, and Eva often went with him as far as the door, and then returned alone, always bidding the Tyler "take good care of Pa Turner, and send him home early."

CHAPTER III.

The six years that followed the death of his wife, and the loss of his child, passed wearily to James Durant. He visited nearly every country of the old world, seeking, amid scenes of natural beauty and grandeur, as well as of historic interest, for the mental rest that could never be found. Once more he turned his steps toward America, and sought his Masonic friend, Mr. Wadsworth. Finding that gentlemen about setting out with his family on a journey to the Atlantic coast, Mr. Durant accepted the urgent invitation to accompany them. To Saratoga and Niagara, then to New York, where, leaving the ladies, Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Durant wandered from town to town along the coast, enjoying the beauty of the scenery, and the quiet hospitality that greeted them, more than the crowded hotels and fashionable style of the popular watering places. Fancy, and the kind hand of Providence, at length led them to the little town of B——, and the second evening after their arrival, they visited the Masonic Lodge. A warm welcome was extended to these brethren from such distant homes, and both were invited to address the Lodge. Mr. Durant said:

"Brethren, I have traveled much and long, I have found Masonic sympathy in every part of the globe, and every where is Masonry substantially the same. I can hardly tell where I reside. The world seems to be my home, and I remain but a short time in any one town or country, but my name is recorded in an English Lodge. I love my English brethren, for they first brought me "from darkness to light," and I love English soil, for with it sleeps the wife of my youth. But I love America also, for here have I found the warmest of welcomes, the kindest of brethren. And, too, my only child is sleeping in American waters, even beneath the very waves that wash the shores of your beautiful village.

"Six years have passed since this dear friend and brother robbed himself of his life-preserver that my little Eva might perhaps escape, and we hoped the elements might be kind, and that heaven would send her relief. But she was never heard of more."

The voice of Mr. Durant was quivering with emotion, and unable to

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speak further he seated himself and covered his face with his hands.

Glances of surprise and pleasure were cast from one to another, among the brethren of Hiram Lodge. No one spoke, however, but all eyes turned upon the Master, Mr. Turner. For a moment he seemed reflecting, then taking a slip of paper from the Secretary, he wrote:

"Mrs. Turner, do not allow Eva to retire until I return home, tell her I am going to bring a strange gentleman who wishes to see her." And calling the Junior Deacon, Mr. Turner gave him the note, saying in a low voice, "Take this to Mrs. Turner immediately."

"Why Eva," said Mrs. Turner, when she had read the message, "you are going to have company. A strange gentleman is at the lodge-room who wishes to see you. Who can it be?"

Eva looked perplexed and thoughtful, suddenly her cheeks flushed, her eye lighted, and clapping her little hands she sprang to her feet and exclaimed, "Oh, it must be papa! no one else could wish to see me, no one in the world;" and before Mrs. Turner comprehended the child's intention she had passed the threshold and was flitting through the moonlight toward the lodge-room. The Tyler looked amazed when Eva burst into the anteroom, her cheeks burning, her eyes flashing with joy and excitement.

"Do not stop me, I am going in," she exclaimed. But the inner door was fastened, and the impatient Eva nearly cried with vexation. "Wait a moment," said the Tyler, who having heard nothing of what had transpired within, was at a loss to account for the strange conduct of the child, "wait a moment, and I will send your request to Mr. Turner. He will come out and see you."

"I shall *not* wait, I do not want to see Mr. Turner, I want to see my papa."

"The child is crazy, that is evident," said the perplexed Tyler to himself, but calling out the Deacon he bade him say that Eva was there and determined to get into the lodge-room. The Deacon went to the East and delivered his message in a low tone, and a moment after moved "that the craft be called from labor to refreshment." "Now," said Mr. Turner, "tell the Tyler to let her come."

And Eva did come, or rather bound into the hall, more beautiful in her excitement than ever before. She advanced to the center of the room, and stood beside the altar; and half poised upon one tiny foot, she scanned rapidly the faces of all. Her eager eyes soon detected the strangers who were seated beside each other, and for a moment she seemed irresolute, then darting forward with a glad cry, she threw her arms about the neck of Mr. Durant, "O papa, my dear papa, you have come at last, you were not burned in the ship." We will not attempt to paint the scene further, but will leave our readers to imagine the joy of the fond father, and will allow them also to decide whether the tears that wet the cheeks of the brethren of Hiram Lodge, were caused by sympathy with the happiness of their little charge, or grief that they should lose one whom all had learned to love so well.

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"SHE HAS OUTLIVED HER USEFULNESS."

BY MRS. J. D. CHAPLIN.

Not long since a good looking man in middle life came to our door, asking for "the minister." When informed that he was out of town, he appeared disappointed and anxious. On being questioned as to his business, he replied, "I have lost my mother, and this place used to be her home, and as my father lies here, we have come to lay her beside him."

Our heart rose in sympathy, and we said, "you have met with a great loss."

"Well—yes," replied the strong man, with hesitancy, "a mother is a great loss in general: but our mother had outlived her usefulness. She was in her second childhood, and her mind was growing as weak as her body, so that she was no comfort to herself and was a burden to every body. There were seven of us sons and daughters; and as we could not find any one who would board her, we agreed to keep her among us a year about; but I have had more than my share of her, for she was too feeble to be moved when my time was out, and that was more than three months before her death. But then she was a good mother in her day, and toiled very hard to bring us up."

Without looking at the face of the heartless man, we directed him to the house of a neighboring pastor, and returned to our nursery. We gazed on the merry little faces, which smiled or grew sad in imitation of ours, those little ones to whose ear no word in our language is half so sweet as "mother," and we wondered if the time would ever come, when they would say of us, "She has outlived her usefulness," she is no comfort to herself and a burden to every body else, and we hoped before such a day would dawn, we might be taken to our rest. God forbid that we should outlive the love of our children. Rather let us die while our hearts are a part of their own, that our grave may be watered with their tears, and our love may be linked with their hopes of Heaven.

When the bell tolled for the mother's burial, we went to the sanctuary to pay our only token of respect to the aged stranger; for we felt that we could give her memory a tear, even though her own children had none to shed.

"She was a good mother in her day and toiled hard to bring us all up—she was no comfort to herself, and a burden to every body else!" These cruel, heartless words rung in our ears, as we saw the coffin borne up the aisle. The bell tolled long and loud, until its iron tongue had chronicled the years of the toil-worn mother. One—two three—four—five. How clearly, and almost merrily each stroke told of her once peaceful slumber in her mother's bosom, and of her seat at nightfall on her weary father's knees. Six—seven—eight—nine—ten—rang out the tale of her sports upon the greensward, in the green meadow, and beside the brook. Eleven — twelve—thirteen—fourteen — spoke more gravely of school days and little household joys and cares. Sixteen — seventeen — eighteen—sounded out the enraptured visions of maidenhood and the dream of early love. Nineteen brought before us the happy bride. Twenty spoke of the young mother whose heart was full to bursting with the new,

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strong love, which God had awakened in her heart. And then stroke after stroke told of her early womanhood—of the loves, and cares, and hopes, and fears, and toils through which she passed during these long years, till fifty rang out harsh and loud. From that to sixty, each stroke told of the warm-hearted mother and grandmother, living over again her own joys and sorrows in those of her children and her children's children.

Every family of all the group wanted grandmother then, and the only strife was who should secure the prize; but, hark, the bells toll on! Seventy—seventy-one—two—three—four. She begins to grow feeble, requires some care is not always perfectly patient or satisfied; and goes from one child's house to another, so that no one place seems like home. She murmurs in plaintive tones, and after all her toil and weariness, it is hard she can not be allowed a home to die in; that she must be sent rather than invited from house to house. Eighty—eighty-one—two—three—four. Ah, she is now a second child—now, "she has outlived her usefulness, she has now ceased to be a comfort to herself or any body," that is, she has ceased to be profitable to her earth-craving and money-grasping children.

Now sounds out, reverberating through our lovely forest, and coming back from our "hill of the dead," eighty-nine! There she lies now in the coffin, cold and still—she makes no trouble now, demands no love, no soft words, no tender little offices. A look of patient endurance, we fancied, also an expression of grief for unrequited love sat upon her marble features. Her children were there, clad in weeds of woe, and as in irony we remembered the strong man's words, "She was a good mother in her day."

When the bell ceased tolling, the strange minister rose in the pulpit. His form was erect, and his voice strong, but his hair was silvery white. He read several passages of scripture expressive of God's compassion to feeble man, and especially of his tenderness when grey hairs are on him and his strength faileth. He then made some touching remarks on human frailty, and our dependence on God, urging all present to make their peace with their Maker while in health, that they may claim his promises when heart and health failed them.

Then, he said, "the eternal God shall be thy refuge, and beneath thee shall be the everlasting arms." Leaning over the desk, and gazing intently upon the coffined form before him he then said reverently: "From a little child I have honored the aged: but never till grey hairs covered my own head, did I know truly how much love and sympathy this class have a right to demand of their fellow creatures. Now, I feel it. "Our mother," he added most tenderly, "who now lies in death before us, was a stranger to me, as are all of these, her descendants. All I know of her is what her son told me to-day—that she was brought to this town from afar, sixty-nine years ago, a happy bride—that here she passed most of her life, toiling as only mothers ever have strength to toil, until she had raised a large family of sons and daughters—that she left her home, clad in the weeds of widowhood, to dwell among her children; and that until health and strength left her. God forbid that conscience should accuse any of you of ingratitude or murmuring, on account of the care she has been to you of late. When you go back to your homes, be careful of your example before your own children; for the fruit of your own doing you will surely reap from them, when you yourselves totter on the brink of the grave. I entreat you as a friend, as one who has himself entered the evening of life, that you may never say in the presence of your families, nor of heaven; "Our mother had outlived her usefulness—she was

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a burden to us." Never, never! a mother can not live as long as that. No! when she can no longer labor for her children, nor yet care for herself, she can fall like a precious weight on their bosoms, and call forth by her helplessness all the noble, generous feelings of their natures."

Adieu, then, poor toil-worn mother; there are no more days of pain for thee. Undying vigor and everlasting usefulness are part of the inheritance of the redeemed.

STATE OF MIND PRECEDING DEATH.

Sir Benjamin Brodie, as the result of his long observation, concludes that the mere act of dying is seldom, in any sense of the word, a very painful process. It is true (he adds), that some persons die in a state of bodily torture, as in the case of tetanus; that the drunkard dying of *delirium tremens* is haunted by terrific visions; and that the victim of that most horrible of all diseases, hydrophobia, in addition to those peculiar bodily sufferings from which the disease has derived its name, may be in a state of terror from the supposed presence of frightful objects, which are presented to him as realities, even to the last. But the general rule is, that both mental and bodily suffering terminate long before the scene is finally closed.

Then, as to the actual fear of death, it seems that the author of our existence, for the most part, gives it to us when it is intended that we should live, and takes it from us when it is intended that we should die. Those who have been long tormented by bodily pain are generally as anxious to die as they ever were to live. So it often is with those whose life has been protracted to an extreme old age, beyond the usual period of mortality, even when they labor under no actual disease. Sir Benjamin describes the dying of old age—

> Like ripe fruit to drop
> Into his mother's lap,

as seeming to be a happy conclusion of wordly cares and joys. "It is like falling asleep never to wake in this state of existence. Some die retaining all their faculties, and quite aware that their dissolution is at hand. Others offer no signs of recognition of external objects, so that it is impossible for us to form any positive opinion whether they do or do not retain their sensibility; and others again who appear to be insensible and unconscious, when carefully watched, are found not to be so in reality; but they die contentedly."

Sir Benjamin Brodie has never known but two instances in which, in the act of dying, there were manifest indications of the fear of death. The individuals alluded to were unexpectedly destroyed by hæmorrhage, which it was impossible to suppress. The depressing effects which the gradual loss of blood produced in their corporeal systems seemed to influence their minds, and they died earnestly imploring that relief which art was unable to afford. Seneca might have chosen an easier death, than that from opening his arteries.

With respect to the influence of religious sentiments on the minds of dying persons, Sir Benjamin Brodie observes: "There is no doubt that a pure and simple religious faith, and a firm reliance on the Being who has placed us here, contribute more than anything besides to disarm death of its terrors, deprive 'the grave of its victory,' and smooth the passage of the humble and sincere believer to the termination of his wordly career. Nevertheless, according to my own experience, and what I have heard from others, the influence of religious feelings, is for the most part, not so much preceptible at the moment when death is actually impending, as it is at an earlier period, when the individual who was previously in health, or supposed himself to be, first discovers that it is probable that he shall die."

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EDITORIAL.

WISCONSIN ITEMS BY THE WAY.

THE first town or city we visit of much note on the Northwestern R. R. is Janesville. In this lovely place the Masonic Brotherhood are doing well, so far as we could learn. In fact this is the case in all the places where we journeyed. The saying is made every where, "we fear that there are more admitted to enter our Temple than should." This may be the case every where. And it arises from this one conclusion. A candidate is proposed, his character is scanned, and they find nothing in particular against him, and not any thing very wonderful in his favor. He is a kind of a negative man. Possesses no real true positive qualities, yet as nothing stands out in bold relief against him, the conclusion is that he is a very *clever fellow*, and is elected.

Having been introduced into a society whose principles require thought and study which are positive, he fails to comprehend the sublimity of Masonry and consequently becomes a drone, or an inactive member. And such individuals are more likely to be selfish, narrow and contracted in their views than the truly positive man, more especially when we select one positive man from a moral standpoint.

In Janesville we have a goodly multitude who are of the positively good, and the Craft hold a high moral position in that section. And we are firmly of the opinion that this can truly be said of the entire masonic Fraternity in this jurisdiction.

From Janesville we journeyed to Racine. Were cared for by Brother N. R. McFarland, who is the proprietor of the *Racine Exchange*. Our good friend and brother, McDonald, was absent from home, which was regretted very much. Here let us say that if any of our readers have any business of any kind in that portion of the State, they can safely entrust it to Brother McDonald.

Our next stopping place was at *Waukesha*, at the "*Exchange*." Here again we find the proprietor a genial member of the Craft. The standard of Masonry is firm here, and their banner is unfurled; much good is being accomplished through the instrumentality of the masonic organization.

At Milton Junction the principal proprietor of the *Morgan House* is one of the Order, and they know exactly how to supply the wants of the hungry traveler.

In Manusha the weary pilgrim will find a congenial brother of the Craft in *D. S. Andrews*, keeping the principal and best hotel of the place. And at Ft. Atkinson you may take your choice either with *P. G. Bowen* or *R. Ewing*. They both will do the best that the market affords to supply the inner man and give rest to the body.

And perchance if you should stop at the beautiful city of Appleton, make straightway to the *Waverly*. For no jaded traveler should ever pass this place without meeting the smiles of our worthy brother, Capt. *Turner*. We will vouch that you will find every thing in "*apple-pie order*."

And if your roving propensity should induce you to go still further toward the land of the Esquimaux, to Green Bay, call at the "*Beaumont House*," and obtain refreshments. You will find all things in good style. Brother Diggins knows how to cater to the taste and wishes of his guests.

In Ripon the traveling public are highly favored in having the *Mapes House* and the *American*, both kept by members of the

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brotherhood. We will guarantee that you will be cared for by either house politely, and treated properly. While here we were attracted by a voice and a countenance which to us seemed familiar. At last we mustered courage to inquire his name, and to our mutual joy we were old tried friends. Bro. *Cole*, of *Jackson, Mich.*, was the man before us. We had worked together upon the masonic Temple some twenty years ago; were members of the same Lodge; and how cheering and refreshing it was to thus meet and live over and talk over the past. Our brother, like most of us during this length of time, had had his ups and downs in life. He spent a term of years in California in the war, and has seen much of the world and learned something of men. We enjoyed a good visit with him at his home with his kind companion, whose father we knew well and was one of the first Masons whose acquaintance we formed in Jackson.

After bidding our good friends in Ripon a good by, we called off at Brandon, were met at the cars by Professor Brown, a wealthy member of the Craft, and during our stay were kindly treated and entertained by him and his excellent wife. I hope no one will take exception to our calling sister B. a *wife*. I know that it is fashionable to say "*lady*" or "*Mrs.*," but that is too formal and distant when we speak of true friends. Bro. B. and wife have charge of the school in this town, and they are highly appreciated. While here we walked to the depot, and while our back was turned we heard a "*familiar voice*," giving orders about baggage. We instantly wheeled "right-about face," and lo! and behold there stood one of the old Patriarchs of Masonry, a P.G.M. from Michigan, *Comp. Lovel Moore*. Well, a hearty greeting it was. He and his *wife*, acting as his body guard, were on a visit to see their children in this vicinity. Comp. Moore is enjoying excellent health and is one of the most congenial spirits that can be found in the Order.

Our next stopping place was *Waupun*. We soon formed the agreeable acquaintance of Rev. Comp. Hewitt, who not only introduced us to the members, but took us in at his hospitable home. His *wife* is one who loves Masonry, and does not condemn it because she does not know the *exact things* that her husband knows about Masonry. We had one of our happiest visits with this family that fell to our lot on our journey. May the rich smiles of heaven rest upon our excellent brother and family is our heartfelt prayer to God. Some friend has informed us that sister Hewitt has been prostrated suddenly by sickness and was not expected to live. We hope to hear that she has recovered. Our brother is worthy of the sympathy of the Craft.

SPIRIT OF MASONRY.

FREEMASONRY is distinct from all other associations formed by man, absolute in her own mission, free and independent in her walk and aim, in and through all ages of civilization; she flatters neither genius or station, nor panders to power nor patronage. The Order is proud to enroll among its votaries the material passed upon as being worthy mentally, morally and physically, yet it scorns to send agents forth in the world to proselyte; while its doors are open to all grades and classes of men, of the right mould and material from the peasant to the prince, rich or poor, it plumes nor prances, when some one, that the world holds as great and delights to honor, happens to embrace and practise its teachings. In these days, it is remarked by reading men, when some character whose deeds have been honorable in life and whose name fills the world, after his death, in reviewing his history, that scarcely an instance can be cited, where the inquiry has not been made in some form, whether he was a Mason or not. This points strongly to the intimate relation the institution sustains to all that tends to strengthen the moral and intellectual forces of life. This is substantially the mission of freemasonry, united with its fraternal spirit when applied to social life. There is no pleasure in fellowship with mankind unless it is enlivened by

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intelligence, virtue and morals. Freemasonry yields these qualities, and without them it would be of no more value than a common sewing circle of a country village or the modern *Sorosis*, and would fill no more space among the nations of the earth, than these in the State of Illinois.

Freemasonry is a school, wherein the initiates, without any exception are required to study, in order to comprehend and constantly pursue, and through life practise, and apply the rules, lessons and precepts, if they wish to master the science and enjoy all its valuable privileges. The uninformed are apt to cultivate a notion in favor of Masonry and resolve to make an effort to be embraced by it, under the impression that some personal advantage will arise from the association, this is entirely erroneous except on a general basis, no more benefit can be gained by the candidate, than he can acquire by perfecting himself in the mastery of the principles taught, and in the application and practise of the precepts through life, there is no half-way house in Freemasonry, and he who partially observes the instructions and requirements fails in his Masonic duties, and disappoints those who entrusted him with her jewels. It is proper to caution the aspirant for Masonic honors, that in being invested with its rights, if he happens to be a merchant or a grocer, it will not necessarily follow, that he will be able to sell one yard more of tape, or a pound more of sugar. The enjoyment of the honors and worth of Masonry depends entirely upon his capacity and industry in comprehending and investigating its truths. Those who are averse to discipline of the rebellious qualities of human nature and subjugation of passion, who are careless on the lofty plain of integrity, who are unable to repel envy, who will not suppress the degrading influences of hate, who will indulge in slander and backbiting, in fact any persons who take pleasure in doing ungenerous and mean acts towards their neighbors, bigoted, petulant, intollerant, jealous, and censorious, have no business to impose themselves upon freemasonry.

Freemasonry is not the adjunct of any commercial combination, nor the tool of any clique. It is not an asylum for those of broken fortunes or blighted hopes, it offers no inducements to speculators in its coin or pedlers of its virtues. Those who take upon themselves the pledges, and embrace the principles of Masonry, with a view of extending commercial relations, will find a short coming in their anticipations.

The whole tendency of Freemasonry is to enlarge the realm of thought, inspiring the brotherhood to greater efforts in elevating the standard of morals, and advancing science, and encouraging the arts, cementing society by pleasant bonds in one great union for the promotion of the general happiness of mankind. It is a teacher that places tools in the hands of the pupil, with instructions how to use them and the result depends more upon his assiduity, than upon any other influence or power that can be brought to bear to secure his success or happiness

There is no place or point, in the plan of Masonry from the beginning to the end, where the idle and listless, can find encouragement or sympathy. It impresses the mind at the outset with the importance of activity and industry, and by the practise of these two great motive powers in man's life, establishes a perpetual fountain of profit and happiness.

As every addition that is made by the industry of man, to the uses, necessities, and comforts of society, advances the strength and wealth of a community, so does every recipient, who fills the measure of Masonic duty, enhance the value of the Order, and contribute to the establishment of society upon the basis of truth and happiness. Without this, society would become dissolved, and man degenerate to the level of a savage. The happiness of man and welfare of society, are dependent upon the exercise of right, truth and justice. All the evils that afflict society, arise from the violation of these three virtues,

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Oppression, falsehood and treachery, are the antagonisms, and produce opposite results, misery, crime and moral death. Freemasonry directs all her powers in favor of the three first, and against all the results of their violation.

It is becoming then, in all who contemplate membership with the Order, to prepare themselves for a life-labor in securing the good to society that it enjoins upon them as individuals.

Those in the Order have a duty to perform, that is not temporary but perpetual. It is the teaching by example, of the living tenets of the profession, and he who is remiss in this Masonic duty, is not only an unworthy member of the Order, but an injury, and a clog, to all other efforts that may be made by man for the promotion of the welfare of society.

C. C. Pomeroy.

FORBEARANCE.

Perhaps, more than any other, this is a Masonic virtue. True, charity and brotherly love are also fostered, and especially inculcated by the institution, and they necessarily, to a certain extent, include forbearance, still a man may exercise both and yet be not especially forbearing to the object of them. We may love a man, and yet be intolerant of his opinions and errors. A father may love his son, and yet not forbear as much as he should in judging of his short comings. We may also be charitable in the general sense—in the sense that considers all the circumstances that surround the man and make up his condition, be charitable in supplying his wants, in anticipating his call for aid, and still for all that, we may fail in our duty to forbear. So, that while we may overflow in our feelings of love and charity, we may lack the forbearance and toleration which are so peculiarly the outgrowth of Masonic instruction.

In this matter the lodge is the great school room in which we learn. Our first entrance is to us a scene of bewilderment. Unaccustomed to associates except of our own clan or kindred, and knowing no man as a brother except by consanguinity or religious sentiment, we are not a little perplexed to know how to acknowledge a fraternity with men of opposite views, politically, religiously and even morally. Here is a difficult task to learn. We have brethren who are Christians, who are Jews, who are Mohammedans, and who are of any other imaginable faith. We have had no reason to doubt the sincerity of either. They may be wrong, but they are conscientious. And if we can not understand how they can entertain the views they do, we are to learn how to respect the sincerity and honesty that gives them utterance.

At the same time too, we find ourselves surrounded by men of all political shades of thought. Some are loyal, some rebels—some "Republicans," some "Democrats"—some who fought for the "old flag" and some who tried to destroy it.

Now we are to learn that all these opinions, however diverse, are honest and entitled to the utmost respect. This is the great lesson. How can a man be honest in his efforts to tear down that great emblem of civil and religious liberty? How can an American be a rebel to his government! How can there be any honesty in the professions of Northern men who fraternize with Southern rebels—men who have trampled on the flag, murdered our sons and brothers by starvation and other cruel modes of death? And how can we call such men brothers, and treat them as such? This we say is the great lesson. A lesson that every true Mason has to learn. It is the lesson of toleration—of forbearance.

If we will take another view of this matter we will discover that, though such men entertain such views, they seem to be sensible on other subjects and sincere on these. We can not question their general good sense nor their general patriotism. All that we can say against them is that their opinions differ from ours, and that they do what we would not. But finding that their general morality is good, and their reputation fair among those who know them, it is supposable that their

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wrong acts and erroneous views may be the proper results of errors seriously and conscientiously entertained as truths. Their shortcomings may be those of the head more than of the heart. They may, after all, be just as sincere and honest in their views as we are in ours. In learning this we learn the great lesson of forbearance which Masonry ever inculcates. A lesson which every member of every fraternity should thoroughly learn; a lesson that should be studied by every northern and by every southern man, by men of every faction and party everywhere.

S. Ashton.

THE RESISTING POWER OF THE ARCH.

It is known that a well built arch is capable of immense resistance. It seems almost impossible for the span to give way until the abutment yields. The greater the weight, the greater the density—the more the particles are compressed together and of course the more the power of resistance is increased. If the pressure was from the other way, and the arch pressed outward, the disruption would be easily accomplished. It would be one of the easiest things to blow it up.

Now, as with a compact of stone, constructed by operative masonry, so with a compact or organization of speculative Masonry. So with a Lodge and so with an ordinary family. You may blow them up by some internal disturbance. If the pressure applied comes from the inside, the destruction and scattering is easily accomplished. Set the members to fighting each other, sow discord in their midst and the object is attained. But you may try your pressure from the outside until you tire of the effort and the only result will be to compress them closer together, and thus increase their power to resist.

As darkness reveals to our sight worlds of light, which in the daylight we can not see, so the dark hours of oppression enables us to discover friends and brothers that were strangers to us before. By force of the circumstances, we are thrown against each other so closely, that heart touches heart and sympathies mingle. A common cause impels us to resist, a common brotherhood unites us and our energies are blended by the force that would crush them.

COMPENSATION.

A Mason should never work except for pay. This "working for nothing and finding yourself" may look very well on paper and may be very romantic in reality; but for all that "it don't pay." It is all very well to be liberal and charitable, but after all, self-interest moves the world and "charity begins at home." Justice declares that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and if we are just at first, we can perhaps be generous afterwards.

But it is not only justice that requires that we receive according to what we do, but mercy as well, and all the principles that govern the moral world. Indeed, if we strictly examine the workings of those laws, we will find that no man, whether Mason or otherwise, goes unpaid. "What soever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." Every Mason and "every man shall be rewarded according to his works."

We have seen Masons uproarious and we have known other men repine because they supposed they did not receive sufficient wages, or enough of this world's goods. We have known men to lament their condition, and complain of the Grand Overseer, because others were better off and richer. But this discontentment is not consistent with a true knowledge of the divine economy. With all that one may suffer, but few men are willing to change situations and circumstances with those they envy, *all things considered*—their habits, dispositions, and all their connections. We may covet their wealth, or their influence, or some advantage they may possess, but there is always something they have that we would not, for all their wealth. In this we see the principle of which we are speaking—compensation. This is a law, always operating and never repealed, that exacts full pay for all we do. It

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works through cause and effect and never, no, not in a single instance, permits the laborer to fail of his reward. The wealth we envy in another, is the reward of his industry, or, even if inherited his frugality, for a wasteful dissipation constitutes the wings wherewith the largest possessions fly away, and leave the most miserable wreck behind. The wife that bewails her hard lot—the toiling and drudgery to which she is subjected, forgets that the poverty that circumscribes her inclinations also keeps her husband at home during the evenings—away from haunts of dissipation. When she complains that he is unsocial and taciturn, she forgets that the same reticence that keeps from her secrets that perhaps he should not divulge, also keeps from other ears the privacies that she would not have them know.

So that the world in all its departments is governed upon the principle of compensation. What we seem to lose in one way we gain in another. Industry is sure of reward in some way.

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

And employment will at least keep us from brooding over imagined wrongs and meditating mischief. We need not fear that we will ever be required to work for nothing, and we may rest assured that the same law, more equally and equitably distributes happiness than we could do if it were our prerogative. The decisions of the Grand Overseer are always right, and as true craftsmen it is our duty to cheerfully acquiesce. S. ASHTON.

TOLERANCE.

BRO. BILLINGS: In examining your July STAR I find a notice of the Grand Lodge of Iowa worthy of some consideration. You arraign Bro. Kendig, our Grand Orator, as having "in execrable taste" "smuggled" into the Grand Lodge his "purely sectarian" ideas in speaking of "Earth's Creator and man's Redeemer, Jesus Christ," as though he had violated some law or trampled on somebody's right.

I am willing to admit that the Grand Order acknowledges—or rather requires of its initiates—only that religion in which all men agree, without adopting the peculiar views of any. Neither does it restrict the views of any one. In its prayers and religious services it compels no one to recognize any particular faith; *equally so it forbids no man recognising or expressing any faith he entertains.*

The great and glaring error of anti-Masons is that they accuse the Lodge of being a place of anti-christian worship, because it does not make its prayers in the name of Christ. With as much propriety might we call it anti-Mohammedan because it does not recognize Mohammed, or anti-Jewish because it does not adopt the name of the Jew.

Equally erroneous, I think, are the views you express. I hold that I have no right to utter any prayer except in accordance with the belief of my inmost soul, and that prayer I ought to make at all times and in all places, and Masonry does not and you have no right to object to my doing so. If I believe that prayer is heard acceptably only in the name of Jesus, and I am called on to pray in the Lodge, I have no right in good conscience to pray otherwise, and neither you or any other person has any right to object or feel displeased at my doing so. In other words I have the same right in the Order that you have. There is no patent granted you to rule either my belief or the expression of it. We stand on the level of equal rights in all respects which is the only sure foundation on which TOLERANCE can be built.

With this view no brother has a right to feel offended because in a prayer or speech some other brother may utter some thing which he does not agree with. Each has equal duty to his own conscience as well as to his neighbor's; and just this class of one-sided, intolerant ideas that you have unthinkingly fallen into in which all the tolerance is on your side, and all the intolerence on the other, is a stumbling block to a good many good brethren, and is indeed the error which Rev. Dr. Finney says was the cause of his withdrawal from the

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Lodge, and his consequent course in regard to Masonry.

I am not of Bro. Kendig's church, or even of his peculiar views, but I hold that I have no more right to feel offended at his introduction of the name of Christ, than he would have had to my leaving it out had I been in his place and he in the congregation; in other words his freedom is just as great as mine, and Masonry requires of him no more than it does of me. Hoping you will understand my views, and that we may all arrive at the truth, and indulge a True Tolerance, I am

Fraternally yours, W. B. L.

MUSCATINE, IOWA, Aug., 1868.

WE have received from Bro. Langridge, of Iowa, the foregoing article intended to defend Bro. Kendig, Grand Orator of that State, against the comments in our last number relative to certain expressions in his address to the Grand Lodge. It is generally supposed that Bro. Kendig is capable of defending for himself any of his positions that are defensible, and the kindness of Bro. Langridge in taking up the lance in his defense, is creditable as well to a just appreciation of its difficultics as to his knightly valor.

But Bro. Langridge mistakes the issue altogether. Three-fourths of his reply is devoted to the subject of prayer. Yet our article did not once refer to that subject. Neither did we object to the "introducing of the name of Christ" into the address. But we do object to calling Jesus Christ "earth's Creator." This is equivalent to saying that he is the "Grand Architect of the Universe," and this, both Bro. Kendig and Bro. Langridge and all other Masons know is not Masonic. It is a purely sectarian sentiment not believed by one Mason in fifty, and is entirely out of place in a masonic address. It was not introduced as merely an expression of opinion, but was asserted as a fact. We do not go to the Lodge to hear religious or political dogmas, and the introduction of either is a dangerous innovation upon masonic privilege.

What Bro. Langridge says about "prayer" is well enough if it were germain to the subject in hand. We shall be happy to hear from him at any time upon this subject, whether controversially or otherwise. In all public prayer, the speaker is supposed to be the mouthpiece of all who unite with him, by kneeling or standing. But how can this be, when the prayer is made in sectarian phraseology? All sects believe in a *Redeemer*, and this word could be consistently substituted in all cases. We agree with Bro. L., that the subject "is worthy of ventilation, and know of no better plan to do it than through the STAR." S. ASHTON.

IMPOSTORS.

TO PROTECT ourselves against impostors is a duty we owe to the world. The ostensible design of Masonry is to do good. And that good is checked and retarded by the bad material we have attempted to work into the masonic Temple. Our country is full of gross impostors, and as masonry is a social and a benevolent institution, together with all its moral and intellectual attainments, and having become quite popular, it is not to be wondered at, in the least, that some of the unprincipled of humanity would gain admittance across the threshold of some Lodges in our land?

And it has become the imperious duty of our Grand Lodges to do some thing to protect the members of the Order against these unprincipled desperadoes. Some may say we have the remedy now, keep them out. This is utterly impossible. We are short-sighted and very limited in a correct judgment of men, and one having great secretive powers with good address, and fine executive ability, at heart dishonest, can impose upon the honest, confiding and upright, and will gain admittance into the Order.

Now, under these circumstances, we would have every Grand Lodge, and every Grand body of each masonic Order issue an *edict* which will protect us against nearly all cases. Let the edict go to all the subordinates, that each year as a member pays his dues to the Secretary of his Lodge, take a receipt with the name, number, location, county and state of the Lodge where he belongs, stamped with the seal of the Lodge, signed by the Sec. and W.M. Then the members receiving this may

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travel in any county, and if his Lodge receipt is not more than one year old, he presents it with a request for assistance, we can, with a tolerably good degree of safety and security, respond. But if he cannot do this, a refusal shall not violate any obligation. Let this be his pass among Masons. If he can not present it, turn him away as a suspicious individual.

Such an edict, unanimously adopted by all the Grand bodies of Masonry, would have a good tendency to do away with much of the non-affiliated element that is hanging upon the skirts of the Institution. Another very desirable object to accomplish, from the fact many of these imposters are of this class. If such an edict should become one of the universal laws or rules of Masonry, every brother when going among strangers would take his pass, not knowing how soon he might have use for it.

TO YOUNG MASONS.

It is very important that you watch over your tongue when in the presence of those whom you do not know positively to be Masons. In my travels I have often met men who wore Masonic emblems and thought they could cheat us. Such men only show how big fools they are. Never converse with any man upon the mysteries of the Order unless you know him to be a Mason, at least until you are well posted. Not long since I met a young dentist at a hotel who tried to impress upon my mind that he was a Mason and knew all about the Order, when I was satisfied that he knew nothing, or, at least, if he did, he had a very poor way of showing it. He introduced the subject in a crowd of strangers, and then tried to get me to exchange signs, and even went so far as to say that he took the Charter away from a Lodge in Illinois. I told him there publicly, as I deemed it my duty, that he need not suppose the Masonic Fraternity were a nation of idiots, for I knew that he did not know as much as he pretended to. Never give a sign or let fall a word unless you really want to know who are Masons, and even then great caution is needed. There is one Charles D. Fox trading from place to place. He has been a Mason, but demitted from the Lodge in Lyons, Mich. He came to me out of money and requested the loan of ten dollars until I should see him the next week. I knew him but slightly, yet knew that he belonged in Lyons, and was a member of the Order. I accordingly lent him the money. It has been now over a year and a half, but he has proved false to his promise, and is *unworthy* the *fellowship* of *Masons*. The last I heard of him he was in Chicago. I mention this to put you on your guard. The outside world look upon us with suspicion, and it behooves us to *live up* to the noble "*truths of our order*." Before you bestow charity always stop and inquire am I doing this discreetly? It is as wrong to bestow charity upon an unworthy person or an unworthy object as it is to withhold from the truly needy. Let the lofty principles of masonic manhood ever be written on your brow and engraved in your heart. Never stoop to a mean act. *Be men. Be strong. Be true. Do your duty.* And with such a character unfurl your banners to the breeze.

W. W. Beardslee.

WEARING MASONIC EMBLEMS.

The sentiments expressed by one of our corresponding editors on this subject found their way into this journal, in the July number, during the absence of the editor. We do not endorse the sentiments therein set forth. We hold that we have no right to judge the motives which induce brothers to wear any masonic emblem, only as such motives become developed. There are a *few* who may use them improperly. But we are of the opinion that our brothers generally wear them for the real love they have for our beloved Order; as tokens of respect, and feeling a friendly regard for the principles the emblems represent. And the wearing of them thus is no more censurable than that of a wedding ring, or any other gift of affection. These are our views, yet "doctors disagree," and why not writers? It is not expected that all will think alike, nor act alike. We do not look alike, neither do all select the same color for our clothing. Our brother editor expressed his views in our last number, and we express ours in this. Let us agree to differ.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. IX. A.L. 5868—SEPTEMBER—A.D. 1868. No. 3

FREEMASONRY—III.

REVIEW OF MR. FINNEY.

CONTRARY to our expectatien, Mr. Finney's eleventh and twelfth articles in the *Independent*, close out his entire stock of Masonic Revelations. When he commenced, we supposed he would continue to furnish fuel to keep the fires of anti-Masonic animosity flaming for a number of years. But he is through, and the *Editor* of the *Independent* has entered his *caveat* for the protection of the author and his elaborate *exposé* of Freemasonry.

"Hung be the Heavens in black."

The *National and Freemason* of July 11th thus speaks of the *Independent:* "The *Independent* refuses to allow its readers to know the truth about Prof. Finney. Prof. Finney commenced his letters with personal statements. He asks for the attention of the community to hear him as a *witness*, and not as arguing the case. He presents his testimony. We have proved from the records that he has falsified in almost every instance. The *Independent* shuts out proof of the false statements of Mr. Finney from its readers. The denouement of the *Independent* is cowardly and discreditable, and shows who most love darkness. Its course would not be tolerated by a partisan political sheet, but appears to be all proper for Christian anti-Masonry."

The caption of Mr. Finney's eleventh article is, "Freemasonry imposes on the ignorant by many false representations." Yes, the *ignorant*. How does *he* know that every man whom we receive is *ignorant*. A most pedantic trait of the writer. But how does he prove his doctrine? With all becoming reverence for the Rev. Mr. Finney, and the sanctity of the ministry of the Christian religion, we are for truth's sake compelled to avouch that he proves it by *false witnesses* and *falsehood*. He says: "Hiram Abiff is represented as going daily into the most holy place for prayer, whereas the Bible represents that no one was allowed to enter the most Holy place except the High Priest. Neither Solomon nor Hiram was allowed to enter it." Did the High Priest *build* it? Did the men who made it, and garnished it in the most superb and costly manner, spending years of work upon it, never enter it? What malicious folly. Mr. Finney knows that

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no Mason teaches, or pretends that any but the High Priest entered it after the Ark was placed beneath the extended wings of the two Cherubims, and the Temple was dedicated by King Solomon. To us it is incomprehensible how a man can utter so many misstatements unless he *designs to falsify*. Again: "They," Masons, "make the Lodge *represent* the most Holy place in King Solomon's Temple. What an absurd unscriptural and ridiculous representation is this." How is *that* representation ridiculous? We recollect when Mr. Finney's church, at Oberlin, were so thoroughly temperance, that they *soaked raisins in water* and made the drinking of *this water* and the eating of a *crumb of bread* REPRESENT THE HOLY EUCHARIST!

Should we pretend that *that* was not a good *representation*, would he not charge us with sacrilege? 'Twould not do to criticise that performance. No.

Again: "But that Hiram died in the manner represented by Freemasons, that he was buried under the most holy place of King Solomon's Temple, and a marble monument erected in the most holy place to his memory, is a glaring falsehood." To this we add that he who asserts that Masons teach this, publishes a "*glaring falsehood.*"

He doubtless supposes that he can palm off this nonsense on the public as real Masonic doctrine without suffering the inconvenience of contradiction. With one "fell swoop," he has disposed of the testimony of all Masons.

In the *third* letter he issued his estoppel by which he threw our testimony out of court. "It is downright madness to receive the testimony of such men, it matters not who they are. If they are asked if the books in which Masonry is published are true, they will either evade the question, or else they will *lie, and they are under oath to do so.*" How kind. Having thus disposed of our testimony, his way is paved to assault, insult, and heap all the malicious invectives upon us that his predaceous proclivities can enable him to manufacture, without fear of contradiction. This all shows what our fate would be, had he the *power* thus to ride over us. But his efforts will prove as unavailing as it would for him to attempt to "pump up an earthquake through a squirt-pop." Fearing his call upon his church to march in solid phalanx to battle with the Freemasons would not afford him the *aid* necessary to vanquish us at once, he attempts a political manœuvre in the following language: "No wonder Masons seize upon all the offices, and are so apt to have every thing in their own way. And here we see what is the real use to which Masonry is appropriated in this country. It is to seize on all the lucrative offices and to control the government by this secret combination." (See his *tenth* essay.) What a monstrous declaration for a minister! Common sinners are rare who would show such recklessness for candor and truth. When have Masons "*seized upon all the offices*" in this government? When? To *seize* is to take *by force*. When has this been done? The citizens elect the officers in this government. Our officers have never yet

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taken their offices *by force*. Never. He is pained to see the country in peace. The Masons must bleed to satiate his lust for gore. Since the war has ceased his restless and belligerent spirit has contemplated an adroit *coup d'etat*, by which to "get rid" of Masons, also, who, he says, "while we were getting rid of *slavery* have extended their bounds alarmingly." (Letter I.) He evidently contemplates the *same measures* to "get rid" of Freemasonry, namely: *First, agitation; secondly*, the *ballot box;* and *thirdly* and lastly, if these do not succeed, THE SWORD! He is emulous to inaugurate anew the political fanaticism of 1826. The sleeping embers of anti-Masonry had well nigh expired, while he, *Mr. Finney*, was dealing death blows to slavery! But the *war* being over, and being constitutionally a lover of strife, he at once begins to *foster*, to *blow*, to *kindle*, to *fan* them into life again. We repeat: Mr. Finney evidently contemplates using the same means to "get rid" of *Freemasonry* that succeeded in overthrowing *slavery*, "Peaceably if we can, forcibly if we must," but at all hazards Freemasonry must be put down. He commences: "It is high time the Church of Christ was awake to the character and tendency of Freemasonry. Forty years ago we supposed it was dead, and had no idea that it could ever revive. But strange to tell, while we were busy in *getting rid of slavery*, Freemasonry has revived, and extended its bounds most alarmingly." Can any one doubt that he aims to "get rid" of these men who have "*seized all the offices*" of this government, *in the same way?* The Aurora Convention, and the Pittsburgh "National Convention" of anti-Masons reiterate the doctrines of the anti-Masons of 1828. The New York anti-Masonic State Convention, issued the following manifesto to the people in 1828:

"The whole power of public opinion is to be found in the ballot boxes. And these are the depositories, as we humbly trust, of the mightiest earthly power which the divine wisdom has ever permitted man to control. If we would effectually destroy Freemasonry then, we have no alternative, we must call to our aid, and persist in the uses of our elective rights. We must unite as a *party* at the polls. We must select for our elective officers the the best men opposed to Freemasonry, whether they are those who have renounced it, or otherwise, and we must elect them *because they are* opposed to it. And these men we must support, uniformly, constantly, zealously, always, till Freemasonry, with all its fantastic pageantry, its false pretentions, its unhallowed means, its alarming power, and its monstrous crimes shall be numbered with the past misfortunes of the country." This is again their object. Elder David Bernard, in the preface to his "Light on Masonry," says: "The design of publishing the following sheets is to guard the unwary from being drawn into it, and to prevent the young Freemason from being further entangled, and from offering greater insults to the sacred majesty of God, as well as to submit it to the public consideration, whether the Freemasons' oaths do not render a person *unfit to hold any office* of public trust or private confidence. And

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whether it is not evidently a dangerous combination in its consequences, as well as profane in its ceremonies."

The Elder prophesied likewise: "I saw the hand of God inscribing on the mystic pillars of Masonry *Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, which were the heralds of its destruction." False Prophet. It did not fall into destruction. On its mystic pillars are indelibly inscribed, SPES MEA IN DEO EST.

It is doomed to *live*. When the ashes of the bottomless pit, the mould and mildew of oblivion shall have annihilated the names of *Pritchard, Lambent, Carlile, Allyn, Morgan, Stone, Bernard, Abbe Perau, Robinet, Sterns* and *Finney*, still will it *live*.

Mr. Finney's twelfth and last letter is headed, "Freemasons against Freemasonry." The absurdity of the proposition does not stagger him in the least. Perhaps there is a deep vein of allegorical wisdom in such nonsense which the keen-scented "Christian anti-Masons," the *Independent* mentions, can find and appropriate to their growth in anti-Masonic grace. "Freemasons *against* Freemasonry." *Anti* signifies against; then Freemasons are *anti*-Masons. A circle is a square, and a triangle is round! This *twelfth* essay is intended to show that a certain obscene newspaper thinks that the higher degrees in Masonry are not as old as some Masons pretend they are, by several years. *Ergo:* Masons are opposed to Masonry.

We read, Acts xv. 39, of a "*sharp contention*" between Paul and Barnabas which resulted in a breach of friendship, and separation. Had Mr. Finney been employed to fill out the narration, his caption of this circumstance would probably have read: "The Ministers of Christ are opposed to Christianity."

He manifests unshaken faith in believing the most monstrous absurdities. Mr. Finney closes his *twelfth* article by repeating what he has said many times before, that Freemasons know but little about Masonry. He says: "I do most earnestly entreat Freemasons to inform themselves on this subject, and not turn around and tell us that they, being Freemasons, know more about it than we do ourselves. The fact is, my friends, many of you do not. You do not read." *Wise in conceit.* How does Mr. Finney know so much about Freemasonry? His writings show that he knows very little indeed about it; and that little he *perverts* for the object of strengthening his gratuitous fabrications, while endeavoring to injure the *moral* and *political* standing of many good men who have never sought to injure him, or any one else. All this onslaught upon us is without the least provocation whatever. The only excuse he offers for his attack is "the Masons are becoming numerous."

But Masons know nothing about the institution. Men who have made it their study for forty years, and know it all by rote as well as they do the Lord's Prayer, he has effrontery to tell us "know nothing about it." But *he* knows. Shame on such arrogance. If he *knows* what Masonry is, how can he escape the just imputation that he has designedly, and with malice aforethought, misrepresented it? But he is *through*, and has made a weaker attempt on Masonry than any anti-

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Masonic writer we have read. We have constantly felt that his arguments were not of importance sufficient to merit a review, or even a contradiction. And the task of carefully *reading them*, has afforded an ample opportunity for the exercise of much godly patience.

The editor of the *Independent* has, after promising to open his columns to a reply to Mr. Finney's letters, heroically refused to admit into his paper the communications he has received, (he says a "pigeon-hole full of them,") on the ground that they might *reflect* on Mr. Finney personally, who he tells us, is a *venerable* man. The editor dares not let his readers know what a tissue of misrepresentation and falsehoods his *venerable* correspondent has palmed off upon them for ministerial truth. Mr. Finney, he says, "has not attacked *individuals*, only the Institution of Freemasonry." Perhaps the editor is capable of giving us some light on logic, by which he has been enabled to arrive at this conclusion.

"Mr. Finney has not attacked individuals, only the institution of Freemasonry." He can not possibly be ignorant of the axiom "*dictum de omni et nullo*;" that "whatever is predicated of a term distributed, whether affirmatively or negatively, may be predicated in like manner of every thing contained under it."

Mr. Finney *attacked* MASONS; or, as he says, *adhering Masons*, that is ALL MASONS. Hear him: "Let it be pondered well that EVERY ONE OF THEM is under oath in no way whatever to reveal the secrets of the Order; *they will lie*, and they are *under oath to do so*."

The editor says Mr. Finney "has not attacked individuals." We inform *Mr. Tilton* that he has, in a most abusive, false, and ungentlemanly manner, "*every one of us.*" He has called us, without distinction, *infidels*, *hypocrites*, propagators of a *false religion*, *cheats*, *swindlers*, *impostors*, *deceivers*, *liars*, *sworn to lie* every one of them, "no matter who they are," *perjurers*, *blasphemers*, *kidnappers* and *murderers*. And yet the editor of this "Christian anti-Masonic" paper thinks he has not attacked *individuals!* We said when Mr. Finney's first article appeared in the *Independent*, with the assurance that its columns would be open for *Masonic replies*, that no Mason would ever be permitted to reply in that paper. The editor did not like to try *his* metal upon us, so he lets in Mr. Finney. But finding that the records of the Lodge at Adams, N. Y., of which Mr. Finney was once a member, proved his statements false, he finds it very convenient to *let him out*. Good by, Mr. Finney.

Our readers will remember that at the outset we deprecated the necessity of using language that might appear acrimonious, in relation to these communications of the Rev. Charles G. Finney. This we knew we must do, and could not avoid, while descending to the *plane* of his discourses for the purpose of answering them. This, then, with the circumstance of his *severe* and *unprovoked* attack upon us, we offer as an *apology* for any plain word we may have written in our defense, or the defense of the Institution we have so long venerated.

GALESBURG, Michigan. A.

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A LETTER FROM REV. BRO. J. P. SANFORD.

In a recent letter from Bro. Sanford. he says:

"You request me to say something about 'Jerusalem,' the spot around which clusters so many associations of deep interest to the Masonic Craft.

"I landed at Jaffa, the old Joppa of the Bible. It is a small town of about 5,000 inhabitants. The houses are built of stone, flat roofed, and closely packed together. The house of "Simon, the Tanner, by the sea side," is still pointed out to the traveler, and the marks of great age which it bears leads me to believe that it may be the identical one, from the top of which the Apostle Peter saw the Heavens open, and the "sheet descending filled with beasts and fowls, and creeping things," and heard the voice saying, "kill and eat." As I stood upon that housetop, I could but think that if the inhabitants were as filthy in the days of Peter as they are at present, the words "common or unclean" were not out of place when applied to Joppa eatables.

"After landing at Jaffa, I arranged with three others, (Mr. Paine of New York, aged 73, and two nieces,) to unite together, and hire a dragoman to conduct us up to Jerusalem. We paid this man (Herman Blatner) about forty-four dollars a day, he furnishing horses, food, shelter, and all necessary accommodations. Our horses were sorry steeds, I assure you. When they were led to the steps of the hotel, the old gentleman, being the heaviest, took the first choice, the young ladies chose the two next best, and I mounted the fourth, ("Hobson's choice"). I am not much of a horse doctor, but it seemed to me that my little pony was a living compendium of about all the ills that horses are heir to. He could not in any sense be called risky, and seemed to be constitutionally endowed with great powers of enduring rest. Never did I see a horse more careful to obey the word "whoa," and very often would he stop without telling, seeming to act as if he thought I had said "whoa," and he had not heard me. The first mile or two out of Jaffa, the road passes through the most beautiful groves of orange and lemon trees. The oranges growing here are the largest in the world. I measured one which was fourteen inches in circumference. I did not like them as well as I did the smaller ones which I obtained in Sicily, but they were far better than any I ever ate in America.

"After leaving the orange groves, you come to the plains of Sharon, which, in olden times, was the land of the Philistines. Twelve miles out we reached Ramleh, the ancient Aramathia of the Bible. Here, on the top of a Russian Convent, we slept the first night. Our dragoman had sent ahead and made all necessary arrangements, and we found a good supper awaiting us. The beds were fair, but filled with hungry fleas. Before daylight we started towards the "Holy City," reaching the foot of the Judea hills about noon.

"The Sharon plain looks much like our uncultivated western prairies, and when the sun arose, I could almost fancy myself in Iowa, on a bright spring morning. The hardships of a journey to Jerusalem begin in earnest after reaching the foot of the hills of

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Judea. The twelve or thirteen miles remaining seem lengthened into a hundred. The path leads up steep ravines, and winds along over rocks and hill tops. Here you turn aside to pass a great boulder which blocks up the narrow way, and in a few moments more find a hill rising almost perpendicularly before you, up which the rugged path leads, and the road is more like a stony stairway than it is like a leading highway which has been in use more than four thousand years. I may as well here state that there is not a wagon road leading into Jerusalem, neither did I see any signs of there ever having been one. The rattle of wagons or carts is never heard in the streets of the Holy City.

"The sun had gone down behind the western hills, and the twilight faded before the approach of night, when our tired party arrived at the Jaffa gate, and found it closed for the evening. A few words from our dragoman, and a liberal offering of "*backsheesh*" caused the gate to open on its creaking hinges, and a minute later we were in the city and began threading its narrow streets. At length we stopped for the night at the Mediterranean Hotel, situated in the quarter of Jerusalem known as Mt. Agra. At this hotel I slept on the night of the 12th of March, 1867, my first night in the city of David and of Solomon.

"Jerusalem is not calculated to impress one with its splendor or greatness. The city is entirely surrounded with a wall, and I found it quite easy to walk around the outside, from Damascus gate to Damascus gate again, in three-fourths of an hour. The streets are very narrow, some of them being less than six feet wide, and few above twelve.

"What filth falls in the streets is left as food for the thousands of dogs which infest the city, or to rot by the walls. A street cleaner is unknown among the Turkish officials who control the government of Judea and Jerusalem. On the side of Mt. Moriah facing the "Valley of Jehosaphat," stands a wall said to have been built by David, and to have been spared by the Romans when destroying Jerusalem, to show how strong the city had been. This is a portion of the city wall already referred to, the more modern portions joining on to it. I measured one stone in this wall and found it to be twenty-four feet long and three feet thick, and there are hundreds of others which would weigh as much, but I saw none so long. How could such immense stones be handled and raised, is a question often asked, and one which I can not answer. While looking at these great monster *ashlars*, dressed by craftsman hands thousands of years ago, I could but think what a mistake Masons have made in designing the perfect and the imperfect ashlar. Our imperfect ashlar is the most perfect of the two. The old Hebrew style of dressing stone was to leave them perfectly rough in the center, but dress the edges down smooth. The stones in the Great Central Depot, in Chicago, are perfect ashlars, because dressed after the antique Hebrew pattern. Our perfect ashlar is *Roman* in its smoother dressing.

"The country around Jerusalem is extremely rocky and sterile. I think

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all the good land within six miles of the city could be put into a field of one hundred and sixty acres. The rocky hill sides are often terraced, and by thus bringing what little dirt there is into small patches, fertile spots are made, where the olive and the grape grow luxuriantly, and beautiful flowers charm and delight the wayworn traveler.

"From St Stephen's gate, which faces the Valley of Jehosaphat, across the valley to the summit of the Mount of Olives, the distance is nearly a half mile, and to make the journey you must cross the brook Kedron, which is less than six feet wide, and without a drop of water in it, only in spring time or in a rainy season. After crossing this brook bed by making a slight turn to the left, and going a few yards, I came to the Garden of Gethsemane. This garden is surrounded by a stone wall, whitewashed and kept white. The garden has about one acre in it, and contains some very old olive trees, one young cedar of Lebanon, and many beds of beautiful flowers. A pious priest has charge of the whole, and keeps it in fine order. I obtained a limb of the Lebanon cedar, by bribing the keeper with a five franc piece. I first begged the privilege of cutting a twig and was denied; then I put the money in my hand and the hand behind my back. Soon I felt a hand taking the five francs, and priest and money went one way, I and the limb the other. Shrines of the Virgin Mary, and worshiping places are liberally distributed through the garden. Leaving the upper side of the garden, a few hundred yards brings you to the top of the Mount of Olives, where Christ preached to the multitude, while Jerusalem lay before him in all her glory and grandeur."

MARSHALTOWN, Iowa, Sept., 1868.

MASONIC EMBLEMS.

You wear the SQUARE, but do you know
That thing the Square denotes?
Is there within your inmost soul
That principle that should control
All deeds, and words, and thoughts?
The *square of virtue*—is it there,
O you that wear the Mason's Square?

You wear the COMPASS: do you keep
Within that circle due,
That's circumscribed by law divine,
Excluding hatred, envy, sin,
Including all that's true?
The *Compass*—does it trace that curve
Inside of which no passions swerve?

You wear the TYPE OF DEITY;
Ah! brother have a care;
He whose all-seeing eye surveys
Your inmost thoughts wide open gaze,
He knows what thoughts are there!
Or, send no light, irreverent word
From sinful man to sinless God.

You wear the TROWEL: do you have
That mortar old and pure
Made on the recipe of God,
Recorded in His ancient Word,
Indissoluble, sure?
And do you spread with Master's care
The precious mixture here and there?

You wear the CROSS: it signifies
The burden Jesus bore—
Who staggering fell, and bleeding rose,
And bore up Calvary the woes
Of all who'd gone before;
The *Cross!* oh let it say "forgive,
Father forgive, to all that live!"

My brothers, if you do display
These emblems of our Art,
Let the great moral that they teach
Be graven, each for each,
Upon your inmost heart!
So they will tell to God and man
Our ancient, holy, perfect plan.

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[For The Mystic Star.]

NORMAL DEVELOPMENT.

In a normal development we understand the legitimate advancement, growth, or positive principle in harmonious rise from its simple original. There is an antithesis here which is every where present in the natural world, affecting all life in its diversified forms, through the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, reaching its original or primal abnormal expression in the heart of the first creation, *man*. That the natural world has an influence upon the character of man, every student of science will readily concede. Light and heat, air, earth and water, food, climate, and modes of life, exert a modifying influence on body and mind. That man reacts upon the natural world by the exercise of intellect and will, no one is prepared to deny. His superior and moulding power has been exhibited in the fine and mechanic arts in every age. He governs the animal by a word; he subdues the earth and causes the valleys, hills and mountains to produce all manner of fruits; and at his touch the mineral is transformed into ten thousand new and beautiful shapes.

The human race is connected constitutionally with the earth; the mineral, the vegetable and the animal, though each a distinct order of material existence, are yet inwardly and necessarily bound together. The life of the plant presupposes the existence of the mineral kingdom; and the life of the animal presupposes the existence both of the vegetable and mineral kingdoms. The plant appropriates to itself the mineral. The animal appropriates and assimilates to itself both the plant and the mineral. The lower constitutes the pabulum of the higher order. The life of man presupposes the existence of these three lower orders. He appropriates and assimilates one and all. He must do it or die. The mineral kingdom is as necessary for man as it is for the plant. In like manner is the plant and animal necessary to the normal condition of mankind. Just as mineral elements are constituents of the plant, so are mineral, vegetable and animal elements the essential material constituents of man. The human race is as closely bound up with nature, though generically different, as the different lower orders of nature are bound up together among themselves.

In man, moreover, these lower orders reach their most complete form of expression. As to his physical constitution he is the antitype of nature — the embodiment and perfection of the system of laws which underlie and determine each and all the departments of the lower world. And the human soul, vitally connected on the one hand with a material body, and on the other demanding, in order to its integrity, a living communion with God, forms the real connecting link between spirit and matter, between heaven and earth, between eternity and time, in a word, between the Creator of all things, the God and Father of all, and the kingdom of Nature.

The kingdom of Nature is not a mechanical collection of things, laws, forces and influences, like stones, apples and bones thrown together on a conical pile; but it is a whole. The symbol or analogue of a true Christian church

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is, by divine authority, the human body. It exhibits in a figure the idea and order of the new creation, a perfect pattern in Christ Jesus. Hence we feel authorized also to take it as the symbol or analogue of the first or lower creation. The human body symbolizes the material world culminating in the first man created as its legitimate head.

The human body consists of many members, organs and mysterious forces, constituting together a wonderful organic unity. (A beautiful and forcible illustration of this is given by Paul, I Cor., xii. 14–26.) Each one depends on all the rest, and the whole being dependent for its normal activity upon each and all the parts. One member is the hand, another the eye, another the heart. The hand may be cut off, the entire nervous system becomes shocked, but the body still lives on, though mutilated, and lessened in beauty, and hindered in efficiency. The eye may be destroyed and the shock is greater still. The loss affects in a much deeper sense all the powers of the body, and casts a dark shadow upon the mind. But if the heart ceases to beat, not only is the body mutilated and its power impaired, but life itself becomes extinct.

The same may be said of the earth, as already partly intimated, with its different kingdoms, mineral, vegetable, and animal; and mankind, taken together, constitute one grand department of the universe. They are not isolated, but like the human body, one, yet many, each differing in kind from the rest, and all conditioning the law and influence of each; a unity of matchless wisdom and power, in which the original order of the whole depends upon the normal position and normal action of each and all the members. If any part or member does not fill its place or perform its work; if it violates the specific law which governs it, it violates by its connections the system of law which governs creation, and inflicts a wrong or evil on the whole. The injury done and the degree of disorder consequent upon the injury depend upon the relative position and importance of the failing part or offending member. One division or system stands lower, the other stands higher, and the influence for evil of any part rises in degree with its position. If the earth quakes, cities may fall into ruin, millions of gold and thousands of lives may be lost, commerce checked or suspended; but society, sooner or later, surmounts the effects of the terrible shock, the world resumes its usual course, and the catastrophe lives only in history. If madness seizes part of the animal kingdom; if they destroy corn, the vine and trees; if they fall upon and devour one another; if they attack and destroy men, women and children with the fierceness of an enraged tiger; the shock may be more horrifying, more ruinous still, but there is an energy and power in man that is superior to the most violent raging of beasts, and he subdues and destroys them by thousands.

But when man falls, the world falls. When the human race breaks away from its appropriate orbit, confusion and discord break in upon the music of creation. When man no longer holds his original position, all lower systems and objects whose normal ac-

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tion and influence depend upon his fidelity, are thrown into irremediable disorder. The relation of mankind to the lower kingdoms of nature is like that of the head to the other members of the body. The eye may cease to see and the ear to hear; the arm may be paralyzed, or even a lobe of the lungs destroyed, each producing evil upon the entire physical frame, yet the body may nevertheless live on. Not so with the brain. A paralysis of the brain is the paralysis of the entire nervous system. The human body ceases altogether to be a living body. It becomes a corpse.

We may view the subject under another form. What the brain is to the nervous system, the reason of man is to the brain. If reason be dethroned and the will impotent, all the intellectual, moral, and physical powers become arrayed against each other. This is seen in the raving and cursing maniac — the biting and cutting of his own flesh, etc., all of which reveals, not the presence, but the absence of the highest powers of a rational being—the absence of powers which had held those tremendous forces each in its place and its normal relation, and all in the original order of a perfect unity. We can not disclose to the cold eye of the logical understanding how spirit and matter act on each other reciprocally; nor can we explain the manner in which reason rules in the functions of the body and makes the whole man physically no less than intellectually; but we know the fact to be most undoubted. This is sufficient. The fact exhibits to us, analogically, a correct idea of the original subordination to man of the incomprehensible forces which enter into the constitution of the natural world.

What the head is to the body, or the brain to the nervous system; what the reason is to the unity, order and harmonious activity of the intellectual and physical powers; the human race itself is in its relation to all the kingdoms of nature.

When man transgresses the law of God, his communication with his Creator is interrupted, and he sinks into the numberless evils of the world. With him, sinks into confusion and discord whatever is dependent upon his integrity for its normal relative position, and his relative power for good.

In a more limited, yet a broad sense the application is the same to all organizations resting upon men as the ground of their moral obligations. Masonry has its beautiful symbols of truth, underlying which is the handiwork of God. She has gathered them centuries ago from the fields of the old world where patriarchs and prophets tabernacled — where wisdom and beauty counseled together. And in her sacred depository she held the light of science for ten long centuries, when there were no radiators of light but the wand of the magician and the cloister of the monk. Her landmarks date back to the gray dawn of the world's history. Among the devout followers who have carried the ark, bowed at her sacred altar, and honored her holy teachings, are some of the most illustrious names in all departments of science and literature that have graced the pages of history for thirty centuries. It is to-day the honored institution of the land —

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knowing no sect, no nationality, no creed, no party, no narrow contracted bigotry, but *Faith* in God, *Hope* in immortality, and *Charity* to all men.

While this is the normal development of Masonry, we regret that there are those among us who are not *of us*. They are no honor to Masonry—they are no honor to themselves. They profane that *name* which they have solemnly promised never to mention but with reverential awe! Their whole conduct is in opposition to their most solemn pledge made upon their bended knees. Men so destitute of principle should never be permitted to enter a Masons' Lodge or Chapter. For prudence wisely dictates, fortitude nobly supports, temperance restrains from rashness or excess, and justice, that attribute of divine and human law, cements only that which is really good, and not evil. It is only by a strict adherence to the ancient landmarks of the Order—a daily practice of its three great duties, love to God, to your neighbor, and yourself, incumbent upon every man, that peace and harmony can prevail, truth and union exist, and Masonry in her purity develop in a normal way. X. Y. Z.

SEPT., 1868.

A WISCONSIN CENTENARIAN.

WE take the following interesting account of one of the oldest inhabitants in the west from the *Prescott Transcript:*

A few weeks ago, we briefly stated that Mr. David Stiles, now stopping with his grand-daughters in this city, had reached the remarkable age of 102 years.

We yesterday enjoyed a very pleasant visit with Mr. Stiles, and a few facts in regard to him will not fail to be interesting to our readers.

It gives one a sense of awe to sit and converse with one who bears the weight of a hundred and more years, who twice voted for Gen. Washington for the presidency, who speaks knowingly of the fashions *before the revolution*. It is history vivified. No one would suspect Mr. Stiles' extreme age from his conversation or appearance. He has now more vigor than most men of seventy, and seems likely to live many years yet. His step is reasonably firm, his mind clear, his memory tenacious, his disposition cheerful and social, his voice unbroken, and his conversation enlivened with touches of sentiment and wit.

Mr. Stiles was born in Woodbury, Litchfield county, Conn., May 21, 1766, and is therefore a little over 102 years old. His first wife was Martha Ransom, daughter of Ebenezer Ransom, of Vergennes, Vt., whom he married in 1798, and by whom he had three children. His second wife, Elizabeth Cummings, who lived near Plattsburg, N. Y., he married in 1809, and she died at Hazel Green, in this state, in 1847, having borne him ten children.

Mr. Stiles followed, or rather led the advance of civilization westward to the Mississippi, having located at Hazel Green, in Grant county, Wis., in 1839.

His Masonic history is alike interesting and honorable to him. He has been a Mason seventy-one years, and is no doubt the oldest Mason on this continent. He was made a Mason at Toronto, Canada West, December 27,

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1796, when Wm. Jarvis was Grand Master of Canada. The Lodge at Toronto was No. 16 of that jurisdiction. He has assisted in forming very many Lodges, and is now a member of Hazel Green Lodge, No. 43, of this State. He is not, like too many, a Mason merely in name—a rough ashlar, but he has been a devoted student of its teachings and a faithful follower of its precepts. His memory holds intact its lectures, and he is truly a polished stone, fit for the Master's use.

With his naturally genial and cheerful disposition, sweetened by piety and strengthened by faith, with the companions of youth and the friends of middle age all gone before him, he stands on the far outreaching point of time, waiting for the Master's beck to cross the narrow space which keeps him from the "Other Side." May the call be gentle when it comes, and the answer ready and willing.

THE SCOTTISH, YORK, AND FRENCH RITES.

BY BRO. ALBERT PIKE.

It has been too much a habit merely to *communicate* the degrees, by which they have often come to be regarded as merely the means of investing their possessors with pompous, swelling and empty titles. Ignorance also, it is true, has been often busy with our rituals, mutilating and corrupting them, substituting sound in the stead of sense, and mistaking vapid commonplaces and tiresome twaddle, a shallow sentimentalism or shallower philosophy, the mere froth of a verbal *omelette-soufflee* for profound thoughts and impressive eloquence. *Other* degrees than those of *the Scottish Rite* have suffered from the same cause; for not genius only loves to innovate, but quite as often imbecility.

I have carefully studied the symbolic degrees in the three principal Rites, the York, the Scottish, and the French, and am familiar with the work of each; and with all my original prepossessions and prejudices in favor of the first, and still holding to it true allegiance, truth and candor compel me to say that I can not see in what respect either of the two others is in those degrees, essentially and substantially, inferior to it or different from it. The lessons taught in each degree of the other Rites are quite as pure and impressive; and the ceremonies are at least equally as solemn and affecting; and, I believe, quite as near the ancient formulas observed a century or more ago. We are too apt to undervalue what is strange and unusual, and to make our own practices the measure of propriety and excellence of those of others.

The three Rites are but variations of one and the same thing; a Mason made in either is *well* made, and regularly and lawfully made. He assumes the same obligations, makes the same promises, binds himself to perform the same duties in one as in the other, and neither of the three Rites can, with reason or propriety, look down upon the other, or claim the right to say to it, like the Pharisee to the publican: "Stand by! for I am holier than thou!"

Masonry is ONE, while its *Rites* are many; and it says to every one of them, as it says to every individual Mason: "Suffer others to be praised in thy presence, and entertain their

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good and glory with delight; but at no hand disparage them, or lessen their report, to make an objection; remembering that we usually disparage others upon slight grounds and little instances." We all belong to THE ONE GRAND LODGE, which extends from east to west and from north to south. We all kneel at the same altar; and we owe each other that respect and kindness which our common relation and common approach to one God should inspire.

No one of the three Rites can, with any justice, look upon the other as a heretical sect; for there is no sectarianism in Masonry. We may well rejoice that there is, in our country, no actual and open hostility between the Rites; and that, if there is no *union* among them, there is at least *peace*. That fortunate state of things is, in a very great measure, owing to the wise course pursued by the legitimate authorities of the Scottish Rite, the two Supreme Councils for the Northern and Southern Jurisdiction of the United States, in waiving, in favor of the Grand Lodges, their right of administration of the three first degrees—a concession made for the sake of peace and harmony, which a true Mason cannot fail to honor and appreciate.

A *Rite* is a scale or collection of degrees. The *French* Rite consists of *seven* degrees, the *Scottish* of *thirty-three*, the Rite of *Perfection* of *twenty-five*. The two latter are different Rites, though the three first degrees of each are precisely the same. It is not correct to say that any Symbolic Lodge works the Scottish or French *Rite*, because they only work three degrees, while each *Rite* consists of them and others. The proper expression to be used—that such a Lodge works the three degrees according to the formula used in the Scottish or French Rite.

We have already said that these three degrees are the same substantially in all of these Rites. None of the inventors of the higher degrees meddled with *these*. Ramsey made no change in *them*, though he invented some of the higher degrees. No Masonic power or authority of the French or Scottish Rite ever formally made any change in the Rituals. All the changes made are merely the results of lapse of time and other ordinary circumstances, that produce change in every thing sublunary.

SYMBOLISM.

THE symbols used in Masonry have been the foundation of much unnecessary comment by those who, from disappointment in securiag membership, or from a bigoted view of the good things of this life, still choose to rail against our Order. We can not, nor do not object to a fair criticism on the merits of Masonry by those who have studied something of it; but when parties presume to set themselves up as chief justices in a court to which they have no admittance, or of whose doctrines or laws they can know nothing. we are bound to refuse absurd theories; present the case properly to an intelligent jury, and await the verdict with composure and confidence.

Symbols are signs or emblems representative of any thing moral or intellectual. They are not confined to mere figures or letters, or hiero-

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glyphics, but may embrace all classes of types, enigmas, creeds, formulas, tokens, or abbreviations. Harmless in themselves, they convey to our minds, with the least possible display, lessons of life and integrity. In seeing the sign of faith, we behold the faith itself. No number of words, however elaborately arranged, can convey to our senses the pith and meaning of the Christian religion more powerfully and entirely than the figure of the cross. In that pure symbol we find all that is necessary to instigate us to virtue, and to life hereafter. It points out to us the sufferings and the patience of our Redeemer, and reminds us of our duty to Him and to our neighbors.

If symbols are decided to be the unholy part of Masonry, we find that to obey the dictates of these virulent critics, we must blot out and expunge many if not all of these constant reminders of what we are. As these denouncers are generally men who profess the Christian religion, we shall ask them where to begin, in culling out from ceremonies these fatal symbols. Shall we take down from its high position the significant letter G?

That letter keeps continually before us the fact that there is a God in whom we place our trust, not only "in times of great danger," but always, in peace or war, in danger or in safety, on the land or on the sea. He it is who provides us with food and raiment, and shall we remove the sign of his name from our Lodge rooms? Is it just to our benefactor that we consign His name to an ignominious receptacle? Can men professing faith in Him, ask us to do this? If they can not, then they should have nothing to say against our symbols, for the letter G is first among them all.

The "all-seeing eye" and the Holy Bible are also symbols of our Order. We find in the latter much to prove to us that Freemasonry was a predominating fact even in the most remote periods of the world. The grave doubts which over-spiritual beings have flung at us in regard to our superstitions, must be unloosed by our expressed reverence for these images and records of our Creator. What is mistaken for superstition by our outside neighbors, is but a respect for the symbols of Masonry, and as many of them are not publicly exposed to the vulgar gaze, we are called superstitious. This we can not be while we are governed by enlightened intelligence and guarded by the all-seeing eye.

But the strongest argument in our favor is to come. If symbolism is evil in itself, is it not as evil in one place as in another? If it is wicked in Lodge rooms, is it not bad when displayed in churches and cathedrals? Now, it is a well known fact, that our greatest opponents are the Roman Catholics, and they use more symbolry in their worship than any other sect. Look at some of the Protestants. We see the walls frescoed in characters of holiness, and with scenes representative of our Saviour's life and death. The cross is prominent inside, and appears at the crest of the spire, or placed over the door of entrance. The Bible is displayed upon the pulpit, and the all-seeing eye frequently is seen upon its front. All these are symbols of religion. They are recogniz-

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ed by the church members as fitting emblems of Christianity, and they are looked upon with awe and reverence. How then can they become depraved when displayed in other places for the same purpose exactly as they are in churches? Or, is the Lodge room an unfit place for these sacred emblems? We think not. If Christ could leave his celestial home and come down to a corrupt earth, to be an example to mankind and suffer death for their sake, then we say that *place* has nothing to do with the symbols of Christianity, and where they are intended, as they are in Masonry, to be a guide to their followers, *they can not do, or be wrong.* Just as the diamond shines, no matter where it is thrown, it glitters in the cavern, and its sparkle may be seen amid the dust of the pave, it is always the same bright token of purity. And so with our symbols. They may shine forth sometimes on a warm discussion, when anger and perhaps abuse may rule the heated brain; but such scenes only render their presence more necessary, as the drowning man needs the help when sinking which he would refuse when out of danger.

If the world had been free from wickedness there would have been no necessity for a Redeemer; and it was the depravity which existed, that rendered his appearance necessary. Therefore, if Masons are corrupt as a body, then they need their symbols to serve as warnings to them, and if they are honest and upright as individuals, the symbols can not injure them if they become Masons. Let us therefore keep them before us. If we are railed against, let us act the nobler part and forgive our enemies when we find we can not change their ignorance into intelligence. Doing this we shall give the strongest evidence that we follow the inculcations of symbols, and that our revilers do not regard the lessons taught by theirs.—*Square and Compass.*

THE BOND OF MASONRY.

'Tis not in the goblet swelling high,
Which wealth, not worth, can still command;
Nor in the giddy tide of joy,
That Masonry should take its stand.

But o'er the social, generous band,
Whose only tie the link makes *free*,
Where heart to heart, and hand to hand,
Proclaims the bond of Masonry.

To soothe the orphan's mournful cry,
A brother help where'er he be;
To love all men beneath the sky—
This is the bond of Masonry.

THERE is no struggle in life so commendable as that to be just.

THERE is more credit in making ourselves great, than it is to be born so.

BENEVOLENCE is seldom connected with vice, and selfishness to fewer virtues.

NO MAN can have an attractive house, unless it is well supplied with food and fire for the mind, as well as for the body.

A GOLDEN MAXIM.

A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of to-morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

GROWING OLD.

AWAY, toward our sunset, stand two skeletons. Their skinny hands beckon us. Their bony arms reach for us. We may laugh in the merry to-day. We may dance and sing, as did the condemned of the *conciergerie*, with the dead-carts and coffins rattling by, and to-morrow—the guillotine!

An old man and woman sit in the chimney corner. Once she was beautiful, and he high-souled and brave. How changed their fine forms and commanding presence! Their hair was heavy and dark. It is coarse and gray now. Their teeth have ached themselves away, leaving only sore gums to maltreat sibilants and mumble soaked crackers. Her eyes were full of the power and passion of womanliness. His were keen as the eagle's. Now they are sunken and dim, seeing only blurs and blotches where once they traced beauty. Their limbs have lost their sprightliness and strength. They can only totter, and cramp, and suffer rheumatic torture. Their hands have lost their deftness. Her voice used to fill the air with melody; his with power. Now they only whine out their ailments, and on sunny days croon and drawl about the dead past. Once, they stood at the head of the *elite*. Now, they set the youngsters a-titter with "their old-fashioned way of doing things." But sadder far than this physical decay, is the havoc Age makes with the mental powers. "My mind is pretty much gone," drawls the old man, "and mother's, too," nodding across at his wife. "There didn't use to be many things she couldn't see through. Ah, well! we've had our day." One would not care for the tumble-down old tent, if the royal mind could stand unharmed in the wreck. The stout strokes of the good right arm, the cunning of the fingers, and the glory of manhood could be given up, if thought could yet be sent forth among men, a felt force. Our old man in the corner remembers when the business of the estate was all wrought out in his brain. Now, his opinions have little more weight than the guesses of the nimble-tongued ten-years-old. "Times are changed, you know, father. They don't do things that way now-a-days." Once his *ipse dixit* was authoritative in town affairs. Now, he asks a question. Answer: "Why, father, that was settled years ago. Don't know as you can understand it, but it's all right." Once his incisive thinking cut down through tangled State questions, and his utterances were full of power. Now he is cast aside; a child, without the future of childhood; a worn out body, and effete mind, waiting in helplessness for the creaking,

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creeping machinery to stand still, and free him and his friends from the burden of his being.

And yet there is a sadder thought. This man was once a co-worker with the Lord Christ, and helped strongly all reformatory movements. Now, those clearly-cut experiences, that were so full of power, are dim and blurred. His voice had weight in the council-room. His pastor leaned on him. Now, the Church moves on just as though he were in the grave. She works, legislates, extends, and he is unable even to comprehend her growth —in danger of reading it all backward.

Ah me! To grow old! How many times, if I had dared, would I have prayed to die before I reach "the half-way house," rather than come down to this whining, driveling, pushed-aside, old life!

Is all this physical, mental, and spiritual decay inevitable? I think not. As in some people's theology, the wish may be parent of the argument, and the logic not more robust than a wish, yet I shall make the attempt to prove that much of the decay of old age is the result of neglect, and may be avoided.

Lawlessness and laziness are the two prime enemies of human vigor. Insentient things live by law; law, originally as benign as the good God could make it; now, infracted by man's sin, with the curse-mark of his transgression upon it. Therefore they die. Their life moves in a circle. They come into existence, grow, mature, decay, and are crowded out of being by the pressure of on-coming successions. Except where the ferocity of the curse comes in with abruptness and violence, these changes of being are gentle, painless, and not unsightly.

They are like the birth and death of the days of time. It is not so with human beings. Violation is their kingliness. This gives them character. This only recommended them to the redemptive notice of the Son of God.

But the taint of lawlessness is in our blood. It shows itself very early. Children are usually active enough, but they hate restraint. They can hop and skip all day, but it must be at their own sweet will. Set them to work, and see how soon they lag. You can "break" a colt in a month, but it takes ten years to "break" a boy to steady, reliable, working ways. So of mental effort. Children's minds are often uncomfortably busy, prying into every thing tirelessly, except the lessons set for them. Pictures and prizes have to be held before them, rods and disgrace shaken over their heads. After about fifteen years of coaxing and goading, the few settle into studious habits. The many champ the bit till they get the conduct of their life into their own hands, and then their lawless instinct develops into indolence or excess. Indolence—doing no more brain work than necessity lashes them to. Excess—loosing the rein upon appetites, passions, ambitions. They destroy their digestion by overwork upon fiery, greasy masses, that fill the blood with scrofula and fevers. They ruin their nerves and brain with the fumes of tobacco and alcohol. They give free scope to godless passions and purposes, that set at defiance every demand of the complex being. We see this in the

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life of the meteor-like Byron. He died an old man, though the shadow on the dial-plate had not reached forty. Dissoluteness burned out the fuel meant to keep that brilliant brain in force for years of glowing thought. In contrast with this shines that star of American poesy, Bryant. His age would outmeasure two such rocket flashes as Byron's erratic years. He is as agile in walking, climbing, leaping, indeed as young, except in the outer frost touches, as he was fifty years ago. Byron indulged every passion. Bryant holds the simplest appetites under tight rein, that they may not infringe physical law. He rises early—at five—exercises a great deal in the open air, and eats carefully of plain food; often breakfasting on milk and oat meal mush. He lives by law, as do the natural things about which he writes so beautifully. Though the stout old years tug at him, they do not abate his vigor or the strength of his rare brain. What young man in his senses would have his life like Byron's, flashing up luridly, and going out under the gloom of the disapproval of a better thinking time? He would choose rather that it be like Bryant's, a steady gleam, ending, like an Autumn day, in calm glory, its rays slanting back over rich fruitage, and striking forward to a glorious dawn in the Morning land!

Holmes says: "The human body is a furnace which keeps in blast threescore years and ten, more or less. It burns about three hundred pounds of carbon a year—besides other fuel—when in fair working order." Now these fast living Americans, as he says of pugilists, "are exceedingly apt to keep the vital fire burning with the blower up." Strong mixed blood bubbles in our veins, the best of the Old World's life, sent hither because dangerous under rotten tyrannies. Below us heave the crowding masses. Before us stretch measureless possibilities. Forces push. Powers beckon—and on we go! We over-think, over-plan, over-work, over-drive, and, like the wicked, we do not live half our days. We tire out, and drop off to sleep under a sod coverlet, before it is fairly noon! Albeit, we would not exchange our civilization for that of the Norsemen, whose blood creeps through leathern veins, whose heavy jaws crunch the oaten cake, while bovine comfort lights dully their neutral-tinted faces. No; the man of the coming better time will feel to the full the propelling energy of this New World life; but he will have his forces so in hand that he will not sin mortally against his physical being, and be stretched upon a bier, just when he ought to be full of power for Right.

The mind and spirit are princes. The body is a castle where they stay threescore years or so. Their condition is often vitally affected by the good or ill repair of this *habitat*. Earlier, men could not see the dignity of these indwelling princes. They cared only to polish and strengthen the outer man. But the age of brawn and bone has passed away, and the best thought is busy in bettering the spirit life. I apprehend that the influence of body upon soul is underrated by good people, and harm comes of this blunder. Bodies have rights that souls are bound to respect. Let so much as a little finger be wronged, and it may raise an

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insurrection of pain that will set the whole system in a tumult, and throw even the kingly brain off its balance. Relentless Eumenides lie in wait for those who are reckless of physical law, and stretch them upon the rack of acute suffering, or the gridiron of slow torture. Witness the miserable old age of dyspeptics and debauchees.

The farmer forgets that it is the blessing of God upon honest effort that brings a competence from the soil. He thinks to wrest riches from the elements by his own right arm. He braves wind, and rain, and weariness, getting ahead so slowly, and finding himself, at fifty, a bent, stiffened, old man, with a cramped brain, a hungry soul, and only a few restless dollars, after all. The mechanic acts the same part on a different stage. The business man neglects all powers of body and mind, except those that are necessary to the driving of trade. When he grows old, whether he "fails" or "retires," he finds himself worn out and empty hearted, his faculties for love and worship dead, almost beyond hope of resurrection. No wiser is the student. He abuses his body for the sake of his mind, and bitterly certain is the retaliation.

The Greeks, in their palmy days, took the best care of their bodies. Witness the Olympic Games, where the man of the finest muscle was crowned with every possible honor. Among them, the age for military service was from twenty to sixty; and not, as with us, reaching no farther than forty-five.

Neglect makes us as surely culpable, and incurs the penalty as certainly as excess. Many people serve their bodies as rented houses are used. The plaster begins to fall, the weather draws out the nails, and the clapboards spring off. "No matter—we won't have to stay here long." It will matter though, if, through your neglect to mend the roof or the windows, you get a rheumatism that will hound you to the grave, filling your old years with misery.

Science is growing wise, at last. She no longer hides away in midnight cells, straining every nerve to discover the undiscoverable. She has come out into matter-of-fact daylight and in our public schools is teaching the children how to take care of their hair and teeth, their eyesight and digestion. Old style farming would let an exhausted field lie idle till it gained new strength. Modern agriculture expends something in fertilizers, and keeps the reinvigorated soil at work. The human hair grows thin and coarse from lack of vitality in the scalp. Chemistry gives us fertilizers that revivify it, bring back the luxuriance, silkiness, and possibly the color, of earlier years.

Hygienic miracles are wrought in these latter days. Weeks and months of my childhood were one protracted despair, through toothache torture. Wedged in between the alternatives of having those throbbing, jumping incisors and molars wear themselves out in aching, or if submitting to the dentist's horrid * steel, I could almost have risked a Rip Van Winkle sleep, if I had been sure of awaking toothless. I have learned, however, that a little daily care of the teeth, and the

* Horrid no longer since "vitalized air" has become known as an Anæsthetic.

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thorough application of cold water outside the jaws each morning, will prevent most of this misery. I wonder if any body will try it from reading this. "O, it's too much trouble. I haven't time in the morning to fuss with my face more than is necessary for cleanliness." Yes, there is your indolence. Neglect the simplest preventive, and by and by spend weeks of time upon the hot spit of agony, lose any amount of nervous vigor, and pay a dentist's bill.

A few years ago the papers told us how John Quincy Adams restored his eyesight, by a little daily pressure upon the eyeballs. The old people exclaimed, "Wonderful! How nice it would be to see well again!" But of all I know, only one old lady tried it perseveringly. Her eyes became as good as ever. She is nearing seventy now, and yet she sees better than most of her children. J. G. Holland tells us of an old gentleman, Dr. Scott, of Buffalo, who, when his eyesight began to fail, set himself about what he termed "occular gymnastics." With proper intervals of rest, he exercised his eyes in making minute letters. At length he became able to read the newspapers without glasses; and, "at the age of seventy-one, he wrote upon an enameled card, with a stile, on a space exactly equal to that of one side of a three-cent piece, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostles' Creed, the Parable of the Ten Virgins, the Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, the Beatitudes, the fifteenth Psalm, the one hundred and twentieth Psalm, the one hundred and thirty-third Psalm, the one hundred and thirty-first Psalm, and the figures '1860.' Every letter and every punctuation was written exquisitely." "Showing," as Dr. Holmes says of him, "that his eyes must be a pair of microscopes."

I believe that much of the muscular decay of old age comes from inactivity. At sixty the man sees the folly of his early ambitions, and lays them aside. He has a competence now, so he hands his business over to his sons. Thus the stimulus to exertion is gone. This relaxation of effort would have been bad at twenty-five. It is disastrous at sixty-five. No unused muscle can hold its vigor.

Infinitely worse than the unsightliness of a decrepit body, is the senselessness of an *effete* mind. The "childishness" of age is not inevitable. Mental hygiene may prevent it. There is an analogy between the laws of matter and spirit. Neglect means decay. Inaction is paralysis. You have seen pictures of East Indian devotees, who had moved only one arm for a dozen years or more. This was as strong and efficient as ever, but the other limbs were no more under the volative control than if they were made of wood—far less manageable than Palmer arms and legs are said to be. This is the way most people use their intellect. The young man chooses a profession or business, and throws all his force into the one faculty necessary to carry it on. The others lie inactive, till they are paralyzed, like the limbs of the fakir. After a few years, the pressing necessity for the use of the one faculty passes by. Then that is allowed to fall into disuse and paralysis with the rest. The result is—"the old man

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has lost his faculties." As Lowell says of a man, minus the manhood, "A corpse crawls round unburied!" My friend, never say again, "My mind is breaking with age." The mental powers of Humboldt, or Sir Isaac Newton, taken at their strongest, and put under the *regime* of neglect to which you subject yours, would have sunk into inanity within ten years. O'Connell tells of a man of fair ability and culture, an American, Adams by name, who, under three years' mental inactivity, in North African slavery, forgot his language, and, in the mean, his civilization.

Let us never say, "My memory is failing." Rather speak the truth: I am neglecting to use my memory, and it is growing weak in consequence." But you say, "I have to work for a livelihood. I get no time for mental culture." You take time to eat, don't you? Then take time to feed your mind. If either must die of neglect, let it not be the better, the nobler part of you. Remember the old proverb, "Where there's a will there's a way." Elihu Burritt obtained a fine classical education, and supported his family in the mean time, by working at the anvil. Let the moneyed man, who is a slave to his successful (?) business, decide whether it will pay, for a few paltry dollars more than his neighbor, or a little better furnished house, to cramp and dwarf his mind till it sinks into imbecility! And you, madam, who never have time for study and thought—only fashionable follies, do you know you are preparing yourself to be that maudlin, cast-off, old woman, whose silly, fretful ways will irk and shame her children? Work or perish, is a prime law of body and mind. When one begins to say, "I can't learn this or that because I am old," his doom is sealed. Henceforth, the chimney corner! Cultured minds, wrought by law, seldom fail with years. Humboldt wrote his Kosmos at fourscore. "Isocrates finished one of his great works at ninety-seven. Theophrastus wrote his keen and sprightly 'Characters' when a centenarian. Gorgias lived to the age of one hundred and seven, and died with the significant expression upon his lips, "Sleep is now beginning to lay me in the hands of his brother.'"

Many people think that as they grow old there must of necessity be a dulling of devotional fervor—a crippling of the spiritual powers. This is the most foolish, the saddest mistake of all.

The old years of an earnest, consecrated Christian are the most beautiful of his life. As sunset hours are usually the most glorious of the day, so those are rich with the harvests of time and the promise of eternity's ceaseless growth. "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of the righteous."—*Ladies' Repository.*

HOMŒOPATHY PROVED TRUE.

A FELLOW declares that he cured the palpitation of the heart by the prompt and reasonable application of another palpitating heart to the part afflicted. He says, when called in due time, it is a sure cure.

Like cures like, nothing like having a sure specific for every disease, and not waste your patient's life with experiments, the effect of which you know nothing about.

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GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWIN BARNEBY.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me,
Give me its grasp that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman,
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman!
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forswore it;
Give me its grasp that I aye may adore it.
Lovely the palm of the fair, blue veined maiden!
Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen!
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasp that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly forever.

MARRIAGE AND HOUSEKEEPING.

THERE are a great many persons who are just beginning life, that are newly married, and that are just turning, I trust, away from the hotel and the boarding-house to keep house; for I think that, next to virtue, housekeeping is the desirable thing for newly married persons. You will perhaps wonder what I have to say upon this. I have this to say, that to any young person's life this is a change so marked, it is a step so different to any other, that if you know how, with this peculiar and critical step of your life, to take also one other, it will not be alone marrying for time—it will be love for eternity. Is there any thing more beautiful than true love? No flowers show such colors or exhale fragrance as does true love, that makes one's life a sacrifice for and a service of another. Is there anything more beautiful this side of God's throne, than two right-minded and purely-loving souls beginning to live together, each one servant in love to the other? Now, just beginning a virtuous wedded life is not religion; but if you make this a first step in a series, it will do more to lead to a Christian course of life than perhaps any other thing possibly could.—*Beecher.*

RESPONSIBILITY.

A YOUNG man in Virginia had become sadly intemperate. He was a man of great capacity, fascination, and power, but he had a great passion for brandy, which nothing could control. Often, in his walks, a friend remonstrated with him, but in vain; as often in turn would urge his friend to take the social glass in vain. On one occasion the latter agreed to yield to him, and as they walked up to the bar together, the bar-keeper said:

"Gentlemen, what will you have?"

"Wine, sir," was the reply.

The glasses were filled, and friends

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stood ready to pledge each other in renewed and eternal friendship, when he paused and said to his intemperate friend:

"Now, if I drink this glass and become a drunkard, will you take the responsibility?"

The drunkard looked at him with severity, and said:

"Set down that glass." It was set down, and the two walked away without saying a word.

Oh, the drunkard knows the awful consequences of the first glass. Even in his own madness for liquor he is not willing to assume the responsibility of another's becoming a drunkard.

What if the question was put by every dealer, as he asks for his license and pays his money, "Are you willing to assume the responsibility?" How many would say, if the love of money and gain did not rule, "Take back your license."

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

An Italian paper has the following:

Who is the lightest man in the world? The Frenchman.

Who is the heaviest? The German.

Who is the most serious? The Englishman.

Who is the most vivacious? The Swiss.

Who is the proudest? The Spaniard.

Who is the most humble? The Russian.

Who is the most enterprising? The Pole.

Who is the laziest? The Turk.

Who is the widest awake? The American.

Who is the sleepiest? The Hottentot.

Who has all these virtues and vices mixed together. The Italian.

THE TORTURE OF A TYRANT.—Nothing can exceed in dread and horror the picture of the last days of the Emperor Caligula, as drawn by Suetonius. "The Emperor," says the historian, "was tormented by nervous irritation, by sleeplessness; for he enjoyed not more than three hours nocturnal repose, nor even these in pure, untroubled rest, but disturbed by horrid phantasms; as for example, *he fancied he saw the sea, under some definite shape, talking with himself!* Hence it was that he had fallen into habits of ranging all night long through the palace, sometimes throwing himself on a couch, sometimes wandering through the vast corridors, watching for the earliest dawn, and anxiously evoking its approach. In the morning he said, 'Would to God it were even!' In the evening he said, 'Would to God it were night!'"

WHEN Amherst College was in its infancy, one high in authority was wont to require of the students connected with his family, daily recitations of verses at devotional exercises. This practice was not agreeable to all concerned, but nevertheless no feeling was manifested, until one disaffected youth made the following quotation from Kings: "And he spake to his sons, saying, saddle me the ass, and they saddled *him*."

HUMILITY is the deep and firm foundation to every virtue.

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EDITORIAL.

MASONIC OBLIGATIONS.

THE bitter opposers of Masonry are saying much about the Masonic obligations. Some they pretend to know, and those which they do not know, they pretend to understand, and explain much better than what they say they know, or more correct than any member of the Order. No Masonic custodian, as they say, can possibly come so near the truth as those who are the enemies of Masonry. According to the position taken by our foes, the only ones worthy of credit are those who have cultivated hatred to Masonry, and those who claim to be seceders, and have dishonored themselves by renouncing what they say are the secrets of the Order.

As Masons, we proclaim that every obligation is wisely established upon the precepts of honor. And we are not the only organization which has made honor the very foundation of obligations. We do not propose to go into a lengthy disquisition with our enemies, and refute the objections they have brought against us.

We only propose to try them by their own rule, and take them into the enemies' country. It is well known that the great body of anti-Masons are rigid sectarians, and are composed of Protestants and Catholics, each carrying on their crusade against Masonry separately. The Catholics oppose every thing, they denounce alone upon their own responsibility; whereas the subdivisions among the Protestants unite. Not, as whole entire bodies, but as individuals. We will suppose that the *Finneys* and the *Blanchards* are true and honest to their religious faith. They are found in a Catholic country, and are required to either renounce their faith or suffer death. We ask, would they bow the knee to a Catholic *Priest*, and swear allegiance to Catholicism? Supposing they were threatened the gibbet, the rack, or to have their throats cut, would they turn back to what they conscientiously believed to be truth, and trample every vestige of manliness and integrity in the dust, beg pardon and crouch to Catholic rule? Is this the species of honor that they entertain and have of God, and the kind of respect for themselves? Yea, according to their argument and objections to Masonry. And then the world would be bound to believe that they were the only true, reliable witnesses, against the God and faith that they had renounced, and that Catholicism was the only true religion.

The one who stands firm to his obligations, and refuses to bow, is not a credible witness, as they assert in their arguments and declarations. Our anti-Masonic enemies say that all Masons who are true to Masonry are false witnesses, and will not, and are not allowed to tell the truth of what Masonry is. They say that our testimony is false when we claim that the only design of Masonry, and of all true Masons is to do good, and lift up humanity from the low haunts of sin and evil, into a higher moral and intellectual life. We contend that every obligation in Masonry has this tendency. Honor, justice, truthfulness, and stern integrity, are the legitimate fruits of every Masonic obligation. That sooner than desecrate the principles of honor, do injustice, falsify our word, or betray our trust, we will suffer any kind of death proposed by the assassin.

Catholics have stood firm to what they considered right, and have become martyrs to their faith. Protestants have done the same. And the true and honest portion

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of the world have embalmed them in sacred memory. So with Masons. They have suffered death, by the hand of anti-Masons, sooner than renounce or reveal Masonry, and we as the true lovers of the institution, instill the same honor in the minds of our children, and teach every neophyte her noble lessons.

We are sorry to say that we have our modern Judases. We are deceived many times by false-hearted aspirants, who prove themselves recreant to all integrity. We have taken them from the human quarry as rough ashlars, and have tried to fit them for the Temple, but we have lost our labor. The *stone*, representing the candidate, was made up of superfluous corners, and full of rotten crevices; having no cement of love, truth, and moral worth. And after much toil and hard work trying to find a square, even ever so small, we find ourselves deceived. The individual falters, secedes and becomes an open, whereas before, he was only a secret, enemy. And now claims that he is the only true witness in the case.

The members of the Order who still cherish Masonry as one of the great institutions of the world, believe that it will moralize and civilize crude humanity. But we are gravely told by those, who, by their own acknowledgment, have falsified their honor, disgraced their integrity, and stand before God and man as unworthy of the least credit, that our evidence can not be taken, unless we become as base and immoral as they are, and prove ourselves perjurers like themselves. Would our enemies wish to be condemned in their religious faith and hope by the infidel, and they not allowed to testify? This is the position they take in denouncing Masonry. We say that every thing in Masonry is good, they say it is not; but our testimony is false, they say, and the sentence of condemnation must rest upon the evidence of our prejudiced and bigoted foes.

We have no ill will to these fanatical renegades. They are welcome to all the glory in store for them. We are confident that if they go on as they have commenced, the time is not far distant when they will bring on distrust in the minds of many who may listen to them now. You let the thief alone, many times, and he will give you evidence of his guilt. So with those who *slander* Masonry, and have proved themselves base and vile; they will destroy themselves in the estimation of all the worthy and truly noble in society.

"*WHITED SEPULCHERS.*"

ALL parties and organizations and every order are cursed with those who come under this sentence. It was applied to the Pharisees in consequence of their great pretensions to righteousness. They were particular in declaring their own goodness, and claimed for themselves the reserved seats in the Temple. But at heart were corrupt and vile; were lacking in all the moral principles of right established by the Supreme Ruler of the universe. When their real hearts were exposed, and their motives discovered by the power of inspiration, they were merely whited sepulchers.

In character the present civilized portions of the world are not rid of the whited sepulchers. It is not to be wondered at, in the least, that we find them in the diverging sects and parties in community. But when we withdraw from these, and seek fellowship with the oldest cosmopolitan organization on the face of the earth, a society whose teachings repudiate every thing wrong, we should find a brotherhood free from the whited sepulchres that are found in other societies.

The sublime teachings of Masonry, together with the instructions taught in the religion of heaven, discard all ideas of wrong. Still we have those who are only white-washed with the rituals of Masonry. Their hearts never received the first item of the requisite preparation of Masonry; and like some in a nobler and a higher profession, who have stolen the "livery of heaven," and have found their way across the threshold of the Masonic Temple, they stalk abroad, making the same pretensions of uprightness that the Pharisees of old did. And in this day and

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generation, we have more to do with the whited and polished sepulchers of our own time, than with those of ancient date. They concern us more than the ones noticed in the olden records of time.

Masonry is an institution if more closely observed, and its principles more studied, the Order would be less imposed upon by those stained and tarnished specimens of men, whose general making up completely unfits them for any place in the superstructure of Masonry.

Take an individual whose organization science *condemns*, and whose general acts harmonize with what science *declares*, and it is folly for Masonry to undertake to fit him for her Temple. He may not secede, but on the contrary make great pretensions to love it, become vehement in his professions, and pretend to admire the institution and love the brotherhood, take a brother warmly by the right hand, while at the same time in his left holds a dagger to take his life whose utmost confidence he may have obtained.

Such characters are in the community, and it is not strange if the institution of Masonry should now and then, in her carelessness, admit some to unite who have never been prepared in their hearts. In our eagerness to bestow her favors, we may impart them to those who will not honor her precepts; because they are wholly selfish and over demanding.

The requisite worth of a person to become a true Mason, is something more than pretension, more than self-aggrandizement, more than a negative character. Masonry requires more than what can be shown upon the outside. It demands a positive life, an internal principle of goodness at heart, as a foundation upon which to build the ideal Temple of the Order. Finding *that goodness* there, it matters not whether the outside is finished or not. In fitting and preparing the rough ashlar, just lifted out of its bed in the quarry, it is of more consequence that it possess a solidity internally—although it may have many sharp angles externally—than to be smooth to the eye and rotten and unsound within. For one stone of this character may damage all of our work.

So, in building the Mystic Temple, let us put into her walls a whited sepulcher and the superstructure is imperfect, and will not be good or square work, neither will it go up plumb; and will be an unsound edifice as long as it retains the poor material.

Faithfulness, then, to the noble institution, which every true and enlightened brother cherishes, must be made manifest. Watchfulness must be the secret pass-word of the good at heart, and without fee or reward, act for the good of Masonry. Let this be the constant care and meditation of all the true at heart, and the walls of the magnificent Temple of Masonry will rest upon a firm foundation, and stand erect and plumb.

LOOK TO THE JOINTS.

TIME is a great dilapidator. Its frosts and thaws, its summers and winters, its storms and sunshines, its inundations and its whirlwinds, effect changes the most surprising; and uproot and overturn the most gigantic efforts of nature and the strongest demonstrations of art. Though so powerful, it is insidious and works its way by degrees that are imperceptible. Piles of Masonry, massive as the mountains and heavy with the weight of centuries, apparently indestructible, are, before our very eyes, while we look, undergoing changes that will eventually encompass their fall. It does not seem possible, and yet it is true. The spear of grass does not more certainly advance by an imperceptible growth to perfection, nor does the shadow upon the dial more steadily approach its zenith, than does time effect its changes upon all things earthly. The infant of a day, though growing stronger with every successive hour; the boy, though advancing in mind and expanding in body; and the youth, though emerging into the full development of manhood, are all approaching the grave. "Change" and "decay" are engraven on everything we see, and though some ob-

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jects are more durable than others, it is only a question of time with all.

Yet, for all this, it is our privilege and duty to be vigilant in an endeavor to supply the decays, to rebuild the dilapidations, to rejuvenate the wasted animations, and to reinvigorate where strength is failing. While time is working its changes, making new things old, nature is busy bringing forth new life and re-populating the earth. So it is ours to work while we may, that seed time and harvest may not cease, and that we may always have the prosperity that waits upon industry.

The first symptoms of decay in any masonic structure, are seen in the looseness of the joints. If the cement becomes detached from either side, and begins to crumble, the usefulness of the building is seriously impaired and its fall may be counted with apparent certainty. But this event can be postponed almost indefinitely by proper attention to the joints. We can cover them with fresh cement, and thus all rain, and snow, and frost may be excluded.

In our earthly temples, too, the bodies we inhabit, our joints are the first members of our systems to notify us of the advances we are making in age. If they are not protected, it is plain to the smallest capacity that we must soon fall nto premature decrepitude.

In our lodges, too, and in our families we must take care of the joints. The cement that unites each member to the other, and all together, must be kept perpetually fresh and strong. If any thing occurs to impair its adhesiveness, let it be seen to at once. In all cases it is better to attend to the repair as soon as the injury is discovered, than to allow it to get worse or chronic from want of care. All family jars and all lodge difficulties are much more easily abated and a better feeling established by immediate attention. The causes of irritation are then more clearly seen and more readily removed.

S. Ashton.

Masonry enables us to see traits to love. even in the character of our foes.

FOUR OF US.

Two years ago, a young man doing an extensive business on one of the most active thoroughfares of trade in this city, called on me to point out to him the proper course to pursue, in order to make application to become a Mason. I readily granted his request, furnished him with a Monitor, Constitution and By-Laws of Cleveland Lodge, which I had visited frequently and had pleasant Masonic reunions with.

After study and proper reflection, he determined to "knock," was "received," "passed," and "raised," and during his brief service with the Craftsmen on the level of time, proved to be a good and true workman. Willis Asa Pomeroy is the brother whose acts and subsequent history suggests these notes. Soon after his Masonic creation he transferred his business to Montgomery, Alabama. Hardly had he become established in his new home before he was attacked by a malignant affliction, which baffled the skill of science in surgery of Philadelphia and New York, and in a brief, but we are informed, dreadful period, terminated his labors here, and summoned to the Higher Lodge, leaving a young wife and many friends to deplore his death., The evening upon which he was made a Master Mason, he invited three brothers to join him in a supper in honor of the event. The occasion was a pleasant one, and at low twelve all retired from the repast and turned their course to their respective homes. At this time, only one of the four that were so happy at that pleasant meeting is living. Bro. Pomeroy was buried i ı Suffield, Connecticut, with Masonic ceremonies. The other two were similarly honored in this city, which was noted at the time. This Masonic incident is full of interesting and impressive suggestions. It is to the remaining one of that party a retrospection mingled with pleasure and sadness. Then, companionable pleasure arising from mystic association; now, with memory only in sad communion, looking beyond that river, over which the three

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have passed. Time, memory, and a fond hope, reaching onward into immortality, being the last and only link binding them to me. C. C. POMEROY.

A BROTHER'S OBLIGATION TO A BROTHER.

WE chance to hear this expression very often, and by many it means what any brother may say, or do, or cause you to agree to, whether right or wrong. It matters not what were the circumstances that influenced you to such an agreement. It may have been the grossest kind of deception, the keeping out of sight facts, which, if known, would constitute a black moral crime.

A brother may wish to tell something that he requires secrecy, upon the square, as a Mason. It is received as such. But this only opens the door perhaps for a train of items to accomplish an immoral and a dishonest transaction. This aim and design may not become unfolded to your understanding, until you are wholly committed and identified as an accomplice with him, in an evil wholly unmasonic, unrighteous, and reprehensible in every phase imaginable.

The person who has thus drawn the coil around you, may claim masonically that you are bound, by your obligations as a Mason, to fulfill to the letter all that you promised, make a set of circumstances, as they were represented, harmonizing with the principle of moral right. But as they have developed another set of facts, now the question comes up upon a new issue.

We contend masonically, that if you have been deceived, it matters not whether that deception was premeditated or not, a contract or a promise is of no moral force. It loses its moral obligation that moment the deception becomes apparent, and Masonry binds us by the moral law, and by that law its memberships should be governed. An arrangement may be made, under a course of deception, which, if carried out, would ruin the reputation of the party deceived, and no Masonic obligation binds that party to fulfill. It matters not how much the party who has manipulated the deception is injured. He had no right to deceive.

Under these circumstances, what is the moral and masonic status of the case? To adjust the affair the best way that the parties can, by a new agreement, under the new train of circumstances which have become developed.

But, is it masonic if either party demands reparation after the adjustment? Most assuredly not. From the fact, the parties have settled the bone of contention. And we do not discover any obligation violated only in the demand for reparation after the settlement of the matters of difference.

A thief may put into your possession property not his own, and you may agree to deliver it to him when called for; but the real owner may come and take it, and you consent willingly that he should have it. Now, are you bound to fulfill your contract with the thief? No, because he had no right to deceive you, and make you believe that the property belonged to him. The same rule holds good in all moral contracts, promises and obligations. Masons are bound to do right, where right becomes manifest, so as to assure them that it is just.

THE MASONIC MONTHLY publishes the following words of brotherly kindness in praise of our STAR. Allow us to return the compliment to the *Masonic Monthly*. We cherish it with the strongest masonic regards. We consider it the least objectionable of any masonic publication that we receive, and we can truly say the most in its commendation:

"There was a time when we thought that it traversed an uncertain and dubious orbit, but we have modified our impressions since then. It has neared its zenith, and we trust it may be many days before it descends on the other side. It shines no longer with a doubtful ray. Its light is of the right kind, bright and warm. It is as it should be, yet unlike so many journals calling themselves Masonic, unsectarian and cosmopolitan. Further than this, its

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fidelity to ancient and unadulterated Blue Lodge Masonry is visible in every page. We will not specify particular articles from its last seen number. They are mostly, if not all, wholly good. We welcome the STAR as one of the most generously masonic journals which find their way to our table."

We thank you, *Bro. Evens*, for your fraternal expression of our humble and quiet effort in trying to present a journal that future generations will reap something of a masonic benefit from our labors, as well as the present. We have long seen the need of having Masonry set forth in its true light—in its broad humanitarian system. Many of our masonic journals are so tinctured with the sectarian views of the editors, that any one who is conversant with the different creeds, can tell to what sect he belongs. This we consider to be all wrong, and an imposition upon the Craft.

When we sell a masonic journal, we have no right to smuggle in our sect or party notions. And oftentimes a good article is very much marred by being spiced with some peculiar dogma, which, to thousands, may be obnoxious; and even the adherents of the same sentiment would rather see it somewhere else, especially to those who have the best understanding of Masonry.

We adhere to Blue Lodge Masonry, because all that we can learn of the Institution in its ancient teachings, is found there. These are the rudiments of true Masonry. The idea that the instructive lessons of Masonry in the Blue Lodge can be neglected and go up into the higher degrees—so called, which are higher only in figures which represent them—reminds us of the young pedagogue, who, with all the pomposity imaginable, presented himself to be examined, to see if he had made suitable proficiency in the primary rules of the sciences. And when required to exhibit a specimen of his knowledge, he remarked that "when he attended *college* he never studied the simple rules of arithmetic, but only paid attention to the higher branches of mathematics." This taking a leap to the topmost twig of the tree, and not know any thing about the soundness or strength of the body below, is poor policy, to say the least.

MASONIC ADVERTISING.

IT is the misfortune of Masonry, as of many other things whose objects and intentions are good, to be grossly misrepresented by some of its adherents, and by their conduct—clearly inconsistent with all the traditions of the Order,—to be brought into disrepute before the world.

In morals, a principle is most easily established by its gradual displacement of the antagonistic error, imperceptibly crowding it out and occupying its space. The coercive principle is false in theory, as fatal in practice, when applied to the promotion of virtue. Truth grows only in kindred soil, and flourishes not under hot-house cultivation. Honesty has no public parades or reviews; honor does not strut with a sword and sash; benevolence wears no badge of an open purse, and chastity no placard of character. Says one, "profession becomes noisy as it grows hollow." It is corruption that blows a trumpet before it to herald its approach; it is cowardice and knavery that carries weapons; it is hypocrisy that boasts of its liberal givi. g: it is the doubtful character that labors to be thought chaste. Men are good till they are proven bad. People and corporations and institutions have the benefit of presumption in their favor, and make poor arguments when they hasten to bolster up a reputation already accorded them by public opinion and really never assailed.

Particularly is what I have said applicable to the case of benevolence, which loses its merit as soon as it becomes ostentatious. How we scorn the piety that assumes the *role* of holy righteousness, and the morality that would proscribe every differing opinion. Native goodness knows not herself in a glass and speaks not her own name. There is a sweetness, a delicacy, a tenderness, an unobtrusiveness

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about virtue that humbles even the most depraved. It is truth, — pure, chaste, simple — God's great truth, firmer than adamant, mightier than thunder, fairer than day — unassuming, unconscious of worth, unambitious save to do good. Such is the principle in abstract, but he who is its favored possessor, dwells far hence in some Utopian clime.

Whence do my ramblings tend? To this. Masonry professes to be a benevolent institution: not alone to protect its members, to help, aid and assist them, to give them good counsel and timely warning—but to lift its arm every where in defence of innocence and virtue, and administer sympathy and aid wherever suffering humanity calls. This, masons practice, if they obey the teachings of Masonry. But they make no noise. The work of Masonry must be a quiet one. When it commences publishing its charities, and lauding its own merits, it falls. If its foes assail it, it must not return their blows; if men revile, it must "revile not again," if men try to write it down, let us put forth no effort to write it up. To the profane, one of the first themes of his admiration in contemplating the masonic institution, is to see that good men are attached to it, and yet make no effort to excite his interest. Let Masons live consistently and masonically, and that will be a better argument for the Order, than all your criticisms on the Pittsburgh convention, than all your answers to the letters of Mr. Finney.

I believe with the Editor in the July No. of the MYSTIC STAR—don't advertise your masonry; keep it off your sign-boards, off your business cards, out of your newspaper advertisements, off your shirt-bosoms. Don't puff up the Lodge. Don't try to advance its interests by bluster and noise. Work quietly, "let not your right hand know what your left hand doeth." Let your life be its own advertisement. The more you try to strengthen it by calling in foreign agencies, the weaker it will become. If masonry does you any good, or you do masonry any good, that will appear in due time, without your making an effort to tell it, and the communication will be held in higher esteem by its recipients, coming thus from another source.

E. A. V.

A PROPER ELEVATION.

As important in many points of view as the level or the plumb of a building, is the elevation. The material may be the very ideal of excellence and fineness, the work most skillful and artistic, the level and the plumb as true as can be, and yet, if not properly elevated, tne building, however finely finished. will look squatty, and in the eye of science and good taste will be utterly spoiled. As a handsome view or good picture is admired by the world, and adds its proportion to the general happiness, so it is the duty of all to make the best possible appearance of whatever material we have. It is our duty to do the best work we can; in a word, to make the *best* of every thing. This is a duty not only of a private character, but one we owe to the public for the general good. No man, therefore, has a right, either to spoil good material in the erection of an unsightly edifice, or to do bungling, bad work of any description. We mean that he has no *moral* right to do so, for the world is entitled to the benefits of his best efforts — to the satisfaction and pleasure which beauty always inspires, and to the benefit of a good example.

Upon precisely the same principle we are enjoined by speculative Masonry, and even by a higher authority, to let our light shine that men may see our good works. In all that we do we are to adopt a proper elevation, not, indeed, for the only object to be seen and heard of men, but that they, seeing our good works, may be gratified by the sight, and also led to imitate them. Our light, however humble and dim, must not be put under a bushel. Many brothers, whose lives are intrinsic ornaments, lose nearly all their influence from want of a proper elevation. The order, too, loses the credit of them, and the world the benefit of their bright example.

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All this is wrong. It is just as much a man's duty to be *understood* as doing right as to do it, because to set a good example is one of his duties. An example is something that must be seen as a pattern. But we can not see what is under a bushel. So that, though it may not be our duty to blow a trumpet whenever we are about to perform a good deed, still, on the other hand, it should not be so secret that none should know of it, so that the benefit of example would be lost. While it is true that in our individual acts of charity, our right hand should not know what is done by the left, still the power that seeth in secret rewards openly in the public appreciation, and in the quiet triumph of a well spent life.

Therefore, let us be careful that the structure of our life shall be sufficiently elevated as to appear well, that the material we use shall be of the best quality, and that the work shall be according to our best efforts to act well our part. In this way our light will so shine as to reflect credit on the Craft, and show to the world that our good work fully entitles us to the elevation we have assumed.

S. ASHTON.

A TERRIBLE THING HAS BEEN COMMITTED.

WE learn from the first number of the anti-Masonic paper published by *Blanchard & Co.*, in this city, a terrible crime has been committed. The black and heinous crime was perpetrated in the streets of Aurora, Ill. In open daylight, without the least fear of the speech of holy bigots, four reverend divines, one an *Episcopalian*, one a *Baptist*, one a *Methodist*, and one a *Universalist*, rode in one carriage at the great Masonic celebration, on the 24th day of June, A.D., 1868, A.L. 5868.

It is somewhat strange that these brothers could not, before committing such an outrage, have consulted the wishes of these anti-masonic lights of propriety. Or they might have learned their duty by reading their Bibles more attentively. If they, each of them, had studied and gone out and practiced a few times the part of the *Priest* and *Levite*, they might have appeared in the quiet city of Aurora to much better advantage than they did. We hope that these brothers will be a little more cautious how they conduct themselves in future, and study the lessons of our modern Priests and Levites more carefully, and hereafter govern themselves accordingly.

GOOD HUMOR.

A RUSTY, crusty, crabbed disposition, is in bad taste, to say the least. A good humored person will ever weave a bright color in his web of life; and the disinterested self which he may constantly present will make it a permanent color. Whereas, that individual who is the cringing slave to selfishness, will have so many wants of his own to sustain, and so many sides to defend, that he will have no time to spare to supply the wants or defend the interests of others, and you must not expect that he can have any happiness for himself, and therefore can have none for his neighbor.

Such a person digs his own grave, and buries himself deep beneath the frozen clods of self-interest and selfish aims. He is but a rigid automaton with no humanity, no human kindness in his feelings. Poor, indeed, let him go.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Aug. 25th.

EDITOR MYSTIC STAR—*Sir:* I have heard of the existence of a new secret order for women, which has recently been established in Michigan, and is called "The Order of the Sacred Temple." Can you inform me in regard to its nature, objects and principles? Most respectfully,

A. M. GRAHAM.

WE are not sufficiently familiar with the "nature, objects and principles" of The Sacred Temple, to answer our correspondent at present, but having an acquaintance with some ladies who are officers in the Supreme Sacred Temple, we think we may safely promise something upon the subject in our next number.—ED.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. IX. A.L. 5868—OCTOBER—A.D. 1868. No. 4.

AN ADDRESS BY G. O. JONES, OF CAMBRIA, WIS.

[Published by request.]

ANOTHER masonic year has passed. Its hopes, pleasures, sorrows and tears have all been thrown over among the rubbish of time. Its thoughts, words and actions alone remaining; some of these we can only regret; and wish them forever forgotten; and some few, we are proud of, and hope—few and small as they were—that they were sincere contributions for the good of humanity, the progress of society, and the glory of the *Grand Architect of the Universe.*

We are here once more, as it is well befitting a *fraternity*— a society of friends and brothers—to hold our annual sociable. And although we have met here to partake of refreshments, sing and be merry; yet, we have other and weightier matters that demand our attention.

To-night ends our masonic year. To-night the old officers of the Lodge are to lay aside the gavel, the rod and the jewel of office, and to give up their places to their newly elected successors, who are to take charge of the Craft for another year, and to be duly installed.

Before we proceed to the usual ceremonies upon this occasion, I would like to address a few remarks to the officers and brothers, and call the attention of all present to a few points in Masonry, proper and beneficial for us to consider:

As Master of this Lodge to the old officers, I would offer my most sincere thanks for their regular attendance, prompt assistance and kind forbearance.

To the new ones, I would say:—Brothers, be faithful in the discharge of your duties, for the Lodge has reposed confidence in you. Be vigilant watchers, and look well that it is not betrayed. The welfare of the Craft, the good of the Fraternity—not only for the coming year, but for ages hereafter, rests upon your responsibility. Let us do our duty faithfully, and do it well. Let every one, now, in the beginning, determine to make himself proficient—able to do his part of the work, and do it right; to understand his duties, and promptly execute them. A few weeks of activity, upon the part of every one, would enable Cambria Lodge to stand erect along side of the oldest and best of her sister Lodges of this jurisdiction.

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And, above all, let us not forget that the Craft will be looking especially to us, for promptness and proficiency in our workings, order, and regulations; and, as the teachers and leaders to the uninformed—*not* only in the Lodge, once a week, where every one present is ready to throw the "broad mantle of charity" over our failings and shortcomings—but abroad, in the world, where we have enemies, who are always ready and anxious to pass their hasty and unkind judgment of condemnation on us, to try our weaknesses, magnify our faults and sneer at our failings. The Craft, Brothers, expect of us to render a good account of ourselves—a substantial, living evidence, in our teachings and conduct, that it is an honor to be a Free and Accepted Mason; and, that our Order is something more than a fit object for the sport of fools and the sneer of bigots.

We claim that Masonry is a great institution, and good and beneficial as well as great. The initiated know this well. Thousands of widows and orphans have had ample and sufficient proof it. Every good, wise, whole-souled, liberal-minded man or woman, whether Christian, Jew or Mohammedan, can not but admit this: Imperfect as we are, and having, as we sorely regret, some unworthy members among us, yet, the most bitter of our enemies, find the faults and defects of our Order so few and far between, that they are compelled to manufacture falsehoods and to make false accusations, to circulate evil reports, to adopt contradictions for syllogisms, to substitute the shadow caused by the darkness of their own prejudices for realities, in order to make good their accusations against us and ours. But Masonry is above them, forever! They may envy, but can not harm it.

It would have been an interesting task for us, to-night—and perhaps instructive—to go back through those remote and dark ages of the past, that have thrown the sable robes of oblivion over the deeds of men and the events of time—to that remote period when Masonry, in its infancy, was nursed, the cradle where it was rocked, and the obscure paths where its young feet first learned to walk; to follow its history, step by step, over rough and rugged mountain roads, and along smooth and pleasant garden-walks, through shaded evenings and cloudy mornings, stormy nights and sunny days; to view it when kings paid homage to it, and when governments conspired for its life; to review the records of its proceedings, and the "mark" of its chisel, the gavel, the level and plumb on the "perfect ashlars" of the grand and stately structures of antiquity—the old temples and ancient towers that stand perfect and compact in spite of time; as well as to hunt up some of the forgotten and nameless sepulchers of its thousands of heroes and martyrs; and to pay homage to the memory of our ancient and worthy Brotherhood who lived and died as *Free and Accepted Masons*. It would not at all be an unpleasant task to take a long and steady survey of the workings of Freemasonry; not only to go back through the dark and dreary corridors of time to those distant ages of the world, when its first foundation was laid, far remote in the dark wilderness

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of time; far beyond the pyramids of Egypt, and the Sphynx of the desert. Its north-east corner-stone was not laid by any Christian hand—for Masonry was a great institution long before the Divine Son of God was heralded by the star of Bethlehem.

When we say that Masonry is *older* than Christianity, we do not wish to be understood to claim that Masonry is *superior* to Christianity. Masonry does not pretend to be a form of sectarian religion, she is above sect or party—she stands upon the broad, cosmopolitan platform of universal humanity.

Masonry does not boast, it is not of that disposition. But if she had so been, she might have boasted, that when sect and party religions were busily engaged in forming factions, she was endeavoring to "unite men of every country, sect and opinion;" when sectarians were waging war with each other, and setting friend to betray friend, and brother to stab brother, Masonry was endeavoring to "conciliate true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained in a perpetual and destructive war." When antagonistical religions were forming their tribunals and inquisitions; erecting their prisons and filling their dungeons; condemning men, women and children to the rack and the stake, and gloating over the agonies of their tortured victims—Masonry was teaching men to "soothe the unhappy, to sympathize with their misfortunes, to compassionate their miseries and to restore peace to the troubled mind." When these religions were constructing their machines, and learning how to use those instruments of torture that were more dreadful than the stake or faggot, Masonry was teaching men the "moral application of that valuable and useful instrument that teaches friendship, morality and brotherly love." While the sects are now, in these sunny days of peace and quiet, dividing themselves into thousands of belligerant parties, spending their resources in erecting opposition churches on every street corner, running their printing machines until their joints and pivots burn, in turning out their religious bullets and theological arrowheads, Masonry is ever spreading the "cement of brotherly love and affection; that cement which unites us into one sacred band, or society of friends andbrothers, among whom no contention should ever exist, except that noble and glorious contention, or rather emulation, of who shall best work and best agree."

Masonry never persecuted for opinion sake; never waged war on any thing but wrong-doing. There is not a drop of blood on her hands, not a wrinkle of unkindness on her face, not a stain of crime upon her garments, not a shade of guilt in her conscience. She never saw the day when she was unfit to wear the emblem of innocence and the badge of a Mason. Brothers, there is no reason why we should be ashamed of Masonry, unless we are ashamed of every thing good.

Did you ever pause to consider how America came to have her Constitution and laws so liberal, her civil government so free, abounding with her freedom of thought and religious worship, declarations of independence and equal rights of man, encouraging

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useful and most noble enterprises of the age, the nurse of science and philosophy, the cradle of liberty, the school of patriotism and national greatness, the home and asylum of every country and nation under the sun? Was it because the framers of the constitution for a government were Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Episcopalians, Universalists, Unitarians, Deists and Roman Catholics? Was it not strange that Episcopalian and Methodist were content to permit the Universalist and Deist to worship and preach religion in his own way? That the Catholic and the Protestant, in spite of their church teachings to the contrary, stood shoulder to shoulder to do battle for each other's religious faith?

Why was this? Who can answer? No one, unless a Mason, can. Never was such a thing seen before except in the friendly communications of the lodge room; where all distinctions of sect and party are forgotten and ignored; where Jew and Christian, Protestant, Mohammedan and Buddhist all meet upon the *Level*, and acknowledge one common bond of Brotherhood. It is a fact worthy of notice, that those noble and patriotic fathers of the Declaration of our Independence, all but seven, were members of the Masonic fraternity. And when Fraternity sways the hearts of men, and equality finds a place among their relationships, be assured that *Liberty* is not afar off to bless all classes.

After all this, Masonry has its enemies, strong and bitter. They find fault with Masons and Masonry in abundance. But what of that? There are some who find fault with all and every thing, but themselves and their own. We can well afford to pass by their sneers unheeded. Another class of our enemies are those who think that they are "worthy and well qualified," but in reality are unworthy to become Masons. They speak against Masonry on the same grounds that the fox in the fable called the grapes—sour, because out of reach. Many of those who have applied for admission at our doors cry against us. Let them; we heed them not. Although, sometimes, good men are rejected unjustly, this we regret.

Some object to us because we have our secrets. They say, that as flowers do not grow in the dark, so good principles do not thrive in secrecies. In one sense we have no secrets. Our principles and teachings are not so: the history of Masonry, what it did, who are its members and its enemies, with its time and place of meetings, its objects and mission, are no secrets. The only secret about it is some of the ceremonies performed in the Lodge, and a few signs and words we have by which we know each other. But, admitting that we have our secrets, have we not a right to them? As good a right as our government rulers, political and military organizations, religious societies and class meetings have, and every family in America has? According to this theory, what business have the Government to hold Cabinet meetings—why not publish all their doings? What business have juries to retire to determine on their verdict? What business had the Saviour to repair with the twelve to Gethsemane, or any where else?

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Again, why keep your means of recognizance a secret? asks our fault-finder. But, let him tell us what business has he to know them? What would he do with them? Would he use them as a means to pass himself as a Mason, or to gain some benefit from Masonry that does not belong to him? Why, then, does he croak about them? If he was "traveling in foreign countries," having in his possession neither money or letters of introduction whereby to gain the friendship and good will of strangers, would he part with them? No. Well, then, these are our letters of introduction. If we can go from place to place, from country to country and find those who are dear to us; if in the fastness of the western wilds, or on the boundless plains, where the red man is a terror, we can take him by the hand, and smoke the pipe of peace with him; if we can go to the Russian or the Turk and be welcomed as friends, or to the heathen and barbarian and be treated as brothers, does that wrong him? Have we not the right to carry our letters of introduction, to exhibit our credentials, our *more* than greenbacks or gold, our genuine check upon the great national and universal bank of *Brotherly Love, Relief* and *Truth?* Yes, we value our secret of a Master Mason or Master Mason's word too highly to lightly dispose of them to those who can not use them or know their value. We can not, will not, to our enemies or the unworthy.

Another way of opposing us our enemies have, is by enlisting the *ladies* against us. They say that the husband has no business to keep these masonic secrets from his wife—that is trying to set our own families against us. Again, they say we ought to admit ladies to the Lodge—that it is setting all womankind in general against us. The first objection is, certainly, a false one, and admits of an answer: That the husband should share his *own* secrets with his wife, may be well enough. But there are secrets that are not his own. Those entrusted to him by others, entrusted as secrets never to be shared by any one, he must be a traitor if he ever breathes them to any human ear—his wife *not excepted.* They are not his own; he has no right to dispose of them to any one. Well, such are the secrets of Freemasonry. When they were communicated to the brother before the altar of Masonry, they were trusted to *him alone.* They never go second-handed. Every one receives them for himself alone; and that only in the Lodge from a regularly installed officer, who, alone, has the right to impart them, and that only with the consent of all the members of the Lodge. Hence, until the ladies are admitted to the Lodge to receive our secrets as Masons, they can not, and should not, receive them.

We regret, as every good society and family does, that we have some prodigals among us; but that our membership is at all worse than that of some of our enemies who make great pretensions to righteousness, we deny.

But the objector excuses himself by saying that Masons find themselves bound by the most awful and solemn *oaths* to keep these bad things as secrets, whether they are approved of or not, and that we are afraid of the

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vengeance of the craft to divulge them. Base traducer of our courage as well as virtue! Were such men as Franklin and Washington, Lafayette, Jackson and Garibaldi, and a thousand other brother patriots, whose whole wealth, life and honor were laid as offerings on the holy shrine of human liberty, traitors and cowards, so much so, as to allow this dreadful moral tyrant of the *Lodge room* to crush under his iron heel their consciences, and the very consciences of millions of the dearest of humanity? If our enemies want to meet us, let them do so as men, not knaves.

Brothers, let us meet all these objections urged against us by strictly adhering to our duties as men and Masons. Let us remember that the great object of our Order is the restraint of improper passions and habits, the cultivation of brotherly love and a knowledge of our duties to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. Let us endeavor to study and master the great moral problems laid down on our trestleboard; to be diligent, prudent, temperate and discreet. We are responsible to the Grand Architect of the Universe, to Humanity, and to Masonry, to see that nothing but master's work or good deeds emanate from the Lodge; that the glory and reputation of the institution may be firmly established, and the world at large convinced that it is an honor to be a "*Free and Accepted Mason.*"

ANCIENT AND PRIMITIVE RITE.

BY WM. ROUNESVILLE.

As the action of one C. C. Burt, who claimed to be a Master Mason in good standing, and who also asserted himself to be the Grand Master of the Rite in America, has thrown discredit upon it, and induced many who were disposed to look favorably upon it, to withhold their countenance and support; and as some Master Masons in the North-west have (we hope ignorantly) given aid and comfort to this impostor, it is deemed proper to publish a few of the documents of late date, which go to show up his imposture, and give honor to whom it belongs.

The enemies of the Ancient and Primitive Rite have claimed that it is not genuine Masonry, and is not acknowleged as such by any high Masonic authority. For the benefit of those who thus claim, and of those who may have been misled by their assertions, we print the following extracts. And first, we quote from the "Calendria Masonnique Du Grand Orient de France, Supreme Counsiel," for 5867. Under the head of those Masonic bodies with which a correspondence was maintained:

"State of New York, Sovereign Sanctuary in America of the Rite of Memphis. G.·. M.·. Bro.·. Harry J. Seymour; G.·. Chan.·. John W. Simons; G.·. Sec.·. James B. Taylor, Grand Representative of the Grand Orient of France to the Sovereign Sanctuary of Memphis, Robert D. Holmes."

This extract shows that the Rite is recognized by the Grand Orient of France. It shows another thing: that Burt is an impostor, and that Harry J. Seymout is the grand Master of the Rite, as he claims to be, in and for the continent of America. The best evidence that can be given of fraternal relations by Masonic bodies,

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is the appointment of representatives to those organizations with which such relations are maintained. The Grand Orient of France has adopted this method of expressing its fraternal regard for the Ancient and Primitive Rite in America. Again, it may be supposed that the power establishing an Order, best knows to whom it delegates its authority. The Grand Orient of France says that Harry J. Seymour is the individual to whom it has given power to establish the Rite, and not C. C. Burt. Seymour is, and Burt is not, the legitimate head of the Ancient and Primitive Rite in America.

We will now quote from the "Bullitino Del Grand Orienti della Massoneria in Italia," for 1867:

A.·. L.·. G.·. D.·. S.·. A.·. D.·. L.·. U.·.
GRAND ORIENT OF ITALIAN MASONRY:

Very Ill.·. and Very Ill.·. dear Bro.·.: Our Very Ill.·. and Very dear Bro.·., Francisco de Juca, has received your fraternal communication of the 23rd of April last, and desires me to send you his personal and most sincere thanks. We send to you with your patent, that of the Ill.·. Bro.·., John J. Crane, which, for some time, have been prepared, but owing to the absence of one of our Bros., whose signature was necessary, they have been retarded.

You will, at the same time, receive the official Bulletin of the G. O.·. of Italy, containing the acts of the Masonic assembly at Naples.

We also take the opportunity of informing you that the Ill.·. Bro.·., John J. Crane, M.D., has been appointed as our representative near the Sovereign Sanctuary. Trusting that this nomination will be happily accepted on his part, receive the triple assurance of Masonic love for yourself and your Brethern.

Orient of Florence, July 18, 1867.
The G. Chancellor, M. MACCHI, 33.
The 1st Dep.·. G.·. M.·. Acting G. M.,
L. FRAPOLLI, 33.

To the Ill.·. and Very D. Bro. HARRY J. SEYMOUR, 33, *G. Master of the Sov. Sanctuary of Memphis, of New York.*
G.·. O.·. OF MASONRY FOR ITALY AND ITS COLONIES.

WE, Grand Masters of Masonry for Italy,

In view of the fraternal communications that now exist betwen our G.·. O.·. and the Sov. Sanctuary of the Rite of Memphis, for America, and that the Ill.·. Bro.·. John J. Crane, 33.·. by his fraternal kindness has contributed to the firm establishment of these communications;

And considering it for the good of the Masonic Order to maintain and continue these communications,

We issue this notice of the Council of the Order:

We have decreed, and it is decreed:

ARTICLE 1. The Very Ill.·. John J. Crane, M.D., 33.·., member of the Sov. Sanctuary of Memphis, at New York, is appointed Gr. Representative of the G.·. O.·. of Italy, near the said Sov.·. Sanctuary.

ART. 2. Our G.·. Chancellor, the Brother M. Macchi, is charged with the notification of the present Decree.

Done at Florence, at the Masonic Hotel, the 18 of July, 1867, [E. V.]
Signed, L. FRAPOLLI, 33.·.,
The 1st Dep. G. Master.
PIO ADUCCI, 33.·.
G.·. Archivste.
M. MACCHI, 33.·. *G. Chancellor.*

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These documents show in what esteem the Rite of Memphis is held by the Grand Orient of Italy, of which the Ill. Bro. Garibaldi is Grand Master. The diplomas or certificates of appointment to the honorable positions spoken of in the above extracts, have been received and are now in possession of the recipients.

The following is an extract from the printed proceedings of the Grand Orient of France, for 1867:

"The number and different sections of the graduated Rites of the Grand College, as they exist and are recognized by the Grand Orient of France: The Rite Francois, Rite d'Herodom, Rite Ec.·. A.·. et A.·., Rite de Killwining, Rite Philosophique, Rite Du Regeneratier, RITE DE MEMPHIS, Rite de Misraim."

The following extract is from the Masonic column of the New York *Dispatch*, of August 2, 1868. Past Grand Master Robert D. Holmes is high Masonic authority every where. It is from his pen:

"We have been furnished with a copy of a pamphlet purporting to have been issued by an organization at Chicago, styling itself the Sovereign Sanctury of the Egyptian Rite of Memphis, which we need hardly add is utterly bogus, and without a shadow of Masonic validity. We should not be willing to waste the time and space required for this brief article were it not that the *brochure* contains a villainous and most mendacious attack upon our fellow townsman, Bro. Harry J. Seymour, who has the official documents to prove that whatever of official sanction the Rite of Memphis has to bestow has long since been given to him, and that, hence, the attempts to palm off the degrees and diplomas of such spurious organizations as this Chicago affair is a poor imitation of the exploits of Mr. John Sheppard and his boon companions. We can not deface our columns by a criticism of this vile slander on Masonry, nor need we offer any better defence of Bro. Seymour than the fact of his regular standing in all the branches of the York Rite. We may, however, be permitted to express our surprise that a Companion in this city should be engaged in the unclean task of disseminating this libel."

These documents ought to be sufficient to satisfy any reasonable Mason of the legitimacy of the work of the Ancient and Primitive Rite. They ought also to be sufficient to prevent any Master Mason from giving his countenance and support, in any manner, to the baseless pretensions of Burt, and silence forever the tongues of those who have not failed to speak disrespectfully and falsely of a Brother in good standing and bearing an unimpeachable character. It should have an influence beyond this. It should induce every Mason to examine the Rite before condemning; to listen patiently to what may be urged in its favor, and not, as we fear many have done, denounce before hearing, and condemn without trial.

The Ancient and Primitive Rite is legitimate, as taught by Bro. Seymour. This is not now doubted by any well informed Mason. Let it then be treated as such by all those who value their masonic obligations.

The notorious impostor above named has made another charge against Mr.

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Seymour that is as false as the rest of his statements. He says that Seymour reduced the degrees of the Rite from ninety-six to thirty-three, without authority. The following extract from the Bulletin of the Grand Orient of Italy, for 1867, will settle that point. It is there stated in relation to this matter:

"This Rite has conformed to the number of degrees of Universal Masonry, thus adding high tribute of wisdom to its Illustrious Chief. The 96 degrees of the Rite of Memphis, in America, as in France, have been reduced to 33 degrees. SALVE."

Thus the Grand Orients of both Italy and France concur in the change.

MY NAME.

In the Lodge where I am going,
  When my earthly life is o'er,
When the tired hands cease their striving,
  And the tired heart aches no more;
In that Lodge of light and beauty,
  Where no shadows ever come
To o'ercloud the perfect glory—
  What shall be my angel name?

When the Tyler there awaits me,
  Meets me at my entering in,
With what name of love and music
  Will his welcoming words begin?
Not the one so dimmed by earth-stains,
  Linked with thoughts of grief and shame;
No, the name that mortals gave me,
  Will not be my angel name.

I have heard its call too often
  Uttered by unloving lips;
E'en they dare, in sin and sorrow,
  Dim it with their dark eclipse.
I shall change it like a garment,
  When I leave this mortal frame,
And, at life's immortal baptism,
  I shall have another name!

For the angels will not call me
  By the name I have on earth;
They will speak a holier language,
  Where I have my holier birth,
Syllabled in heavenly music,
  Sweeter far than earth may claim.
Eureka! Joy, I have found it,
  Such shall be my angel name!

It has thrilled my spirit often,
  In the holiest of my dreams;
But its beauty lingers with me
  Only like the morning beams.
Weary of the jarring discords
  Which the lips of mortals frame,
When shall I, with joy and rapture,
  Answer to that angel name?

MASONIC UNIVERSALITY AND TOLERANCE.

BY BRO. JACOB NORTON.

IT is patent to all, that we live in the midst of a community professing different creeds both in religion and politics, and that toleration and freedom are the basis of civilization; but it does not appear clear to some minds that toleration and freedom have their limits, and that we must set bounds to the appetite of some individuals, to prevent them violating the principles of decorum and good manners. For instance: we know that it is essential to the interests of the buyer and seller, the employer and employed, though differing in their religious or political opinons, to transact their business harmoniously, and keep on friendly terms with each other. Now, as an illustration, let us imagine a merchant or storekeeper endowed with strong partizan political feelings, or bigoted religious convictions, who can not serve a customer without at the same time treating him with a lecture on his favorite topic; while right next door to him is another store of the same

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description, the owner of which attends to his business, without troubling his customers with his isms. The former will necessarily make enemies, and will lose trade; the latter will keep his friends and customers, too.

This rule holds equally true between employer and employed; we can not always get suitable persons as salesmen for our stores, or even as house servants, who believe exactly as we do. Hence, a bigot is always in hot water; he is always offending or quarreling with his employees, and is constantly compelled to change his help, while the liberal minded man retains the services of experienced and tried hands.

Now, there are several ways of touching a man's sensitiveness on religious or political grounds; we shall mention but two of these, and confine ourselves to that of religion: One way is, to say to your neighbor, "your religion is an imposture, a superstition, etc.; you can never go to heaven with your religion, but you will go to another place." The second way is to be constantly praising "my religion;" the blessings which that religion confers; the civilizing influence of that religion, etc. The former mode is that of the honest, conscientious bigot. The latter may be bigoted, too, but there is a mixture of craft and Jesuitism in his nature. In either case, the society of such men is exceedingly disagreeable, and generally produces disagreeable effects, even to those of their own belief.

Let us suppose a mixed party assembled in a hotel, or on board of a steamship, or, even in some private club, where, among the party thus addressed, there is one of a hot temperament, who will with equal bluntness return the lie, and from words may come to blows. Another man may retort by a sarcastic sneer against the religion which the other extolled, and it is needless to say that no religion is invulnerable to that mode of attack; the bystanders, who believe in that religion, can not justly blame him for retaliating an unprovoked attack, but are, nevertheless, mortified by the boisterous laugh that follows the retort from a portion of the company. Thus, they are made to suffer the sting and shame through the folly or bigotry of one of their number. There may also be a third person in the company, whose society is agreeable or instructive, or otherwise entertaining, but who is neither inclined to pugilism, or encounters of any kind. That man will naturally shun company, and the members of that society are thus deprived of the instruction or entertainment which he could have afforded them. If, then, it is essential to our success in business to keep friendly with our neighbors or fellow citizens, by refraining from discussion on religion, how much more so should we be guarded in our expressions among the brethren in a Masonic Lodge.

The fundamental principle of Masonry is, "to unite men of every country, sect and opinon, *be they what they may*, in a sincere bond of friendship." The Grand Lodge of Massachusetts says, "The basis of the Fraternity is indeed broad—very broad, but not so broad '*as to unite all men of* ALL *opinions*.'" The good, old constitution, therefore, says, "Religious disputes are never suffered within the

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Lodge, for, as Masons, we *only pursue that universal religion*." In the "Ahiman Rezon" the same idea is inculcated: "As Masons, we only pursue the universal religion, or religion of Nature." Preston says: "The universal principles of the art, unite in one indissoluble bond of affection, men of the most opposite tenets and of the most contradictory opinions." Even the noted Dr. Oliver, who really injured Freemasonry in his life time, by palming off his sectarianism for masonic doctrines, even he admits that "Masonry is confessedly a universal system;" that "*a Jew, a Mohammedan, or a Pagan, may attend our Lodges without fear of having his peculiar doctrines or mode of faith called in question by a comparison with others which are repugnant to his creed.*" The W. M. assures every candidate, *on the word and honor of a gentleman and Mason*, that there is nothing in Masonry to interfere with his political or religious opinions. This language is too plain to be mistaken or misconstrued.

Now, Jews are freely initiated into Masonry, and it is well-known they do not believe in Christianity, that they believe it sinful to participate in prayer addressed through the medium of Christ; and, yet, after having received the solemn promise "*of a gentleman and Mason*," he finds the promise violated, he is compelled to rise at the sound of the gavel, and is compelled to pay seeming homage to a person and a creed which is repugnant to his religious convictions. Such a practice was, and is, defended under the specious plea of "equality and tolerance."

"I admit," says a writer in your August number, "that the Grand Order acknowledges, or rather requires of its initiates, *only* that religion in which all men agree," and then goes on to argue that it is right to pray to Christ in a Lodge, under the plea of "*equality and tolerance.*" In the first place, we want to know what is the meaning of "*only the religion in which all men agree?*" And, secondly, would W. B. L., the writer alluded to, be tolerant, and how long would he continue to tolerate a person of another religion who would make it a practice, while praying, of directly or indirectly denying or otherwise attacking his own religious views, or of introducing matter into his prayers which W. B. L. would regard as superstitious? We have repeatedly heard Christianizing Masons argue, that those who do not believe in Christ are in a minority, and, therefore, must submit to the will of the majority. That plea is right in certain cases, but not where religious scruples are involved. Once admit the right of majorities in religious matters, and it will be found equally right to introduce the religion of the majority into our common school system, especially if the mode of teaching was left to the discretion of the schoolmaster. With the same logic, the pious teacher could argue: "Why should not I enjoy the full liberty of teaching Christianity, (what he calls Christianity) while the teacher in the next room enjoys the liberty of not teaching it," or "*tolerance and equality.*" But we shall not stop there: for if every member of a Lodge is acknowledged to possess an inherent right to ventilate his religious opinions, as pretended by W. B. L., who said: "There is no patent grant-

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ed you to rule either my belief or expression of it," why not extend his principle of "*tolerance and equality*" for political discussion? We have no patent to stop the expression of his political creed also. Can any Master tolerate political preferences in the Lodge without destroying its harmony? Certainly not. Why, then, should religious preferences be tolerated?

We must, therefore, come to the following conclusions: First, that "tolerance" means that each person enjoys an inherent right to go to which ever church he pleases, or to no church if that suits him better; but it does not follow that he has a right of rudely intruding his religious dogmas in any and every company, or of interfering or insulting the religious belief of others; he should remember that there is a time and place for all things. Secondly, it follows, if we really wish to "establish a true and sincere friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at a perpetual distance," we must, at least, honestly imitate the example of the prudent merchant or employer, by refraining from introducing religious or political topics on which the brotherhood are conscientiously divided.

Some believe that the Messiah did come; other conscientiously believe that he did not come, but will come; while a third party believes that he neither did or will come. With these intricate and vexed questions, Masonry has nothing to do.

Again, the man who believes will not believe it stronger by hearing it asserted in the Lodge, and the one who does not believe in such doctrines will not believe it. It will serve to irritate some without benefiting any one.

The same argument holds equally good for expunging all allusions (in the work) to the Saints John, and the observance by Masons of the Saints' days. We all know that there is no truth in the legend of the Grand Mastership of either of the Saints. That it is the fable of a very recent origin, *that it is a pious fraud;* we know that it was introduced for the purpose of flattering one kind of religionists, and it necessarily tends to offend those who are not of that religion; we know that the G. L. of Scotland never observed the SS. John days, and that the G. L. of England, since 1813, for reasons above given, have ceased to dedicate their Lodges to the Saints, and expunged all allusions to them from their rituals. The same should be done by our Grand Lodges. It is not only due to the feelings of our Jewish brethren to make the institution non-sectarian; but also to the honor, integrity and consistency of Masonry. It is a shame for the W. M. to make promises, and give assurances, and afterwards evade them

And thirdly: It would be far more creditable to those brethren who are desirous of Christianizing the institution, and more creditable to the religion they profess, to advocate openly a change in the Masonic Constitution and mode of work—in short, to require a belief in Christianity from every candidate—than to resort to the Jesuitical method of perverting and destroying the ideas and principles of *Masonic universality and Masonic tolerance.*

BOSTON, MASS., Oct. 1868.

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[Original.]

DIVISION OF TIME, AND ITS USES.

BY C. WOODHOUSE, M.D.

THERE is hardly any subject touching the welfare of man, considered in his personal interests or social relations, that Masonry does not, in some way, allude to in the most fitting terms, and with beautiful illustrations: "Time is the warp of life," says one; "the stuff life is made of," says another. Masonry says, "I will tell you how to use it." She takes in her hand a twenty-four inch gauge, divided into twenty-four equal parts, "emblematical of the twenty-four hours of the day," and further says, "I will tell you how to use them, with reverence towards God, with advantage to your brethren, and with honor to yourself." Every Mason knows the impressive lesson that follows. How happily is that formula of life conceived and expressed! First, it recognizes the fact man is made to labor — Masonry especially honors labor. It makes of all who enter her portals workmen; apprentices first, by degrees; master workman, by and by. But man was not made only for work, too much work is a burden, breaking down mind and body. So says Masonry, by fixing on one-third of the twenty-four hours for labor, and as a fair proportion of the time that should be spent in toil.

It is a little singular that many good thinkers are coming to regard eight hours every day, faithfully employed, as long enough to "bow down" to manual labor. Some say, that if a man works with a will, and works intelligently, he can do as much work, year in and year out, in eight hours per day, as in twelve. One thing is sure, when only great and useful ends are sought in labor, eight hours per day for the toiler will be enough to supply all our wants and make the "desert rejoice and blossom as the rose." Let labor be equalized and this will surely be the case.

Second: Man has social duties, and time must be taken for them; he has religious duties, and they must not be neglected. These duties are imperative. Masonry declares them to be such, and apportions one-third of the twenty-four hours to them. Under the head of this second division may be properly included the improvement of the mind and heart. He truly worships God who diligently cultivates his mental and moral gifts. No rational recreation, no friendly communion, "where friend holds fellowship with friend," can be inconsistent with the proper employment of these hours; while the offices of holy charity will here find the needed time, and seek for the occasions of their benevolent works.

And, finally, as man can not always work nor always think, he must each day drop them all, and seek the recuperative solace and peace of sleep, that "balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course," the blessing that comes alike to tired bodies and weary minds, high and low, and as sweet in the hut of the peasant as in the palace of the king. But we may sleep too much as well as not enough. It is another singular fact, that as far as physiology and experience throw any light upon the subject, they point to eight hours per day as about the time active laboring men should spend (not

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in bed, but) in sleep. Less will hardly answer the demands of nature; more, as a rule, is needless, and time lost. Remember the twenty-four inch gauge.

RUTLAND, VT., October, 1868.

(Original.)

"COMFORT YE, MY PEOPLE."

BY JANE M. JACKSON.

THERE is no condition in life in which human sympathy is not necessary. And it is well-known that silent grief, buried within the bosom of a sufferer, consumes health and destroys reason. Without sympathy there is no bright hope in the future, he is bound hand and foot in the darkness of misanthrophy, where the sun of love is excluded. Mankind labors in world-craft for the approval of his fellowmen, and converse one with another to give and receive sympathy. Yet, they have to learn the bitter lesson that human affection, like other attributes, partakes of selfishness; and the surest way to command favor is to become successful, for success with the world is merit. And that, also, produces envy and jealousy, and the masses being too idle to investigate causes, look only to results, saving, at the same time, the exertion of their own beings, while profits of new inventions are usurped by a few strong minds, shrewd men who suddenly spring into wealth, leaving the hearts of the industrious inventors to be crushed like butterflies in the grasp of powerful creditors, who leave them to starve. For men of genius hedged in by a divinity of soul are always retiring and sensitive, and often perish for the elixir of life, "human sympathy."

All who have suffered for the benefit of mankind, been persecuted for ideas, hated because of their efforts to render the daily paths of the unfortunate less rugged, are assured that their memories will be fragrant through succeeding ages, and often reward comes in earth-life, even if the "*mills do grind slowly.*"

Inventors extract the creations of their genius from laboratories, and submit them in native beauty to the world's suffrage with anxious hearts, await their appreciation! The pang of failure is followed by grief that cuts deeply into their sensitive natures, by flings of contemptuous ignorance, too often leveled againt models so high above the comprehensions of those who reject, but on whom they depend for applause, one after another is added to the number of broken hearts and ruined fortunes. Misanthrophical stars whose lustre might have lighted up the horizon of the darkest age, had but the cloud of distrust been removed. Alas! men of of God-like intellects appear with pale faces, threadbare garments and brousely heads, deserted by a cruel and selfish world, after they have worn out brain and strength in behalf of humanity, and feeling life too great a burthen to be borne without sympathy, are linked with other victims, and we hear only the wail of their bruised spirits trampled out of existence by the iron heel of ingratitude.

To Masons and other organized societies belong the power to remedy this evil. Let them search among their numbers for men of genius, and bring forward the timid, and useful inventions will spring up as if by magic, and poverty will free itself from its

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thraldom in their midst. Allow no individul isolation; bear them company; renew hopes; impart new energy to the despairing — aid them in working up through means suggestive of improvement and interest to men. Let the Lodge be the central heart of the universe, that the outermost verge of creation may *feel* the pulsations of its influencing power and might sailing along every channel of the waters of life, and cheer the souls of pure reformers, while they drink deep from the fountains of knowledge, love and wisdom. Each law, each duty will become a *stepping stone* in the path of unending progression. To Masons, especially, can the command of God be applied, for they have it in their power to "Comfort His People."

NEW YORK, October, 1868.

WHY DOTH THE HEATHEN RAGE?

Why do the heathen rage, and their *priests* imagine a vain thing? Such is the query our thoughts have raised as from time to time we have recently read and heard of the combinations of priests and churches which are forming against Freemasonry throughout the land. What is it that prompts these parties in their vain and silly movement? What meaning and significance have their acts and doings? What has started them? What do they expect to accomplish? Are they foolish enough to suppose that they can meet with complete success? The hope of the new crusade is to destroy and break up all societies known as secret, embracing not only Freemasonry, but also the institution of Odd Fellowship, Sons of Temperance Divisions, Good Templar Lodges and Temples of Honor; in fine, the aim is to break up all associations outside of the churches in which the priests and clergy do not wield, or are not permitted to wield, supreme and exclusive influence. It is the old aim of priestcraft to seek and destroy that which they can not govern or control. The principal direction of attack upon these fraternal associations is directed against Freemasonry. The Masonic institution is directly and specially referred to by name as the sum of villainies which they doom to destruction. The foes of our Institution show their wisdom and craft (craft in the sense of serpent cunning) in making, or appearing to make, this selection as an object of their violence and abuse. Freemasonry, rightly or wrongly, (we think rightly,) is regarded as the parent, in the form of suggestion, for all of the orders and associations usually classed under the term secret societies, and the dislike which is being formally turned against Freemasonry is intended for all, through Masonry.

By this means they seek to concentrate all their forces upon one salient point, and if they succeed here, the ruin of the others one after the other, it is supposed, will be of easy accomplishment. For if the parent stem of all be destroyed, the speedy death of the branches and off-shoots may be looked for as an early result.

Freemasonry has to bear the brunt of the conflict which is looming up into big proportions. Freemasonry is to stand the consequences of the portended explosion of clerical ire. All ye lesser affairs, all ye societies of smaller note, will please stand on one side for the present. Freemasonry is the scape-goat chosen from among you. Your own special and particular cases will be attended to by-and-by, ye Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, and all other Templars, known as good or otherwise. Freemasonry, the scape-goat, is going to be shorn by the priests, and sent into the howling wilderness; and if, perchance, Freemasonry, in thus being sent adrift by these Levites, should bear your sins away with its own, then it will be well with you, and if not, it will not be well with you, for then your turn will come to be made scapegoats of,

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to be attacked, and vilified and crucified by the priests. Our advice to these heroes, one and all, is to go ahead, and break their frontispieces against the solid wall they will find in their way. We say, let the heathen rage, and fret and fume to the utmost, for if they do not learn something from that which will be their experience, it will be because experience can not teach them, in which case their lot will be a hard one. Freemasonry can stand fire. It has stood it bravely once before. It can do it again, we surmise, and from the furnace of trial has come forth purified.

But *why* doth the heathen rage, and the priests imagine a vain thing? This attack which is being prepared against Freemasonry is not because, in the estimation of its enemies, it teaches any false doctrines. Societies which are organized for the propagation of doctrines which are undoubtedly false, are let alone. It is because of the *truths* which Freemasonry teaches that it must be destroyed; because it teaches men to love one another, to let no differences of creed or opinion divide them, to be fraternal as being brethren, to have faith in and to lean on each other more than on clergys and priesthoods—because of this Freemasonry ought to be destroyed, of course, from off the face of the earth. It is clear that it is not because it is supposed to teach any false doctrines, but rather those true ones we have named, that Freemasonry must be destroyed; for does not the nature of the combination which is being formed against it prove this? That combination is a combination of the discordant elements which keep mankind in perpetual turmoil against the great *concord* which would harmonize all mankind. That combination of Presbyters, Popes, Pastors and Priests, of Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy, of Presbyterians and Catholics, Congregationalists and Baptists, and Methodists, and other ists, ics and arians, of men of all manner of opposing doctrines, constantly engaged in denouncing and excommunicating each other for the falsity of their mutual faiths, who are all propagators of false doctrines, if any one of them is to be believed as against the other or others, that kind of combination against Freemasonry can not possibly have any thought or care for anything false or untrue or wrong supposed to be taught or done by Masonry, but can only have regard to what we have already pointed out, namely, the truths of Masonry, its principles of Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth. Masonry's highest crime is, that, without the sanction of priests and kings, without asking their lead or their assistance, it has dared to enter the field of good-doing. Masonry's highest offence is for teaching that, while sect and church may give house-room to detached bodies and to individuals, there is towering high above all, and covering all, a serene firmament of universal fraternity, like heaven's great blue arch, encircling and embracing all. Masonry's great and standing vice is the elevation and recognition of the claims of the common humanity over sect and party. For these things, whatever else may be pretended and offered as pretext —for these things do the heathen rage. And we say let them rage. Most assuredly do they imagine a vain thing if they imagine that Freemasonry can be destroyed by their puny efforts. It merely calleth to mind the onslaught of the Lilliputian army on Gulliver.

When such movements are on foot as that to which we here allude, it is sufficient to Masons to get a clear understanding of their nature and aims, and then quietly and without panic or flurry rely upon Masonry itself, cultivate the silent tongue, and go about the performance of their Masonic work as if the heavens were calm and still, and the squall will fret itself to pieces, break up and pass over, having produced no baneful effect whatever, but rather the good and useful one of carrying away with it much chaff.—*Masonic Monthly.*

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

[Original.]

CARL DELANEY'S LESSON.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

"THEN, you do not intend to tell her, Carl?"

"No, why should I? She is sensitive on the subject of confidence, and if she knew I was about to become a Mason, I am afraid she would be displeased."

"Well, you can, of course, do as you like; but I do not think you ought to take so important a step without the knowledge of your wife. True, she might object, but she must know it sometime, and I am greatly in favor of facing difficulties boldly and fearlessly. But good evening, now, I have an engagement at seven o'clock, and you know I am to call here at eight, to take you to the lodge room."

"Yes, James, I will be here before you."

Carl Delaney was a young and talented lawyer in St. Louis, and James Courtney was his most intimate friend. Delaney had been married but a few weeks, and his wife was one of the most accomplished and beautiful women in the city. Their home was supplied with every luxury, for both belonged to wealthy families, and, as yet, not even the shadow of a cloud had flitted across the clear sky of their happiness.

After James Courtney left the office, Carl Delaney paced uneasily up and down the room for several minutes; then glancing at his watch, he donned his overcoat and hat and walked rapidly in the direction of L—— street.

* * * * * *

On the evening of which we are speaking, Mrs. Delaney sat before the glowing grate, in her richly furnished parlor. The soft, warm folds of a crimson merino fell gracefully around her perfect figure, and the bit of rich lace at the neck was not of a purer white than the throat it encircled. A mass of dark hair was drawn back from the high, intellectual brow and arranged after the most approved and becoming style. The eyes were large, dark and lustrous, and, just now, there was in them something of a far-off dreamy expression. The hands lay folded, with some light worsted-work in her lap, and the whole form and attitude was expressive of graceful repose.

An artist would have delighted to paint Roselle Delaney as she sat thus, with the firelight playing over her beautiful face. At least, so thought her husband, who had entered so softly that she did not hear his footsteps. For a moment he stood regarding her, then advancing quickly he seated himself upon a stool at her feet, and, taking both her hands in his he kissed

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them tenderly. Yet, so gracefully and unobstrusively did Carl Delaney peform this act of homage, that the lady was not startled. She had been thinking of him—had been expecting him, and now, while he still held her hands within his own, she bent those large lustrous eyes, so full of earnest love and confidence, upon his own, and, though neither spoke, yet each felt how inexpressibly deep was the love they bore each other, and how valueless would be the life of each without the other.

At length, Mr. Delaney, said, "You were so absorbed in thought, sweet wife, that you failed to notice my entrance. May I ask of what you were thinking?"

"Of you, my husband—of our great happiness, and wondering if it would last. You know a certain poet has said:

"'You should suspect some danger nigh,
When you possess delight.'"

"A truce to fear, darling. We can not be unhappy, unless we cease to love each other, or lose each other's confidence, and that is simply impossible." But even as he spoke, Carl thought of the new step he was taking without her knowledge, and a shadow crossed his brow.

"Oh, Carl! that must never be. We must love and confide in each other always. Did I think you could ever have a pain or pleasure that I might not share, I should be very miserable."

The shadow deepened upon Mr. Delaney's face, and fearing his wife might notice it he dropped his head upon the cushioned arm of the chair in which she sat. She laid her hand caressingly upon the rich, clustering locks, and thought how heaven had blessed her in giving her this good, true man for a husband; and in her heart she pitied the thousands of her sisters who were compelled to wed with common men, while she alone, of all women, possessed the love of the one perfect man.

Ah, Roselle Delaney, you are but making up a chapter in your history which is made by all women who marry because they love. All such, for a time, worship — blindly worship the object of their choice, and deem him, of all men, the most perfect. And it is doubtful whether any man has ever yet understood and realized the depth and priceless value of a woman's love — the thousand tender emotions, too deep, too holy for expression, and which no woman's voice or pen has ever essayed to describe — the confidence in his truth that an angel could not shake; the sweet reliance upon every spoken word, and the perfect trust in his ability to shield from every ill in life. But, alas! there comes a time when the charm is broken, her idol falls from the high pedestal upon which she had placed him, and she discovers him to be a common man! Perhaps it is only a word of impatience with some act of her own, or still less, a tone expressive of his displeasure; but, be the discord slight as it may that has marred the sweet harmony of her life, it is sufficient to startle her from her dream of earthly bliss; the roseate vail is rent from between her and the future, the life before her in all its earnestness, and be her future pain or sorrow, what it may, she can never experience a moment of more exquisite anguish.

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A servant announced tea, and Mr. Delaney arose, and offering his wife his arm he led her to the supper-room.

"I have been learning a new march that I wish to play for you, Carl," said Mrs. Delaney, as they rose from the table and re-entered the drawing-room.

Mr. Delaney looked at his watch.

"Really, Roselle, you must excuse me, and I will hear it to-morrow evening. I have business that will take me from home to-night, and I must go at once."

"O, I will not detain you then. But this is an unpleasant evening to be out. Is your business at the office?"

"Yes, I am going there now. Perhaps I may be out part of the evening." And kissing his wife hastily, Carl Delaney was soon on his way to his office, there to await the arrival of James Courtney, who was, as we have seen, to accompany him to the lodge room.

Mrs. Delaney, after her husband had gone, looked irresolutely about her, as if seeking for something to to occupy her time during his absence. She had expected his society this evening and was disappointed. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and, in a few moments, a servant then opened the door and announced, "Mrs. Larned."

Mrs. Larned resided but a short distance from Mrs. Delaney, and, with the freedom of an old acquantance, she had come, unheralded, to pass a pleasant hour. Mrs. Larned remained with her friend until nine o'clock, when she arose, saying, "I must bid you good evening, Mrs. Delaney; I should not have come in to-night, but it was so lonely at home, and I knew you were alone."

"Then, Mr. Larned is not at home?"

"No. He said he must see your husband initiated. You, as well as I, will now have to divide your husband's evenings with Masonry. But good night, Mrs. Delaney," and in another moment the door had closed behind her, while Mrs. Delaney had sank upon a chair and pressed her hands tightly upon her temples and brow.

"O, heavens," she moaned, "how rudely is the cup of happiness dashed from my lips. Carl, Carl! Could you not have entrusted this to your wife's knowledge? Is she not entitled to your confidence? How proud would she have been to know that you were to be admitted to that honorable Order. But you have concealed the act as if it were a crime, and have even deceived me by stating that business would detain you at the office. Ah, I remember, now, he said he might be out a part of the evening; well, no matter, it is deception, willful deception, and confidence is gone, *gone*. How is my high estimate of my husband's manhood shocked? Had he declared his intention and maintained it, even against my wishes, I would have respected him for his independence, but now — is he afraid or ashamed?"

But after a few minutes the shock was passed, and Mrs. Delaney became more calm. Then she said to herself, "What ought I to do? Shall I charge him with his deception, or invite his confidence? It is too late to prize it in this case. How shall I teach him his error? for, if this be his

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disposition, confidence will die out between us. I shall believe he considers me unworthy, and shall resent his injustice; then, he will cease to love me, and so will end this sweet dream of happiness. Doubtless, he intends to tell me by and by of this new step in his life, but if he could first be made to regret this deception, so that he would never deceive me again. Ah, I have it. I will repel confidence on this subject; I will appear oblivious to the the fact that he is a Mason—he shall long to tell me but shall not dare."

The great clock in the hall struck ten, and Mrs. Delaney cleared the shadows from her brow and prepared to meet her husband. A few minutes later he returned, and seemed much surprised to find his wife awaiting him. But she greeted him with a pleasant smile, and he thought he had acted wisely. Ah! Carl Delaney, how little dream you of the shock you have to-night given this noble woman's confidence in your truth. Little dream you how grief is toying with the quivering heart-strings, for she has found you capable of deception, and there is no bitterness in life equal to that which attends upon the discovery of the unworthiness of one we love.

"You are pale, Roselle; you have tired yourself out waiting for me. I shall not exact such attention from you. Whenever I am out late, as I may often be, necessarily, you must retire at your usual hour."

"Oh, it is certainly no more of a hardship for me to sit here, in this pleasant, comfortable room, than for you to be toiling the dull hours away in a law office."

The truth sprang to the lips of Carl Delaney, and it might have been spoken, but for the artful manner in which she reminded him of his words on leaving her, two hours before. How could he acknowledge that he had willfully deceived her? And so, Mrs. Delaney's plan was already at work. His very fear of losing her confidence was preventing him from giving her his own. A few hours ago, and Mrs. Delaney would have declared it utterly impossible that she could have a thought her husband might not share. Now, she was deliberately planning to make the pain he had caused her rebound upon himself. Not that she had aught against the Masonic institution. Had Carl asked her for her opinion as to whether he should become a member, she would have replied: "Act your pleasure, my husband." It was the secresy of the act, the careful concealment from her, and the deception, to account for his absence, that pained her.

Days and weeks went by. Many times did Mr. Delaney introduce the subject of Masonry, with a view of bringing about the disclosure he wished to make, but, every time, his wife foiled him in his object. He had been advancing in degrees, and had been absent from home many evenings until a late hour; but always returned to find Mrs. Delaney awaiting him, a smile upon her lip, and words of regret that "business had detained him so long."

Mr. Delaney became restive in his false position, and despised himself for his deception and his weakness in maintaining it; but he reasoned, that if he told her all she would lose all

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confidence in him hereafter, and would be jealous of an institution that had won her husband from her side. She would hate and despise Masonry, he knew she would, and feeling that she would be quite justifiable in doing so, on account of his own actions, he quite reasoned himself into the belief that she did. Mrs. Delaney's plans were working well. Carl was the greatest sufferer for his fault.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Delaney was employing every means of informing herself in regard to the nature of the institution to which Carl belonged. Many works, from the most popular Masonic authors, were locked in her writing desk, to be carefully perused in her husband's absence; and, when six months had gone by, she was better versed in masonic history, jurisprudence, symbolism, and rich legendary lore, than was Carl himself, who, though fast becoming a 'bright mason,' had confined his study more to the ritualistic portions of the Order.

James Courtney, Carl's friend and masonic brother, came often to dine with the Delaney's. During one of these visits, and just before dinner was announced, a gentleman called and asked to see Mr. Delaney, immediately, upon business. He was shown to the library, where Mr. Delaney joined him, and thus, Mrs. Delaney and Mr. Courtney were left alone.

Almost as soon as the door had closed behind her husband, Mrs. Delaney said, "I am glad, Mr. Courtney. of this opportunity to speak to you upon a subject which, I think, will interest you, but of which you must not speak to Mr. Delaney, You know that Carl is a Mason, and both you and he have supposed me ignorant of the fact. Now, for reasons of my own, I wish to give a party to some of Carl's masonic friends and their families. I wish the party to be a complete surpise to Carl, and I want your assistance. Shall I have it?"

James Courtney's eyes fairly sparkled with anticipated pleasure. "Of course, I will help you," he replied. "It will be a fine joke on Carl. I told him in the beginning that he had better tell you, for you must know it sometime. When did you discover it?"

"On the very evening he was initiated. Carl is going up the river to Alton on Monday of next week, and will not return until Wednesday evening, at nine o'clock. Now, when he arrives, he is to find the guests in attendance, etc., etc. You know who he would like to have present on an occasion of this kind. I wish you to give me a list of such names as you may think best to select, and leave the rest to me."

"But, are you certain Carl will return on Wednesday evening?"

"Yes, he told me he must be here on Thursday to attend an important suit, so it will all work splendidly."

* * * * * *

On the following Wednesday evening, at precisely nine o'clock, Carl Delaney stepped from the boat to the levee, and taking a carriage, bade the driver convey him to 23 L—— street. He was soon in sight of his dwelling; but to his surpise, the shrubery was hung with many-colored lamps, light streamed from every window.

"Is it possible," he thought, "that Roselle is giving a party! It is singu-

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lar that she should do so without consulting me, and I really think she ought not, *a husband is entitled to his wife's confidence.*" No "still, small voice" whispered in his ear, "first pluck out the beam that is in thine own eye," and in a few moments he was standing in front of his own door. No one was to be seen, but from within came the sound of voices and merry laughter. A servant now appeared, to whom Mr. Delaney said, "What does this mean, Dennis?"

"Oh, its Missus' Mason party," replied the grinning Ethiope. "Put your hat on de rack, Mas'r, and walk into de dinin-room. Dey is jes settin down to supper."

"Mason party?" said the amazed husband to himself. "Roselle has discovered what I have been so long concealing, and is suprising me." He looked about him. A large letter "G," in evergreen, hung above his head. He walked into the unoccupied parlors. Masonic emblems confronted him every where. The words, "Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth," formed of rare flowers, half circled the portrait of Washington. The square and compass hung above his own portrait and beneath it hung a five-pointed star. Upon the right was the point within a circle, and on the left stood Justice, with her scales. The door of the dining-room was slightly ajar, and Mr. Delaney stepped across the hall and peered through the aperture.

The room was filled with guests, who were seated at two long tables laden with delicacies. A magnificent arch spanned the room, at the upper end, and just beneath it, stood a large arm-chair, nearly covered with its wreaths of evergreen and flowers; but the chair was unoccupied, and he knew that this place of honor had been reserved for himself.

Suddenly James Courtney detected the two large eyes peering through the doorway, and glided into the hall.

"Come, old fellow," he said, "your presence alone is needed to make this a perfect affair. Your place awaits you."

"Tell me, James, do all know how I have deceived Roselle?"

"No, Carl, your noble wife has concealed that, and she hears them speak of you as 'Bro. Delaney,' with the greatest complacency; but all know the party is a surprise to you."

"Heaven bless her," said Carl. "Now please act as marshal, and conduct me to my place, and I will see that the pleasure of no one is marred on my account."

Courtney passed his arm through that of his friend, and the two marched up the dining hall. Passing beneath the arch, Carl said, "Friends and brothers, I extend to you a cordial and fraternal greeting. This is a complete but pleasant surprise to me, and, by your smiling countenances, I perceive you have all been in league to bring it about. And now," he said, lifting a crystal goblet of water, and glancing at Roselle, who stood at the opposite end of the table, "oblige me by drinking, in this purest, sweetest and best of all beverages, to the health, long life and happiness of my purest, sweetest and best of wives."

How noble he looked then, in the eyes of Mrs. Delaney, as, with flushed cheek and quivering lip she regarded

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him, and how proud was she of his self-possession, of his erect and manly bearing.

The evening was an exceedingly pleasant one to the guests of the Del aneys; and by and by, the last one had said "good night," and the door was closed and bolted, then Carl pressed his wife to his true heart, kissed the burning cheeks and dewy eyes, and confessed all his wrong. And that hour was perhaps the sweetest of their lives, for then and there did Carl Delaney learn a lesson, which it would be well for all other men to learn likewise. And this was the lesson: *That the heart of a true woman can always be entrusted with the undivided confidence of her husband.*

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

The drunkard dreamed of his old retreat,
Of the cozy place in the tap-room seat;
And the liquor gleamed in his gloating eye,
Till his lips to the sparkling glass drew nigh.
He lifted it up with an eager glance,
And sang, as he saw the bubbles dance,
"Aha! I am myself again!
Here's a truce to care, an adieu to pain.
Welcome the cup with its creamy foam!
Farewell to work and a mopy home!
With a jolly crew and a flowing bowl!
In bar-room pleasures I love to roll!"

Like a flash, there came to the drunkard's side
His angel child, who that night had died!
With look so gentle, and sweet, and fond,
She touched his glass with her little wand;
And oft as he raised it up to drink
She silently tapped it on its trembling brink,
Till the drunkard shook from head to crown,
And sat the untasted goblet down.

"Hey, man," cried the host, "what meaneth this?
Is the man sick? or the dram amiss?
Cheer up, my lad! quick the bumper quaff!"
And he glared around with a fiendish laugh.

The drunkard raised his glass once more,
And looked at its depths, as so oft before;
But started to see on its pictured foam
The face of his dead little child at home!
And again the landlord at him sneered,
And the swaggering crowd of drunkards jeered!
But still, as he tried that glass to drink,
The wand of the dead one tapped the brink!

The landlord gasped, "I swear, my man,
Thou shalt take every drop of this flowing can!"

The drunkard bowed to the quivering brim,
Though his heart beat fast and his eye grew dim;
But the wand struck harder than ever before,
The glass was flung on the bar-room floor;
All around the ring the fragments lay,
And the poisonous current rolled away.

The drunkard woke. His dream was gone;
His bed was bathed in the light of morn;
But he saw, as he shook with pale, cold fear,
A beautiful angel hovering near.
He rose; and that seraph was nigh him still;
It checked his passion, it swayed his will,
It dashed from his lips the maddening bowl,
And victory gave to his ransomed soul!

Since ever that midnight hour he dreamed
Our hero has been a man redeemed,
And this is the prayer that he prays alway,
And this is the prayer let us help him pray:
That angels may come, in every land,
To dash the cup from the drunkard's hand.

—*National Temperance Advocate.*

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A WRITER in a Boston paper thus feelingly apostrophizes a paraffine candle:

O, beautiful cylinder of fair proportions, the touch of thy polished sides is as soft and delicate as the hand of youth!

The dazzling light has chased away the darkness and gloom of night, and rendered pleasant my otherwise gloomy abode.

But thou art an admonition to me, also, that all things sublunary must have an end.

While thou hast inspired me with thought, while thy luminous rays have fallen upon the lines my pen has traced, and lighted up the page of history and science, thy wasting, waning form shows but too clearly that thy flame will soon flicker in the socket, and thy form, once so graceful, will have vanished from mortal sight forever.

But is this all of thee? Is there no past, no future to thy history? What are the elements of thy composition? From whence came they? and is thy physical destruction their annihilation? Science whispers, no?

Were we to search the mines of Golconda, and wash the sands of the Himalayas, we should find gems more precious than rubies, and for which kings have fought and nations have bled.

Thou, too, art a diamond in another form and combination, more useful far than the diadems of princes. The elements of thy structure enter all things that have life, and the gases that are arising from thy combustion are only changed in form, to run again the round of organic being; or, perhaps, to sleep in the solid crust of the earth for other long centuries, to be again called forth to take an active part in the busy scenes of life.

Thou art called, in the language of science, *paraffine*. Thy native home is in the deep, dark caverns of the mine. Thy elements are joined in an embrace so strong that the most fervent heat alone can separate them.

By the skill and science of the chemist thou hast been separated from thy companions, with whom thou hast been for unumbered ages imprisoned.

Some of these, although gross and unwieldly, lay the whole civilized world under tribute. The rigor of winter is modified by their use; the glowing heat of the furnace without them would fail; the locomotive would slacken its pace, and the steamship would cease to plow the billows of the great deep.

The more giddy and ethereal companion of thy youth, with impatience, leaps from the retort, takes silken wings and soars away with the aeronaut far above the Alps or Andes, returning the bold adventure in safety to the earth with a mind stored with knowledge that would otherwise forever have remained hidden from mortal view. Or when imprisoned in its iron cell, and when conveyed in tubes along our streets, it illumiates our path, and sheds its effulgent rays alike upon the humble and the proud. The gay parlors of the rich are made more gay by its presence, and by its mellow light the artisan can pursue his wonted avocations.

But thou, O paraffine candle! decked in rich drapery, and seated upon a neatly gilded throne, waitest but the touch of taper to shed thy soft and pure light upon the surrounding objects whenever the prison gate of thy buoyant sister *Olifeant* shall refuse to let her pass.

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EDITORIAL.

THE WORK OF ORGANIZATIONS.

Every organized body has its legitimate object in view. Their own designs are drawn upon their trestle-board. Every zealous and active member, having the object of his church, or party, or an assembly for any purpose at heart, will work earnestly to crown the body which enrolls his name with success.

This is the characteristic feature in Masonry. It never calls from the refreshments of the world to labor upon the Temple without having plans and designs. And every workman is well aware that there is always something to do. Operative temples can be finished, and the last stone from the quarry placed where it is needed and belongs; the last bit of cement can be used to fasten that stone firmly in the wall; the last touch of the artist's brush can be applied, and the whole superstructure pronounced, by the master builder, finished.

But, when we pass from the operative to the speculative art, it is quite different. The labor of the speculative craftsman can never be finished, because life never ends. He may very much improve himself, and mold his passions in conformity to the great principles of Masonry; he may make great advancements in moral rectitude of life, still there will be, far in advance, vast fields unexplored. He may make rapid proficiency in mental, intellectual and moral improvement, and yet, there will remain a point still higher for him to reach. Therefore, the temple upon which a speculative Mason is required to work is never completed. It can only be more magnificently adorned and beautified.

There is not an organization existing now, having a more comprehensive work, and demanding a more strict adherence to its precepts, than Masonry. Some may say that we are wrong, that we should make an exception of the church. We might make this, if we had one which was living and practicing the great, divine precepts of a "pure and undefiled religion." But, as yet, we see in all their exhibitions that kind of selfishness and holy righteousness that ignores the real welfare of down-trodden and cast-off humanity. We find the church parties, and civil governments loaded down like slaves with customs and fashions that grind poor humanity in the dust. They all rush into deadly strifes, and ruin thousands. And at the close of the contest we have mangled victims, and our streets are filled with mourners.

This state of things will exist until a church and a party will arise out of this wilderness of folly and error, robed in the costume of right and truth.

Masonry, as an organization standing in our midst, with her garments unstained with any of the persecutions of the world, has a great work to do. She has only followed the camp to bind up the wounds, and cheer the sick, caused by those who have disregarded her advice. She still works in hope and faith, that a time will come when the civilized portions of the earth will adopt her broad, cosmopolitan platform, and settle all disputes and bickerings upon the principles of peace and love, looking to the good on all sides.

As we gaze out upon the broad expanse, and take a minute survey of the vast field of labor to be accomplished, we scarcely know what part of the speculative edifice needs the attention of the laborers first. But this much, we are conscious, must be accomplished, first: a large amount of

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rubbish must be removed from each of our minds before a beautiful, symmetrical temple of purity and goodness, representing wisdom, power and strength can be erected.

It seems to us, as if it was already written upon the wall, that no organization existing among men could have a wider domain in which to do so much good and true work as the Masonic Order. It has an unbounded field to occupy, and an inexhaustible fountain to draw from. Perhaps, no former age or period has ever presented such rich and ample opportunities to accomplish so much good among the nations of the world, and strive to bring them upon a higher plane of rational life, than the present.

Then, why should we, as Free and Accepted Masons, stand all the day idle? The great law of progress, which we see developed in all the works of God, is the grand order of events for the future. Do we not, philosophically, discover that this wide domain will be controled and governed by a set of selfish and narrow, contracted principles, if we neglect to infuse ours in the mind.

We would not wish to be understood that Masonry must seize the reins of government, and dictate war or peace, and run the governmental machine. No, but, by the diligence of every member, let each one drink in the great principles of Masonry, and instill the same in all others, so that, whatever party or sect rules, will be in harmony with masonic principles, and for the promoting of good to all.

Then men can come together and respect the slight shades of opinions each may entertain. Masonry, with her non-resistant attitude among the diverging sects and parties, can do much, through her teachings, to control the future, and give direction to the thoughts of nations. If she come not down from her lofty eminence, but inculcate, a broad policy, with a sweep extensive in its circumference, well secured by a pivot, which will turn for the safety and for the good of all, then, her destiny is noble, and must answer great ends. As we have learned Masonry, she must have a well defined and secure centre, yet, not a despotic centralization. She must throw out her arms wide and reach all climes, but guard well the citadel and the landmarks. No local narrowness, or sickly individualism, can be countenanced. Masonry must have great aims and objects always in view. Comprehensive plans, in harmony with her precepts, must and can govern, control and shape her destiny. She can never become selfish, or care only for a pampered few, or be swallowed up in localities, or engrossed in narrow aims and interests.

When we are landed at the mouth of a river, we are compelled to travel a long distance in its meandering course, to the little spring where we find its fountain head. If we desire to have the benefits of the river, we must not go to work and cut off the sources from which it is fed; it would cease to be a river if the fountains which supply it were destroyed. So with Masonry—her venerable and time-honored landmarks must ever remain. No one has ever had, or can have, the right to remove them. She is so constructed that the perpetuity of her existence, as a true masonic organization, rests upon her immovable landmarks. They are so fixed as to equally serve and benefit all classes and conditions of men the world over.

When the student of Masonry comprehends the designs and objects of the Order, he will be introduced to great and extensive plans, much nobler than the objects of other organizations.

In looking over the world, we find the most prosperous and extensive commerce thriving best in the great marts, where can be gathered all of the products and merchandize of all the nations of earth. But how sickly and insignificant would the system of commerce be if it should become individualized, so that each one would have a mart of his own? The great and magnificent system of commerce which is making one nation a near neighbor to another would be lost, for the single individual system, and each one would be

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compelled to be content with what he could learn and obtain, in his own narrow circle.

So it is, with the grand workings of the masonic organization. It is conveying a great world of thought, enterprise and truth, wisely arranged, to improve the crude ideas of men. It cultivates a strong, healthy growth of moral thought and practice, all of which is very essential to the growth and strength of the whole man.

We apprehend that these principles are becoming an essential part of the instructions of Masonry. Still, we all need more light; we need a clearer and more extended vision, together with an enlarged and more practical faith. The outside world needs to see more of the rich fruits of Masonry, gathered from the lives and habits of her membership. A more strict adherence to friendship, a truer moral life, and a greater love, based upon real goodness in the order, are the fruits of genuine Masonry.

When one becomes engrafted upon the Order, then a proper moral pruning and mental cultivation should be the habits of life. A general elevation of thought, higher aims, and an effort to lift up and establish a style of life in the whole organized body of Masons.

SILENCE OF THE CRAFT.

"Betwixt the world destroyed and world restored."

THE poet, in this line, gives a beautiful image of silence, which, to the novitiate, the *passed* and *raised*, have a valuable masonic application. Night is a symbol of silence, for beasts and birds,

"Those to their grassy couch,
These to their nests retire."

He who intends to become a Craftsman reflects, and concludes in silence; seeks a friend and moves forward, and, possibly, reaches the *preparation*; if he does, there he first meets with silence, in a masonic sense.

Silence is a Masonic idiom, reigning from the preparation room to the "north-east corner," onward to the "secret vault;" through the most exalted walks of the Order is the influence of this sublime symbol visible. Nature performs in silence all her labor, that beautifies the earth, adorns and enriches life.

Silence gave to the world the philosophy of Plato and Aristotle, of whom it was remarked by Coleridge, "all men of the thinking world are born disciples;" it, likewise, unfolded the discoveries of Copernicus, and confirmed the sympathies of Galileo; it opened the hidden mysteries of gravitation, and infinite series, and fluxions to the searching mind of Newton; and, following the polished track of science, has brought the world to its present level of enjoyment and appreciation of the gifts of the Grand Master, placed within reach of all studious and faithful Craftsmen.

Silence is the maturing realm, in which all the virtues of masonry dwell, faith, strengthens, hope cheers, and charity soothes, in the conflicts of life, prudence directs, fortitude endures, temperance invites, and justice presides, scrutinizing and inflexible; thus prepared and schooled, the mason goes forth in the world, fearless of the assaults of the vicious, and the stings of the ignorant and envious. Silence is the flaming sword, that puts at bay the enemies of the Order. Silence gave it birth, and silence has, and will lead it still onward to bless men, enrich society, enlighten and establish the world in the practice of morals, and true religion. Silence is deadly to slander, and the character that is thoroughly invested, with the living principles of masonry, may go forth to all the world invulnerable to its attacks. Society owes much to masonry, and in fitting characters for the duties of life, and how much happiness may be gained by it. Silence can only be appreciated in its practice. The temple of our purest thoughts is—silence. C. C. POMEROY.

NEGRO MASONS.

SOME of the brightest masons with whom we ever came in contact have been "guilty of a skin not colored like our own." Where they got their masonic intelligence, or learned to work so well, we do not know. They may have been "clandestine" masons. They may have been made under the authority of a pseudo grand lodge, the charter of which was sent from England to Massachusetts many years ago. They may have been made under warrant of a charter regularly obtained from the West Indies. Or they may have been made masons in a country where pride and pre-

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judice, do not submerge all the better feeling of fraternity. We do not know where they were made, but this we do know, *they were bright masons.*

We do not believe in any masonry that is not based on universal fraternity. We do not believe in any masonry that excludes a man on account of his religion, his politics, his color or his race. "A man is a man for a' that." The chiefest glory of the institution is its universal charity—the charity that lives through the darkest skin and through the most forbidding prejudices, a charity that disregards the "divine right of kings;" that will not visit the sins of the fathers upon the children, nor permit the chains of servile ancestry to hamper the privileges of the free-born of to-day. S. ASHTON.

"WE WILL VOUCH FOR HIM."

THIS was the emphatic language used by some of the members of Hudson City, when they were preparing to organize a lodge there and select a name. Some said, "name it not after any living man, for we know not what kind of a history he will leave us."

A move was made by some one to call it "*Maxon Lodge*," who said, "*we will vouch for him.*"

Brother Maxon emigrated to Hudson, Michigan, at an early day, from the western portion of the state of New York. He is yet living upon the land that he located from government. He has seen all of the western improvements made, cities have been built, and a gigantic enterprise carried on which was never known in any other country or nation. He is approaching the low twelve of his earthly existence, a few more communications of "Maxon Lodge" and this worthy and honored craftsman will receive his last summons and take a dimit to that Grand Lodge above.

Thus far, the promise made, "we will vouch for him," no brother has had to repent of. The venerable ~~brother~~ has ever vouched for himself—by adorning the professions of Masonry and living the principles through life.

We had the extreme pleasure of visiting this ancient craftsman; ancient, because he commenced his labors upon the masonic temple a number of years before the Morgan era.

In our boyhood days, we lived in the same town where he did. We well remember the vile persecutions that were heaped upon this brother, and all members of the order, by the anti-masonic crusaders of that section. All Masons were called bad men. In those days, all who stood firm to their masonic integrity, and would rather suffer death than bow the knee to the unscrupulous demagogues, were called vile murderers.

This was the unanimous verdict expressed by the enemies of Masonry. But thousands stood as firm as the granite hills to the great moralizing principles of the order. And Brother Jesse Maxon was one who came out of the fiery furnace unscathed. During a period of time, which tried the love that members had for the institution, and demonstrated the truth whether they were prepared in the heart or not, this brother had been a *living voucher* of Masonry. And, in confindence, they could say, "*we will vouch for him.*"

We well remember the effect that this excitement had upon different individuals, both old and young. We looked upon those who were called Masons, and we saw that they were the very best of men that were in the community. They were peaceable and quiet; good to the poor; kind to the unfortunate, and forgiving to their enemies.

Under these circumstances, although a boy, we made up our mind that if we lived, and had an opportunity, and could, we would join the Masons. That time presented itself, and we have never regretted the step taken.

CAN WE COMPREHEND FREE-MASONRY.

WE may comprehend a tolerably correct idea of the outlines of Masonry, just as we obtain a very correct idea of the external surface of a country, and yet know but little of the real value of the internal wealth which can, by skill and industry, be obtained. The valuable minerals, stones, and rich diamonds are not found upon the surface under foot, to be gathered by the bushel as we would the leaves of the forest. Science, skill and industry, patience and perseverance must be used and exercised to gain possession of this internal wealth, which exists beneath the surface of the earth.

So, relative to the real intrinsic value of Masonry. It is an unbounded and unfathomable scheme of morality and benevolence. It is employing the best of skill, and binding men of all nations, parties and sects together by a set of moral ethics that can never be destroyed while humanity exists.

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These are, in a condensed form of expression, Love, Relief, and Truth. They can be exemplified in practice, and cover the whole moral code. Men who unite to make up this brotherhood are taught a language, understood the world over, by the Fraternity—a language of symbols.

And while its practical object is to cultivate brotherly love, relief and truth, which are the visible fruits of goodness, its language is wholly unknown to all the uninitiated. And in thousands of instances even the initiated are incapable of learning this language so as to understand it. Like many in the natural sciences, they may have all the problems and diagrams minutely drawn out upon the board, and still be ignorant of the great science they represent.

The magnificent scheme of true charity, the great moral temple, her solid altar, the true character of a masonic priest, the internal meaning and interpretation of her ritual, the song of the understanding, with a prayer from the heart, are all unknown to the outside world.

It is a system doing good to all, as opportunity presents. It is a religion without the sect, a party without the policy of any party. And wherein any sect or party has any thing morally good, free from selfishness and gross hypocrisy, so far masonry is the handmaid of that sect and party. With this broad view of eclecticism she favors all, manifests a feeling of goodwill to all the "isms" of the world. As far as in her power she lives peaceably with all, and in all the strifes and wars of the world she does not take either side, but stands ready as the Samaritan to heal the breach and reconcile the combatants.

It is implied that masonry teaches her servants to study the great light of the order, obey its injunctions, believe its truths, and humbly reverence God as the Supreme Architect of the Universe. The fact that no lodge can exist or work if that light is absent, is evidence that masonry can not be truly understood without it.

Still, it can be understood without the dogmas of sectarian bigotry, or the dishonesty and gambling of party. The precepts of the Bible, with its internal spiritual meaning, can speak peace to the troubled sin-sick soul, and not be mixed up with the superstitions of the arrogant bigot, or join itself to any sect or party.

Masonry can be comprehended then as we firmly believe. We are not carrying on a crusade against the sects and parties of the world. They have their office and work to accomplish. So has masonry. We are only contending what she is, and what she is not; and that her broad platform will not let us work for her in any way or for any of the parties in existence. The very moment that this is manifest, confusion and discord is the result; and unknown tongues, with their unknown languages, disturb the workman.

But when shall we see the craft pinnacled upon the lofty eminence of truly comprehending and understanding masonry? When each member will go heartily into the work for himself. When each one will consider it as an indispensable work of his life; as much so as to eat food to sustain his existence. When the members of this fraternity practice from the heart what her principles teach.

THE MYSTIC STAR.

In the summer of 1864, while the American civil war was at its zenith, and at times every thing looked so dark and portentous that even the most hopeful were on the verge of despair; when draft followed draft in quick succession, to keep the army, battling for the Union, full and strong; and when an angry political canvass was in progress, then it was that the writer of this sent forth the first number of The Mystic Star. He had no experience in Masonic journalism, but had the promise of help from those who had—help, however, which was never rendered to any extent. Such was the press of business, printing for the Government, and documents, handbills, etc., for political purposes, that The Star was often neglected, and had to appear out of its regular time. Often, too, it was badly worked, and made a poor appearance. But it gained friends, who often spoke encouraging words to cheer us on in the arduous work we had assumed. Not satisfied with the appearance of our magazine, we moved it from Fort Wayne, Ind.,

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where it was at first issued, to Chicago, and took in the present proprietor as a partner. From that time its success was ensured. Its subscription list speedily ran up till it numbered six thousand. But we did not continue as proprietor but a few months after the removal of THE STAR to Chicago. We sold entirely out, and are willing to confess that it was the worst *sell* we ever made! But THE STAR continued to prosper, and spread its cheerful rays into many thousands of homes scattered over the great north-west. It has been regarded as the very best *home publication* ever issued in support of Freemasonry. It has dissipated the ignorant prejudices of many who formerly opposed the craft, but now are true friends to our ennobling principles. Often have worthy women taken the writer by the hand, while blinding tears came to their eyes, as they thanked him for THE MYSTIC STAR, which had converted them from being enemies to friends to Masonry. Now they did not oppose their husbands when lodge-night came; but, with an approving smile, encouraged them to go to the lodge room, and attend to the duties of the Order.

THE MYSTIC STAR has proved a success, and it is hoped that its gentle rays of light divine may be long reflected into our homes, to make glad our hearts. The chief editor has labored hard in our behalf, and has richly merited our thanks and our continued favor and co-operation. Let us give him the cheerful support he needs, and thus enable him to make THE MYSTIC STAR even better than it has ever been. Let subscribers pay promptly, and correspondents write their very best articles for its pages. Long live THE STAR and its editor. W. J. CHAPLIN.

WEARING MASONIC EMBLEMS.

IN our July number, the types made us say, "We can not accord to any man who displays such emblems any fraternal regard." The passage should read, "We can not accord to any man *for displaying* such emblems any fraternal regard." This is in keeping with the general tenor of this article; and, inasmuch as every Grand Lodge in the nation has formally condemned the practice whenever it has come up for consideration, we might have said, "We can not accord any fraternal regard to any mason who disregards the ruling of his Grand Lodge." Every man is under the most solemn obligation to support, maintain, and abide by all rules and regulations of his Grand Lodge, and is liable to expulsion if he does not.

G. Secretary Thompson, of Pennsylvania, writes us: "The G. Lodge of Pennsylvania has expressed its disapprobation of the wearing of Masonic emblems, and the Ahian Rezon says, 'No brother shall use his certificate, nor expose any masonic emblem, as a sign in his business transactions.' —Fraternally, JOHN THOMPSON, Grand Secretary."

Bro. Moore, Grand Secretary of Massachusetts, writes us: "The G. Lodge of Massachusetts has never taken action on the subject, but the sentiment of that body and of the fraternity is against the practice."

Bro. H. G. Reynolds, of Illinois, writes:

OFFICE OF GR. SECRETARY GRAND LODGE AND GRAND CHAPTER,
SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Aug. 20, 1868.

DEAR BROTHER,: At the last meeting of the Grand Lodge, the Grand Master recommended that the use of Masonic emblems as signs or modes of advertising in business not exclusively Masonic, be forbidden, under penalty of expulsion; and that the excessive or showy use of Masonic jewelry or Masonic ornament be discouraged. The Committee on Address reported in favor of the recommendation, and the Grand Lodge adopted report, which makes the recommendation law. See pages 10 and 80, Proceedings of Grand Lodge, 1867.

Fraternally,
H. G. REYNOLDS, *Gr. Secretary.*
Bro. S. Ashton.

In other grand jurisdictions, the sentiment and rulings are the same. Every man who exposes such emblems about his person does so to advertise that he is a

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mason. *There can be no other object.* But this, not being the legitimate way whereby one brother may know another, besides being liable to the grossest impositions, the Grand Lodges have been unanimous in the condemnation of the practice.

During a membership with the Order of more than a quarter of a century, we have never heard the practice referred to except in terms of disapproval. This making a gew-gaw or a trade mark of what is sacred to every true mason, is as unmasonic as the disgraceful profanity of some who have crossed our threshold, and from whom the sacred name of God receives no veneration.

It may be natural for the younger brothers to be pleased with such trinkets, and some may have joined the order to wear them; but those of maturer years, who form their judgments from a higher view, will not be so likely to be deluded by an impostor, who may have bought the emblem he displays at some pawnbroker's shop.

We are well aware that the views we have expressed upon this subject bear very severely upon some of the very best brothers of the Order, and we are very sorry for it. But we can not help it. The position we occupy accords with the highest Masonic law. They had better get out of its way. The only legitimate jewel that Masonry permits a brother to wear is the mark, and every mark master will know how that should be done. The outside of the dress, to be seen of men, is not the place for it. S. ASHTON.

EXPULSION.

HALL OF ALPHA LODGE,
No. 155, A. F. & A. M.

THIS certifies that at a regular meeting of the Alpha Lodge, No. 155, held on the 18th day of September, A.L. 5868, Brother J. S. Blackley was expelled from all the rights and privileges of Masonry for contempt, disobeying summons.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Lodge this 27th day of Sept. A.L., 5868.

D. C. BROWN, *Sec'y.*

Also, on motion, that a copy be sent to THE MYSTIC STAR, to ask the publication of the same, he being a resident of Chicago.

DIED.—In McHenry, Sept. 12th, 1868, Mr. John P. Going, aged 36 years and 6 months. He leaves a wife and three children, and a near circle of relations and friends, to mourn his loss. His funeral obsequies were held on the 15th, when a very large attendance testified to the very general esteem in which his memory is held in this community.

He was a member of the masonic fraternity, and a large number of his brethren of the Mystic Circle assembled around his grave, and spoke their parting words amid the beautiful, yet solemn, rites and symbols of that ancient and honorable order. The lodge of which the deceased was a member unanimously passed the following resolutions, with a request that they be forwarded to THE MYSTIC STAR for publication:

HALL OF MCHENRY LODGE,
No. 158, A. F. & A. M.,
MCHENRY, *Sept. 15th*, 1868.

BRETHREN,—By a sorrowful dispensation, it becomes our sad duty to record the death of our brother, John P. Going. While we bow submissively to this result, as to the will of Him who doeth all things well, we derive satisfaction at this time from expressing a sense of our regard and fraternal esteem for the character and memory of our deceased brother; therefore,

Resolved, That by the death of Brother John P. Going we have lost from our number a good and faithful member, a genial companion, a bright and an upright mason, and from our midst a worthy citizen, friend and neighbor.

Resolved, That while spreading the mantle of masonic charity over his every possible failing, we yet greatly esteemed our brother for his many virtues and manly qualities, and deem them worthy our emulation and continued remembrance.

Resolved, That to his bereaved companion we extend the hand of sincere sympathy and fraternal regard, together with the assurance that she may ever hope to find friends among the representatives of that

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fraternity of which her departed husband was a member; friends, indeed, who will not see their brother's widow forsaken, nor his children begging bread.

Resolved, That as members of the lodge to which our brother belonged, we will strive to heed the lesson which this sad event teaches us, and will ever cherish the bright hope of final re-union in that celestial lodge above which knows no parting, and where the Supreme Architect of the Universe presides.

B. N. WILES,
GEO. GAGE,
DAVID TALSBURY, } *Com.*

B. A. WILES, *Secretary.*

THE TEMPLARS' MANUAL.

AN elegant little volume, lately published by E. B. Myers, 87 Washington street, Chicago, of much interest to Knights Templar generally.

Its contents not only embrace comprehensive details of the forms and ceremonies of the Order, but include a new and novel feature in tactics and drill, viz., the formation in column by threes and sections of six, applicable to Passion Cross, Triangle, and other parade movements—a decided improvement over the old system, yet easy of execution, and will, doubtless, be universally adopted by the Order. The work, which was prepared by authority of the Grand Commandery of Illinois, has already been adopted by several other State commanderies, and furnishes the Order with a simple and uniform system of tactics and drill, heretofore so much needed.

THE GOSPEL PULPIT.—We have received the first number of this QUARTERLY, published by Rev. W. J. Chaplin. It is neatly executed in every way, containing eighty-four pages. It is devoted to the interests of the Universalist denomination, mostly made up of sermons from the best minds of that order. It will be a valuable work for any library. Address Rev. W. J. Chaplin, Chicago, Ill., 54 Reynolds' block. $1,00 per annum. Eleven copies for $10,00, in advance.

THE SQUARE AND COMPASS.

WE hold this masonic co-laborer in high esteem, and more particularly for its appreciation of the MYSTIC STAR. But we request our worthy brother to give the STAR credit for Mrs. M. Adele Hazlett's articles, when he desires to print them. We have not copy-righted any of our articles, because we work for the world. But when our brother editors take it into their heads to adopt any of our children, we would like to have them leave some part of the parental name, so that if they should stray too far away from home, we could find them. We are not over sensitive upon this point, for it is the first time we have mentioned it, which we could have done every month with some one.

BRO. MCMURDY is entitled to our thanks for his brotherly and pleasant expression in a private note to us, relative to the STAR. The want of the credit due the *National Freemason*, for the article "*Old Fogyism and Young America*," was occasioned by its being taken from some paper among our exchanges, which semi-occasionally have a masonic column, and do not always give credit. It is not our intention to do any thing wrong in such matters. And we see that the *Craftsman* has copied from the STAR, and say that it is our child. This is not so, Bro. *Craftsman*. But we see that you have taken one of our articles, *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, and have sent it adrift without mentioning that it belongs to the *Star family*.

So you see, Bro. McMurdy, how we are all served, our children are wandering up and down the earth, the same as orphans. Well, we have this to console us, they are good children, and are doing something to elevate humanity, and we *hope* that they will ever select good company.

IT is a fine thing to ripen without shrivelling; to reach the calmness of age, and yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

THE Masonic correspondents of C. C. Pomeroy, will hereafter address him at Olney, Illinois.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. IX. A.L. 5868—NOVEMBER—A.D. 1868. No. 5.

MASONIC ADDRESS

By E. W. H. ELLIS, *P. G. H. P., delivered at Indianapolis, Ind., June 24th*, 1868.

MY BROTHERS:—There was a time, far back among the ages, where the memory of man runneth not, unfathomed by imagination's farthest and loftiest flight, a period known only to the Infinite, when the broad earth, a mere atom in the universe of God, was dark and desolate, unformed, unfashioned as yet for the abode of man, over whose bosom the waves of chaos dashed and rolled with untamed fury, and discordant elements grasped each other as in deadly conflict, and fell exhausted to the bottom of the seething cauldron. No ice-capped mountain lifted its crest to the rising sun, no valley bloomed in verdure at its feet, no morning dawned upon the shapeless mass, and no night even deepened the shadows that enveloped it—no raven's dusky wing flapped gloomily over its surface, nor song of lark, nor roar of beast, nor hum of insect, broke the dismal silence.

Whence came this beautiful planet, whether projected as an offshoot from the great central luminary, or fashioned in a moment by the Almighty's hand from nothing, are subjects for the speculation of the curious, and stumbling blocks for the philosopher, but must forever remain a mystery, which the human mind can only fathom when it shall be clothed in robes immortal, and be taught by the great Omniscient. Certain it is that ages innumerable of this chaotic condition had passed away before the great event announced by the inspired historian, in his concise and simple record, occurred.

"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light—and there was light."

Sublimely eloquent, charming in its simplicity, profound in its philosophy, is this record of the man of God.

Thenceforward the earth became the abode of man, and for forty centuries, or two-thirds of its existence, the inspired record furnishes the only authentic history. That history presents man, not only as he was from the birth of the creation, down through the primeval ages, but as he is now at the present moment, and shall remain

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to the end of time, by nature a barbarian, relapsing into the barbarous faith and practices of heathenism, and only restrained from such a fall and led onward and upward by the hand of his Maker.

The history of the Jewish church is a record of the Almighty's dealings with his people—now a mere handful, saved by miraculous interposition from destruction by the deluge—now spreading with rapidly increasing numbers over the habitable portions of the earth—now reduced to a condition of abject servitude in Egypt—and then led forth by their intrepid leader to wander forty years in the wilderness—now waging mighty warfare with surrounding nations—now dispersed, enslaved, their silent harps hanging upon the willows and refusing to breathe one note of melody in the land of their oppressors—and again advancing to the zenith of power and prosperity, calling to their aid the wealth, and arts and sciences of the world, and engaging as one man in the glorious service of rebuilding the house of the Lord.

And all this is recorded in language so pure in its simplicity, so harmonious in detail, so earnest and impressive in manner, as, by its own internal evidence, to carry conviction of its truth to every heart.

These leading ideas and doctrines run through and pervade this record from its beginning to its close.

First. The existence of a Great First Cause, a Supreme Grand Architect, self-existent, eternal, unchangeable in His being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth, who spoke into existence this beautiful world, with all its loved surroundings,

"The spacious firmament on high
With all the blue ethereal sky,"

and formed the earth for the abode, and convenience and happiness of man.

Second. That He rules and reigns in the affairs of men, that His All-Seeing Eye beholds and notes the most intricate and minute workings of nature's great machine, and sees all the wants, necessities and sorrows of humanity, while His almighty hand dispenses every good, every pleasure, and every happiness we enjoy.

Third. That He is of right an object of worship—that praise and thanksgiving, honor and adoration are His due, and that none of His creatures are so humble that His ear will not open to their cry, and no condition so pitiful that His hand of mercy can not reach.

Fourth. That the object of His government is to make men better, that He has instituted rewards for the virtuous and punishments for the unworthy, the better to fit them for that spiritual building, that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Fifth. That when our earthly sojourn is ended, when we shall have grasped, for the last time, the hand of love and friendship, and have turned our eyes, for the last time, upon the green fields and bursting buds and flowers of earth; for the last time listened to the melody of rippling waterfalls, and sighing breezes and songs of birds, and have put off this mortal for immortality, there is not only in the grave a rest for the weary, but a home above, a Lodge whose portals are open to welcome all whom He shall deem worthy to pass its threshold.

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And in these ideas of the book of inspiration originated the institution of Masonry. By whom it was founded, and the date of its birth, whatever our traditions, are alike undetermined. Those traditions love to trace back its origin to King Solomon and his illustrious associates, who superintended the erection of the first temple dedicated to the worship of the Most High. It seems natural to suppose that this great chieftain, so renowned for his wisdom and power, after the accomplishment of his work, and its acceptance in the miraculous descent of fire from heaven, which consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifice, should desire to perpetuate the memory of his labors and his triumphs, and the achievements and virtues of his associates, from the apprentice to the master, by the establishment of the sublime order of Masonry. The truth of this tradition impresses itself on the heart of the novitiate on first seeking to penetrate our mysteries, searching for the hidden light, or as he passes between the brazen pillars at the threshold, or participates in the solemn tragedy enacted within the sacred walls of the temple.

The highest effort of art is in the department of architecture. No branch of industry or mechanism asserts so triumphantly the superiority of the human intellect, and its approach to the capabilities of the Divine Architect, who spread abroad the universe. And it was a most sublime thought, worthy of the wisdom of a Solomon, which wrought out this beautiful allegory. How *apropos* the adaptation to our moral necessities and progress are all the working tools of the Mason, and the material with which he erects his edifice. By nature man is the rough ashler, brought from the quarry with many natural imperfections, rough corners, and imperfect fissures, requiring many a blow of the gavel and of the engraver's chisel to produce therefrom a perfect ashler fit for the builder's use.

Every working tool has its moral. Upon the trestle-board the master draws his designs, in imitation of the Supreme Grand Master, who, in the volume of the law, records His will, draws out His designs, and shapes the destiny of His subjects. As the ashler is to be tried by the square and the plumb, so we are admonished to square our actions by the square of virtue, to walk erect before God and man, preserving, at all times and under all circumstances, our integrity, remembering that the day is coming when we shall be tried by the Grand Overseer's square, and shall be rejected as unfit for use, or accepted with the plaudit, "well done, good and faithful servant."

The twenty-four inch guage is in itself a sermon. Divided into three equal parts we are taught to devote one portion of the day to labor for ourselves, for our families, for the world—one portion to refreshment and repose, and another to the service and adoration of our Maker and the relief of the indigent and suffering. And this reminds us not only of the necessity of labor but of its dignity, sanctioned by the example of God himself. In the dawn of creation how it touches our human sympathies to read that, as if fatigued with the multitudinous labors of the six days, the Supreme Grand

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Architect of the Universe rested on the seventh, wherefore he hallowed it, that throughout all time the sons of toil, wherever the Divine law is known and respected, and the Divine example honored, should have respite from their labors, a day to devote to His service, a time to recuperate the wasted energies of the body. Take heart, ye children of men, and be thankful for the Divine example which rendered labor honorable, and the Divine decree which established His holy Sabbath.

By the trowel, which the operative Masons make use of to spread the cement which binds the several stones of the building together, we are taught that it is our duty to spread the cement of brotherly love and charity, so that the moral edifice shall rise from base to turret, an object of beauty and symmetry, which men shall love to look upon and cherish, whose roof shall shelter the weary and the sorrowful, and in whose shade shall rest the unfortunate and heavy laden. Thus, step by step, and stone by stone, rises the edifice under the hand of the Master Builder, until its dome soars even to the heavens, so rises the true Mason's moral edifice, approaching more nearly, day by day, the design drawn upon the trestle-board, until it shall be accepted by the Master, and assigned its proper place in the celestial city. And thus, if Masonry be not divine in its origin, is it not worthy of the creative hand of that wisest of monarchs in the world's history, our Grand Master, King Solomon?

While all this may have been, it is no disparagement of the claims of Masonry to say that tradition alone is the authority for such an assumption. It may have originated centuries after the destruction of the temple and tabernacle, when not one stone of either remained upon another, when the hearts that conceived, and the hands that wrought at their building, had crumbled again to dust. Its origin may have been in the brain of some cloistered monk, or holy rabbi, rich in the traditions of the past. It matters not; how many generations back can any one trace his ancestry; and what time is more vainly spent than in prosecuting such an investigation?

This much is certain, that if there be any virtue in antiquity, no institution of earthly origin presents so high claims upon the respect and confidence of the world. It is natural to love the old, the time-worn, the ancient. We look with veneration upon ruined temples, and the remains of ancient sculpture and statuary; upon the relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum; upon the temples to the Sun, whose fires have long since been extinguished; upon the Pyramids standing in lonely grandeur and sublimity for so many ages. But after all, the value of our institution is not in its antiquity, venerable though it be, and rich with the memorials of many centuries, nor yet in the long list of worthies whose names have been enrolled upon its records, but in the beauty and sublimity of its teachings, the purity of its faith, the loftiness of its mission.

We have seen the nature of its faith, that in every step of his progress, the Mason is taught his dependence upon the one Supreme Grand Master, who is not only the author of all being, the creator of all things, animate and inanimate, but who holds constant super-

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vision over all the works of His hands. The All-Seeing Eye slumbers not nor sleeps; it holds ceaseless vigil and ward over the sons of men.

Fixing its faith upon this Author of our being, it seeks to learn His will, and therefore enjoins upon its followers the practice of the whole round of masonic virtues, for that would be an unmeaning faith without this practical result.

The world asks, what is the nature of this Masonic institution—what is its faith—what are its practical benefits? And most properly are these questions propounded—and most fairly and candidly should they be answered.

If we are to believe its enemies, it is a band of oath-bound assassins, whose midnight orgies, rendering night hideous, are devoted to the plotting of conspiracies against the lives, and peace and happiness of their fellow men. In times of high excitement, such as were witnessed a little more than two-score years ago, there was no crime for which it was not held responsible, no evil with which it was not identified in the public estimation. Men looked upon its temples as the abode of some unearthly fiend, whose altars groaned with human sacrifices, and whose red eyes gleamed with Satanic fury as he lapped the blood of his victims. Good men and innocent maidens shrank from the touch of a brother's hand as if that touch were pollution, if not death. Christian and social intercourse were alike refused. The Mason was thrust forth mercilessly from the church, with maledictions and anathemas mountain high upon his head. He was ostracized from the social board, and denied admittance to the family circle. The fires were extinguished upon our altars, and no longer consumed the burnt offering and the sacrifice—the doors of our temples were closed, and silence deep and profound reigned throughout the sacred aisles.

That storm cloud has passed away, never, as we hope, to return again, although grim mutterings are even now heard in the distance, threatening our overthrow. But the demon of Anti-Masonry is bound for a thousand years to come, if we remain true to the teachings of the Order, and true to ourselves.

In the midst of the storm appeared the bow of promise arching the heavens, and then came the sunshine and the song of birds. When the fury of discordant elements was appeased, it was discovered that Masonry was a band of brothers leagued together for the welfare of their fellow man, for mutual aid and benefit, for the dissemination of light and truth, and the adoration of the Great I AM.

Man is a gregarious animal. Men live in communities, in society, and this is not merely from a sense of mutual dependence, and for mutual protection, but for the enjoyment of the pleasures, comforts and delights of association. The monk in his cloister, and the hermit in his cell are the exceptions, but their self-immolation is repulsive to every feeling of enlightened humanity. Since then men must fraternize, must gather into communities, tribes or nations, every effort which has for its object the uniting them into associations or communities

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where the fraternal sentiment shall be the bond of union is praiseworthy, and promotes the general weal.

If it dries up the spirit of selfishness, and promotes the spirit of brotherhood, if it breaks down the barriers of wealth and station, and teaches man to look upon his fellow as God looks upon him, and to judge him as God judges him—not by his external surroundings, his trapping or equipage, but by the better qualities of his nature, and by his moral rectitude; if it plant in his bosom a heart to feel for others' woe; if it dries the tear of the orphan, and hushes the sob of the widow and bereaved, then is it commendable and entitled to our most favorable consideration. And this agency, and this effort, we claim for Masonry, and we look for the day when, in the fullness of time, its spirit shall fill the whole earth, and the universe of mankind shall all be brethren, with one hope, one faith, one destiny, and one God. * * * *

The duties of the Mason to his fellowman are embodied in the Golden Rule —"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." This rule, unequaled in terseness and sublimity, lived up to in its spirit, would usher in the dawn of the millenium. It is emphatically the rule of Masonry, and enjoins the exercise of every conceivable virtue. It requires us to seek the highest good of every member of the human family, enjoining it by that strongest of motives, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." It grasps, at a single clutch, at the whole round of virtues, and strings them like pearls upon its diadem.

Of the influence of the Lodge upon this, or any other community where it exists, it may not be amiss to speak. I hazard nothing in saying that it has been the chief element in making us a homogeneous people. Gathered from every portion of our common country, the discordant materials thus brought in contact required the cement of brotherly love and charity to soften down asperities of character and to "conciliate true friendship among those who might otherwise have remained at perpetual distance." Many a friendship was thus formed among those who had been politically or socially at variance, and men who looked upon each other with distrust through this instrumentality became friends and brethren. The better traits of humanity were thus developed. At our sacred altar knelt men of all the various sects and occupations, acknowledging their belief in one Deity, the Fountain of Light, the Supreme Grand Master, and solemnly pledging themselves to the cultivation of the virtues of brotherly love, relief and truth. Carefully selecting from the material offered for their acceptance, the best men of the community have been gathered within the walls of the lodge to listen to the sublime teachings of Masonry. How could they go hence and fail to practice out of the lodge the virtues they were taught within it?

The lodge has become indeed one of the institutions of civilization. Whereever the light of science penetrates, and the Supreme Author of our existence is adored, and His commands obeyed, there are planted the footsteps of Masonry—there assemble the brothers of the mystic tie—there arise the

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walls of the sacred edifice, and there are practised our sublime mysteries.

Masonry could not exist in barbarism, for its teachings are those of the highest civilization—it could not prosper in the haunts of vice, for it cultivates the noblest virtues—it could not thrive in heathenism, for it teaches the existence of the one only and true God.

It is an institution of peace. It makes no war upon sects, interferes with no man's religious feelings or sentiments, tolerates all creeds and opinions, and is aggressive only against wrong and immorality. It illustrates the fact that men may differ and be friends, and enjoins that among its followers there shall be no strife save only as to who shall best work and best agree. Its mission is not to rule empires, or to involve itself in political strifes, but rather to pour oil upon the troubled waters, and rule in the hearts of men—to make them better, more charitable, more circumspect, more generous and forgiving, more loyal to their country, and more upright in word and deed, in thought and emotion.

Let me sketch the character of the good Mason, and I have done. I have spoken of the love and adoration he owes to his Maker, without which he is but as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." The altar, occupying the central and chief position in every lodge room; the volume of Holy Writ outspread thereon, and the various other symbols around, all indicate that the true Mason is a sincere and earnest worshiper. He worships not at the corner of streets that he may be seen of men, nor stands in the temple thanking God that he is not like other men, but here in the secret place, where none may molest or make him afraid; where the moth and the rust of the world, its cares and strifes are all excluded, he offers the oblation of an humble heart. And who shall say that his devotion is not as pure and heartfelt, and the incense thereof as acceptable to its object, as though uttered in more pretentious sanctuaries, and by those who claim to be the exclusive servants of the great I AM?

And what else is necessary to constitute the worthy and upright Mason? We have seen that his heart must be imbued with the sentiment of brotherly love, and it follows that the natural impulse of his hand is to extend itself in relief to the suffering. The charities of Masonry are not heralded with sound of trumpet, nor proclaimed from house-tops. They seek the abodes of the suffering and destitute, and come to the recipients as gently as snow-flakes fall to the ground. The widow and the orphan feel the blessing, but are unconscious of the hand that bestowed it.

This trait of Masonry is exemplified in the parable of the wayfaring man, who, on his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, fell among thieves, who stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. The priest, who chanced to pass that way, saw him, but passed him by with cold indifference. The Levite, when he reached the spot, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was, and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring

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in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence and gave them to the host, and said unto him, 'Take care of him, and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again I will repay thee.'" And there in the heart of that humble Samaritan, despised by the world, scorned alike by priest and Levite, dwelt the spirit of Masonry, and through these many centuries since hath it said to its followers, "Go and do thou likewise."

Were this spirit cultivated by all—were the world united by the ties of our brotherhood, the tear of sorrow, the wail of anguish, the pinchings of poverty, would no more be witnessed. True, we discriminate in our charities—our duties are first to our own household—but the lessons here taught enjoin upon us the duty of extending such relief as we may to every needy son and daughter of Adam. The close-fisted miser, whose heart never responded to the demands of the suffering, may, by knowledge of the grip and word, pass the threshold of the lodge, and wear the garb of a Mason, but he is no Mason. He is the semblance and not the reality—the spurious coin and not the true metal.

But the chiefest of the masonic jewels, the Kohinoor, if I may so express it, is Truth. This is the signet whose stamp and impress are fixed deep upon the heart of every worthy Mason. It distinguishes the gold from the dross—the pure from the impure. It marks the value of the commodity, rejecting the base and worthless.

It embraces the whole round of duties. To be true to one's self is to subordinate the passions, and hold them in check—to avoid the excesses, the follies and frivolities of life, and so live as to cultivate and develop the best elements of our nature. "Teach me to know and to govern myself," is a prayer which can not too often come to our lips, if we would keep our feet within the paths of virtue, or as an old poet thus rendered it:

"May I govern my passions with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as life wears away."

This would teach us to observe the rules of temperance in all things; would enjoin upon us industry and perseverance, frugality, and the avoidance of wrath and angry disputation.

To be true to the family is to cultivate the home affections, to observe the virtue of chastity, and to love and respect all who bear to us the endearing relation of wife or mother, sister or daughter.

And here I might appropriately say a word to that better class of my auditors, without whom there would be no brothers of the Mystic Tie. Whatever the world may say of us, I beseech you, trust us thus far—there is no word in Masonry, no sign, no ceremony which might not be witnessed by the eyes of modesty or heard by the ear of virtue without a blush,—there is no precept inculcated that is not calculated to make us worthy of your companionship and love; and though there may be long hours at night, when your ears are listening for the foot-fall of those you love and cherish, rest assured if he be a true Mason, he will return to his roof and to the fond arms that

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love to enfold him, more worthy of your love, better fitted to discharge the duties of husband and father than ever before. This much believe and trust us, and throughout all time our happiness will be mutual and enduring.

To be true to our neighbor is to consult his highest good, to admonish him of his faults, and to lead his footsteps into the better way.

To be true to our country is to be loyal to its flag, devoted to its weal, and ready to do all things, and to dare all things for its honor and glory.

To be true to our Maker is to obey His precepts, and to render him the adoration which is His due.

Thus all the ennobling characteristics of humanity may be embraced in the single word, Truth, and though poor human nature ofttimes stumbles and halts, this is the great Light which, as Masons, we are taught to keep steadily in view until the breakers are passed, and our bark is safely moored in the haven of eternal rest.

The troublous years just closed have furnished a trying ordeal for the institution of Masonry. Throughout the loyal portion of the country the Craft obeyed to the letter the ancient covenants solemnly entered into by every Master of a lodge.

"You agree to be a peaceable citizen, and cheerfully conform to the laws of the country in which you reside.

"You promise not to be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the government, but patiently to submit to the decisions of the supreme legislature."

Had these solemn injunctions been sacredly observed, our land would have been spared the horrors of the great rebellion. Not only the spirit of Masonry went with our conquering legions, but army lodges were formed, and the rites of Masonry were celebrated in the garrison and on the tented field. And throughout that region—the fairest the sun ever shone upon—which, in the providence of God, was given over to the fell spirit of rebellion, we know that the influence of Masonry and the counsel of the fathers were all against the fatal step, and that among the noble spirits who refused to bend to the storm, first and noblest were some of the members of our Craft. I need mention but one, the venerable Mackey, of Charleston, whose patriotism was remembered and rewarded by an ovation in our great metropolitan city, worthy of a prince.

How much the spirit of Masonry ameliorated the horrors of the warfare, we know not, but the instances were not rare where brethren were recognized in the mortal strife, and the sabre thrust was parried from its intended victim, or the prisoner was cared for and his sufferings alleviated with the kindness and consideration which a brother only knows how to extend to a brother. This history will never be written, but it could not escape the notice of the All Seeing Eye.

We know well that in numerous instances the lodge room, as well as the church, yet stands as a spared monument, saved alike from the missiles of war, the flames and the ravages of vandalism. And may it not be that among the agencies which shall be brought into play to restore the era of good feeling which we all know must come, to unite us as one people under

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the old flag, the institution of Masonry shall be most potent of all in spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection? Masonry loves to look back among the centuries for the bright names and illustrious deeds emblazoned upon the pages of her history. Especially in our own land she points to him who fell in the dawn of the revolution, on the heights of Bunker Hill—WARREN—a name that shall outlive the massive obelisk which marks the spot where he fell—and to the name of him, before which all other human names pale, and all other glories fade, and who was alike the patron of Masonry, and the Father of his Country, our WASHINGTON. And as it was in the past so shall it be in the ages to come, that the greatest, wisest, best of all earth's mighty men, shall bow at this altar, and draw thence the inspiration to incite them to lofty deed and noble effort.

But I weary your patience, and will close this discursive address with the narration of an incident in the War for the Union just terminated:

Surgeon MORTON, of Boston, Massachusetts, relates this incident as occurring at Fredericksburg, Virginia:

"I was professionally engaged in the Baptist Church this morning; it is almost packed with wounded. The tank intended for immersion is used as a bathing-tub, and the operations are performed in the small pastor's study, back of the pulpit. The Freemason's hall is also filled with the wounded, and there remains much of the paraphernalia of the lodge in which Washington received his degrees. I found one poor fellow, who was a member of the Fraternity, and at his request had his bed moved to the platform once occupied by the Master's chair, where he lay and gazed upwards at the mystic letter 'G,' as if secure under its protection."

And this touching incident, so suggestive of the faith and hope of the Mason, I have ventured thus to paraphrase:

The Patriarchal Lodge was filled
With weary, wounded men,
And noisy tongues were sudden stilled,
For life was ebbing then;
And eyes that once flashed many fires,
With films of death were glazed,
And others with a maniac glare—
How witlessly they gazed!

Then one brave soldier—thus they tell—
Upstarted from his bed,
As if awakened from a spell—
"And do I dream?" he said;
"This altar—how it speaks of home,
The gavel and the square—
And yon mysterious letter hung
Suspended in the air!"

The soldier closed his eyes again,
With sparkling tears suffused,
And thought of brethren far away,
And to himself he mused:
"Here, where our Washington once trod,
Beneath the Omniscient Eye,
Where all things upwards point to God,
How blest it were to die!"

"Ho! comrades," said the dying man,
"Come, lend a helping hand,
My sands of life are almost run,
I seek the better land;
Place me beneath that vaulting arch,
Whose dim outlines I see,
And let me breathe my spirit out,
Beneath the letter G."

They laid him down—no word he spake,
No murmur on his breath,
But calmly waited he the touch
Of the grim monster, Death.
That mystical initial oft
His dark eye wandered o'er,
And when the evening sun went down,
The soldier was no more.

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They hollowed him an humble grave,
Under a spreading tree,
And carved him no memorial, save
That mystic letter "G,"
And a finger pointing steadily
Up to the Throne of Love,
For they deemed his spirit joyfully
Soared to the Lodge above!

And thus, my brethren, as we pass down the level of Time to that "undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler ever returns," may we also, with a faith undimmed in the Name of names, depart for that better land, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest!" Then shall we enjoy, in full fruition, the realization of all the bright hopes we have cherished of

THE HOME BEYOND.

How sweet as we pass down the vista of years,
With hearts deeply burned with sorrow and tears,
To know, when life's pilgrimage comes to its close,
There's a rest for the weary, a balm for our woes.

We know there's a time, when our labors are o'er,
We shall stand on the brink of eternity's shore,
And, closing our eyes to the bright world around,
Shall hear, at life's parting, the gavel's last sound.

We know who will welcome the pilgrim on high,
We shall bask in the beams of the Omniscient eye;
And the Lion of Judah will greet us all there,
If we've walked by the Plumb, with the Level and Square.

In that temple above the Great Architect wrought,
We'll seek through its aisles for some hallowed spot,
The *Sanctum Sanctorum* that sacred retreat,
Where Brother with Brother in glory shall meet.

There bright glow the treasures of Friendship and Love,
For the eye of the Lamb lights the Temple above,
And the emblems of labor, affection and truth
Illumine its walls with the freshness of youth.

While ages on ages are rolling away,
No cloy to our pleasures, no night to our day;
Our hearts, ever throbbing with impulse of Love,
Shall praise the Grand Master who ruleth above!

LETTER II.

FROM REV. BRO. J. P. SANFORD.

THE man who visits the "Holy City," expecting to find a "Compass and Square" on every old stone, will be disappointed. And if he expects to be the first among Masons who has explored the caverns, and rambled amid the ruins of the olden time, he will find the supposition to be without foundation. The fact is, Jerusalem has been explored and re-explored by Masons from all parts of the globe. The marks of the Ancient Craft are often found in fancy, but seldom in reality. Mount Moriah, where the Temple stood, is now the site of a Mahometan place of worship, called the Mosque of Omar. This mosque, and the one at Mecca, was considered so sacred in former times, that none were permitted to enter except those of the religion of Mahomet.

Since the Prince of Wales visited Jerusalem and gained admission into

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Omar's sacred walls, others have been permitted to do likewise, by paying a half sovereign, (about $2.40.) and going in the custody of a guide, without boots or hat.

The inclosure in which the mosque stands is about thirteen hundred feet long by eight or nine hundred feet wide, and from the nature of the ground I should think that the Temple and its courts could not have occupied any greater space.

"Omar" stands near the center of this inclosure, or rather upon the summit of Mount Moriah. This mosque is eight square, and about four hundred and eighty feet in circumference. It is built of marble of different colors, and of the common gray stone of Jerusalem. Although this is one of the finest of Mahometan places of worship, it is exceedingly tame by the side of many churches I have seen in Italy.

In the centre of the mosque, and on the highest point of Mount Moriah, is a stone sixty feet in diameter. Doubtless this stone was inclosed by the walls of Solomon's Temple. The Mahometans have a tradition that at one time the angel Gabriel took his flight from this rock to Paradise. The stone wished to follow, but he commanded it to remain and it obeyed. A part of this story I believe, that is in regard to its remaining. (I know it is there yet.) I was shown the print of the angel's foot, which my Mahometan guide kindly offered to let me kiss for a British shilling. *I did not invest.* Under the mosque are vaults and subterranean passages, the walls of which may have been parts of the Temple's foundation.

I have alluded. in a former article, to the old wall which stands on the side of Moriah, next to the Valley of Jehosaphat. In this wall is the archway of an old gate, said to be that mentioned in the Bible, as the "gate called beautiful." This arch is exquisitely carved, and bears the marks of great antiquity. The gateway has long been filled up with a wall of masonry, so that there is now no chance to pass through it.

While in the inclosure, where the mosque stands, my guide would not permit me to pick up even a pebble, and the only one I did get is a small stone which I brought away between my toes, and the effort to do this caused a sacrifice of both comfort and grace. And I could almost fancy myself a "pilgrim penitent" indeed, as I limped along the graveled pathway, clinging to the little brown pebble, which is now on the table before me.

The Turks believe that all prayers made in a particular cave under the mosque will be answered, and all wishes gratified. While in this place my guide informed me that I was standing in the same room where Solomon, David, Elias and Mahomet had stood. How true this last may have been, I know not, but I do know that I wished the guide would leave me for a time, and my wish was not granted.

The trade of Jerusalem is quite limited, nearly all the supplies for eating and wearing are taken there from Europe. Olive wood, Mecca fruit, sandal wood, and shells, are made into beads, crosses, canes, book covers, etc., and sold to travelers. Agates, blood stones and antique coins are sold, some of which are quite valuable. Sheep, goats, chickens, pigeons, eggs and rice,

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form the staple articles of food at the hotel where I stopped. My bedroom was much like a cell in a prison; it had a stone floor, an iron bedstead, and a sheepskin rug to stand on. In the morning and evening little boys and girls used to fill the courts of the hotel begging us to buy pressed flowers, canes, beads, and other trinkets; while long-bearded and venerable Jews urged us to buy their rudely cut precious stones, or change our European money for Turkish. In the street the half-naked Arabs continually awaited for employment, *backsheesh*, cold victuals, or a chance to steal something, as the case might be.

The Jews who live in Jerusalem, assemble every Friday at a place west of the wall which surrounds the Mosque of Omar, and weep and sob like children. Old and young kiss the hard wall which separated them from Mount Moriah, and moan over the degradation of their race, while remembering the former greatness of Zion's children, and the glory of the Holy city. This place is called the "Jews wailing place," the wall which they kiss, during their sad ceremonies, has been worn smooth by the lips of weeping Hebrews, during the many years this strange custom has been practiced.

The "pool of Bethesda" is one of the few old landmarks within the walls of the city. It is upwards of three hundred and fifty feet long, one hundred and thirty wide, and about seventy feet deep. Just imagine an immense box of the above dimensions, with sides and ends of stone; then suppose this box to be sunk into the ground, and a small stream of water to be flowing at the bottom of it, and you have the pool as it now appears. Travelers do not go to the bottom of the pool at all, but look down from the top, which is on a level with the ground. A canal lock, although less in size, appears when the water is all out, much as Bethesda appears at the present.

Towards the church of the "Holy Sepulchre" the faces of pilgrims, from all parts of the globe, are turned with the greatest interest while in Jerusalem. This church contains what has been supposed, for more than a thousand years, to be the tomb of Christ. Its walls also enclose Calvary (why do preachers say Mount Calvary?) where he died. Within the walls of this edifice, and under the same roof, you are shown the tomb, the stone of junction, upon which the body was placed for anointing; the tombs of Melchisedec and Adam; the rent in the rock made when Christ was crucified, the holes where the three crosses stood, and many other landmarks of Bible history. The cleft it the rock is covered by a strip of brass, fastened at one end on a pivot. The tomb of Christ, or vault, is above five by six and a half feet inside. The marble sarcophagus takes up nearly half of this room, and is about twenty-eight inches high. The marble top is yellowed by age, and worn by the lips of devout pilgrims of all lands, who, for more than a thousand generations have, as generation after generation passed away, bowed at this spot to kiss the stone which is supposed to mark the place where was laid the mangled body of the crucified Saviour and man's best earthly friend. It was with strange feelings that I looked upon this mar-

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ble, dim with time's touch, and furrowed by lips long turned to dust. I could hear the chants of Latin monks mingling with the voice of devotion which went up to God from the chapel of the Greek. Under the same roof was the turbaned Turk, acting as a guard to prevent an outbreak between the Christian sects around the grave of their acknowledged Lord. However unpleasant the present features of Jerusalem may be to one while walking its filthy streets, or listening to the wrangling of the half beggared inhabitants, I could but feel while standing in the Holy Sepulchre, that I was bound anew to the brotherhood of the past, and could understand experimentally something of that feeling which had burned in the hearts of millions of earth's children, leading them to bow in tenderness and love at the tomb of the departed Master.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA, *Nov.*, 1868.

ADDRESS OF THE GRAND MASTER.

Before the Grand Communication, at Springfield, October 6th and 7th, A. L. 5868.

BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE:—Masonry teaches us that, "before entering upon any great and important undertaking, it is necessary to invoke the blessing of God." When we reflect that, in answer to our prayers at the close of the last communication of this grand body, we have been abundantly blessed through another masonic year with health and peace throughout our borders—with a bountiful supply of every thing necessary to our earthly comfort—with rich and superabundant harvests, the reward of honest labor, insomuch that under their weight the earth fairly groans—ought not our hearts swell with emotions of gratitude to the Giver of all good gifts, and our souls break forth in praise to Him for His watchful care over us.

We have met again in Annual Grand Communication, without any conflicting interests to disturb the harmony of our deliberations. We meet, I trust, "in the unity of the spirit and the bond of peace." In view of these facts, and in harmony with my own feelings, and, I have no doubt, with yours also, I deem it highly appropriate to repeat within your hearing, that good old psalm, so familiar to all: "Behold, how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the precious ointment upon the head, that run down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard, that went down to the skirts of his garment. As the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore." This psalm seems to me more beautiful than it ever did before, and, in repeating it, the tender chords of the heart are moved, and vibrate as they are touched by the beauteous sentiment; and the swelling breezes from heaven, as they glide gently along, catch the inspiration, and the soul is filled with sweet music, rich with melodious sounds, causing our entire emotional nature to be moved while contemplating that God is Love.

In conformity to the instructions of this grand body at its last session, I divided the State into twelve districts, and appointed a District Deputy Grand Master in each. The counties composing each of said districts, and the brothers appointed as Deputies, may be seen

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by reference to the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of 1867. These brothers have rendered valuable service, and have relieved me very much in the discharge of my official duties. My anticipations as to the benefits which would result to Masonry in this State from districting and the appointment of District Deputies in each district, have been more than realized. In a jurisdiction as large as this, with nearly six hundred lodges and over twenty-five thousand Masons, and the number increasing every year, some system must be adopted to relieve the Grand Master of the great burden imposed upon him; and I know of no plan that will accomplish this better than that of appointing District Deputies. The correspondence alone of the Grand Master nearly equals that of the Governor of the State. I again urge upon you the necessity of adopting permanently this or some other plan, by which the Grand Master may be relieved of the immense labor he would otherwise have to perform, and the wants of the Craft be more promptly attended to. I would recommend that, by resolution or otherwise, the districting of the State and the appointment of Deputies in each district to be made a permanent part of our organization, and that the powers and duties of the Deputies be well defined by the Grand Lodge.

Bro. John C. Reynolds, who was appointed for the purpose, has done much towards rescuing the history of the old Grand Lodge of Illinois, and the Lodges subordinate to it and other grand jurisdictions, "from oblivion." His able report, which will be placed in your hands, will be, I have no doubt, read with much interest. Bro. Reynolds is entitled to the grateful thanks of the Fraternity for his indefatigable and successful labors, in bringing to light much of the history of the old Grand Lodge of Illinois, which has been covered over with the accumulated rubbish of many years.

The committee appointed by the Grand Lodge, and who were authorized to receive bids from the several cities desiring the permanent location of the Grand Lodge, report that they advertised for bids in papers published in Chicago, Quincy, and Springfield. The bids which were received are in the hands of the Grand Secretary.

I urgently recommend that some action be taken during the present communication which will secure the building of a Grand Lodge Hall, which the Craft can call their own, and which shall be sufficiently commodious to accommodate them when they come up to Grand Lodge. If I should be called on to devise a plan by which the necessary means could be raised to build a Grand Lodge Hall, I would suggest that each Lodge in the State, or the members thereof, be called upon to contribute or subscribe, in the way of stock, on an average, three hundred dollars. Assuming that there are six hundred lodges under our jurisdiction, this would give us a sum of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars. I feel confident that this average could be maintained. While there may be, and doubtless are, a considerable number of Lodges that could not take this amount, yet a large majority of them could—and quite a number of the older and wealthier ones would—more than make up the deficit created by the Lodges which fell below it. The mem-

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bers of the Grand Lodge have been at the mercy of others long enough, and have been compelled to meet in places wholly unsuited for a Lodge meeting, where the Grand Lodge could not be opened in due form, nor order preserved when it was opened. Brothesr, it is high time we had a hall of our own—one worthy of the Craft of this grand jurisdiction. Shall we have it? The Craft are ready, and only await the action of this grand body. If I have trespassed upon the duties assigned the Grand Lodge Hall Committee, in saying what I have above, I beg pardon.

Our R. W. Grand Secretary, after a zealous and faithful service of eighteen years, has decided to retire from the office he has graced and the position he has so ably filled. When he took possession of the office from the hands of our lamented Past Grand Master Warren, in 1851, he found but a few remnants which had escaped the explosion and conflagration in Peoria in 1850, while the office was in the possession of Past Grand Master Pickett. That was at a singular point in our history. Bro. Wm. Mitchell was re-elected Grand Secretary in 1849, at Chicago. He died immediately thereafter, and M. W. Thomas J. Pickett was appointed. In the winter following Bro. Pickett had the archives in his printing office, beneath which was a drug store. An explosion was followed by a fire; his brother was killed, the printing office consumed, and our archives destroyed. A Grand Lodge of Recovery was held in this city in April, when Past Grand Master Warren was called to a second service, which he discharged until October, 1851, when he declined a re-election, and the present incumbent was elected. One small trunk then held all the archives of this Grand Lodge, and such as were necessary were transported to and from this city until 1858, when they amounted to a wagon-load.

Bro. Reynolds found many Lodges dormant; many more in arrears for dues, and much confusion existed in regard to many matters. The dues were soon paid, and several Lodges revived and resumed work. After an existence of eleven years, in a population of over eight hundred thousand, there were less than two thousand affiliated members. It was mainly through his efforts, persistent and determined, that non-affiliated Masons were induced to affiliate or assist in forming new Lodges; and that voluntary non-affiliation was declared unlawful and unmasonic. By means of this, more than any other thing, are our Lodges so prosperous in numbers, and our Grand Lodge so majestic and imposing, with its thirty thousand affiliated members.

The extraordinary condition of the Craft, so gratifying to every Freemason, is largely the result of the close and ready contact of our R. W. brother with the brothers and Lodges, in all matters of correspondence, information, and counsel. The Grand Lodge could never have succeeded in paying mileage and per diem, and the ordinary and contingent expenses of the Grand Lodge, upon the rate now paid, but for his suggestion to do the committee work before hand, and thus shorten the session two or three days. By this means we have carried several heavy burthens, and without any visi-

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ble embarrassment. This Grand Lodge is now in a position to acquire a steady and rapidly accumulating income from its surplus means, without in any manner increasing the taxation. All his labors have been directed to the building up the Fraternity, and promoting the honor of this Grand Lodge. It has been a mistaken idea that his heaviest labors were during our sessions. They have, instead, been unremitted, by night and by day, throughout the whole year, especially since his residence in Springfield, until he has earned, among all the Grand Secretaries in the United States, the highest place for industry, records, proceedings, statistics, and reports. During the first years of his service he was scantily paid, as well as during the term of the late war. His reputation, fame, and character belong to us, and some fitting and substantial testimonial should be given him by this grand body.

Brothers, before retiring from the office of Grand Master of Masons, permit me to again return my sincere thanks for the partiality shown me in elevating me to this high position one year ago, and for the uniform kindness which I have received at the hands of the Craft during the past masonic year. I can truly say, that I retire without the least feeling of enmity against any member of the Craft. My endeavors have been to keep peace among the brothers; how far I have succeeded in doing this, is for you to determine.

J. R. GORIN.

There is an orator out West whose praise is thus sounded by a cotemporary: "I have repeatedly heard the most famous men in America; but there are times when the flame of his pathos licks the everlasting hills with a roar that moves your soul to depths fathomed by few other men."

LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW CITY HALL OF DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

BY HON. S. C. COFFINBERRY, G. M.

A MAGNIFICENT and imposing procession was formed in the usual manner, and marched through several of the principal streets to the City Hall. Then prayer, by Bishop McCoskrey, was offered to the Almighty Ruler of Nations.

Music—"Star Spangled Banner."

Then an address by the Mayor, followed by an historical sketch of Detroit, by Judge Walker. Then music—"Detroit Knight Templars' Quickstep."

At the close, Grand Master Coffinberry advanced to the stand, while every ear was eager to catch the words and understand the sentiments, that should be uttered by the profound Masonic orator, who spoke as follows:

BRETHREN OF THE GRAND LODGE—You have been assembled to assist in laying the corner stone of the new City Hall of Detroit.

The occasion is one of deep interest, inasmuch as it marks an important incident in the history of this beautiful city.

The ceremony in which we are about to engage is one of deep solemnity, inasmuch as it has been handed down through our order, from those ages when all learning, both moral and scientific, was taught through allegories and mystic symbols, and by rites which were pregnant with sacred truths.

It was the practice of our ancient brethren, in carrying on the operations of their craft, to travel in societies or

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associations, and to engage in the erection of temples and other stupendous edifices. Before entering upon the labor of these superstructures, it was their custom, first, to erect their lodges or temporary dwellings near the foundation of the new work, and then, with peculiar ceremonies, to lay the foundation stone in the north-east corner of the building.

This custom, with others of the ancient builders, has been transmitted through our order to the present time, and, as all public edifices become records in the history of a people, it is very proper that their commencement should be marked by such impressive ceremonies as tend to give importance to it as an event of history.

These public buildings stand as monuments to mark human progressions in the advancement of ages. They stand as significant land-marks along the path of time, on which mankind enacts a history, which, in many instances, may be found recorded only in these monuments and their solemn ruins.

In overturning the desolations of Nineveh and of Memphis, and in groveling among the ruins of Palmyra, of the Desert and of ancient Baalbec, we read the character of the people who erected them; and, in their broken and crumbling architecture, we study the science of the earlier ages of the world.

Here, this hour, we deposit the corner stone of one of the historical monuments of ages. We add another page to the annals of the human race. Here we record for future generations to read, all that may be considered important in the present history of this city and the civil state with the names of their several magistracy.

In the erection of this edifice it is recorded that here civilization arose in a desolate wilderness and asserted her supremacy by the erection of a temple to peace and a shrine to justice—that here was reared a sacred sanctuary, where wisdom assembled her sages and held solemn council in behalf of humanity—that here the weak flew for protection, and the oppressed assembled for redress—that here justice nicely poised her balances and unsheathed her two-edged sword—that here virtue received her reward, and crime was compelled to retribute.

The very spot where we stand is rich in historical reminiscences. Within a few years four nations have asserted dominion over it—the native red man, the Gaul, the Briton and the Young American. We here record in history this day, the significant fact that in 1868 the citizens of a Republic of freemen erect a temple to universal liberty, and the equal rights of man in the "*Campus Martius*" of a despotic monarchy of 1760.

Such are the mutations of human power, the changes of civil dominion and the revolutions of time.

Long may our system of human government, based on the theory of equal rights and moral equities, continue its guarantees to us and to our posterity through those philosophical institutes which this new City Hall is erected to preserve and to perpetuate.

Thus we record; let future ages read.

God hath given to mankind a common library—his works; and to every man a proper book—Himself.

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THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M.D.

["THE gavel is an instrument made use of by operative Masons to break off the corners of rough stones, the better to fit them for the builder's use. But we, as Free and Accepted Masons, are taught to make use of it for the more noble and glorious purpose of divesting our minds and consciences of all the vices and superfluities of life, thereby fitting us as living stones for that Spiritual building—that House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens."—*Masonic Monitor.*]

Not long in this Terrestrial Tent,
  This home of Dust and Clay;
Where cares, and hopes, and fears are blent,
Its tenancy a favor lent,
  The immortal *man* shall stay.

Hope, hope, how cheerily comest thou,
  Ere this frail house shall fall;
Telling of the fair Mansions now,
Where bright triumphant Seraphs bow,
  That House prepared for all.

And can it, shall it ever be,
  Sweet home of pure delight,
That one obscure, unknown like me,
Thy Towers, thy Domes, thy Spires shall see
  Burnished with golden light.

But treading long "the checkered floor,"
  Where "good and ill" combine,
Has taught my wandering thoughts to soar
Where doubt invades my hopes no more,
  In that Celestial clime.

That "*Home Eternal* and in *Heaven*,"
  How firm these structures stand;
While *this* as by a tempest riven,
Shall sink *beneath* the billows driven,
  By Time's resistless hand.

O home, sweet home of Joy and Rest,
  Worth more than all our pain,
Happy to be of thee possessed
To meet with friends forever blest,
  And with them live again.

Far, far beyond Time's eddying tide
  That *House* securely stands.
No ocean waves extending wide
Shall ever kindred hearts divide,
  As now in distant lands.

GALESBURG, MICH., *Nov.*, 1868.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS.

BY M. E. GEO. W. LININGER, GRAND HIGH PRIEST.

COMPANIONS: Another masonic year is gone, and the record is in the hands of the Supreme Recorder above. By will of Divine Providence, we are again permitted to hold our annual meeting around the altar of Masonry. It behooves us as men, and especially as Masons, to reflect with untiring care upon the past; for by its light alone and the blessings of the Supreme High Priest of the Universe shall we be enabled to do work good, true, and square, such work as is wanted for the building of that temple that is to be tried by the Grand Overseer's square.

Many questions of masonic law have been asked and answered during the year, few of which are important enough to detail. Copies of all questions and answers are in the hands of the Grand Secretary, where they may remain, or if you see proper, they can be referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence.

It is proper—nay, it is duty—that every Grand Chapter legislate for the benefit of the Craft, prescribe rules for their government, decide what are the offences against masonic law, and determine the mode and degree of punishment for the same. Companions, though this our Mystic Temple may be prosperous in its outward appearances though it may, and, without doubt, does have the manifestations of un-

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wonted growth, yet, I fear that within its organism are being deposited seeds of evil, which, if allowed to remain, develop, and produce fruit, will sap the virtue of our beloved structure, leaving a dry and leafless shell, or, what is more to be feared, a mis-named covering for evil deeds and wrong living. Its very prosperity gives the more cause for solicitude. In the natural world rapidity of growth is accompanied by a delicacy of structure and an acute susceptibility. This is true with political growth, and also with the growth of civic organizations. The wise man will see the forecast shadow of evil, and guard against its approach. Companions, let me say that it will be too late to legislate when the world sends corruption upon our very *banners*. There is merit in the tenets of our Order, and by the help of all true Masons and the Supreme Architect and *Workman* above, they shall prevail. At this time particularly, while mad creakers and fanatical moral tyrants assail us with a display of platitudes, old yet *new* whenever Masonry is the theme, should we be diligent in guarding our courts, that no faults are presented as targets for continued aim, and holding aloft our principles, firmly adhered to. If we do this with fidelity, we have *now* the assurance that our Order will ever prosper to bless mankind.

Now, we have solemnly promised that we would redouble our endeavors to correct the vices, purify the morals, and promote the happiness of our companions. We have promised to be good men and true, and strictly to obey the moral law. We have all promised to guard against intemperance and excess, and it is the especial duty of some of us to see that the Craft do not convert the means of refreshment into intemperance and excess. Notwithstanding these solemn pledges, it is a lamentable fact that the intemperate use of alcoholic drinks is the cause of more trouble to the Fraternity than all others combined. Now, while we may not dictate what a Mason shall eat, drink, or wear, we *may insist that he be temperate in all things or cease to be a Mason*. Are we not early and constantly taught to make a proper division of our time and talents, and use all temperately. A case for my official decision was presented during the past year upon this same subject, the facts of which are, briefly, as follows: A railroad company (all honor to her managers) enjoined temperance on the part of her employes. An engineer, a Royal Arch Mason, was discharged for drunkenness by the foreman, a Mark Master, after repeatedly warning him that it must in *duty be* done if the drunkenness was not stopped. When the foreman asked promotion in the Chapter, the discharged engineer objected. I advised that charges be preferred against the Royal Arch Mason, and that if there were no other objections made, the Mark Master be advanced. Now, was this right? Are railroad companies to *lead* in moral questions, or will social and religious organizations stand up to *their* duty and exalted privilege in these matters.

Profanity is a growing vice in the land, against which all true Masons will guard with persistent effort. The good name of a brother is too often assailed by the tongue of a Mason. These things ought not so to be, companions,

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and I most earnestly urge upon you at this time to take some decisive action, to the end that we do not retrogade, that we may show to the world without, that while we are willing to throw about the foibles of a brother the broad mantle of charity, yet are we so governed by immutable principles that wickedness and excess will ever receive our hearty rebuke.

At our last annual convocation you instructed me to appoint a committee of five, whose duty it should be to determine upon and present Chapter work for the consideration of this Grand Chapter. I accordingly appointed M. E. Comps. H. W. Hubbard, W. M. Egan, L. L. Munn, O. H. Miner, and John M. Pearson. Too much praise cannot be given this committee for the manner in which they have performed their duty. They had in their possession nearly, if not all, of the different kinds of work now in use, and discussed with much care and deliberation each and every sentence. After laboring for more than two weeks, with that zeal and fidelity for which these men are noted in their masonic history, they decided on what I believe to be good work—as good, perhaps, as we shall get, though years be spent upon it. It is high time that the Grand Chapter of the State of Illinois stand alone in this matter. We have drawn our information from so many different sources, that the committee found it impossible to determine what the work of the State *now* is, scarcely two Chapters working alike. The work is not *new*, but, if adopted by this Grand Chapter, will insure uniformity throughout the State—a desideratum worthy of much effort.

I would recommend, should the work presented by the committee, and which I hope will be fully exemplified before we separate, meet your approval, that it be put in such form as to dispense with lecturers upon work, a matter which can be easily and safely done. I would not discontinue the lecturers; but, on the contrary, keep a full corps in the field, and instead of lecturing upon work, have them devote their energies to the moral and social welfare of the Craft.

I would recommend that you declare, by resolution, or otherwise, your understanding of Sec. 7, Art. 3, of the Constitution, so as to make it obligatory upon Chapters to give notice of rejections, expulsions, and suspensions, as is now done by the *Blue Lodge*. Some trouble has already been caused, and much more will be, if you remain silent on the subject.

It is believed that proficiency should be a condition of promotion. Would it not be better, then, to examine candidates in open Chapter in degrees already received, before being advanced?

I wish to call your attention to the fact that we have no laws for the government of trials. This has been a source of annoyance to me during the past year. You may see proper to relieve my successor from the necessity of arbitrary decisions.

The pending amendments to the Constitution should, in my judgment, be adopted. We ought to have more time at our annual meeting for deliberation, and our outer door should be more carefully guarded.

On the 15th day of September, in

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company with Comps. Miner, Gorin, and our Grand Secretary, I attended the triennial meeting of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, at St. Louis. Of the proceedings and interesting details of the occasion, I need not inform you—the press has deprived me of that privilege. Permit me to say, however, that in hospitality, cordial generosity, and magnificence of entertainment, St. Louis has outmasoned Masons.

Although previously of a different opinion, I am prepared now to say that the fraternal bonds made and strengthened by these General Grand Convocations, are reason sufficient why they should be continued. True Masons will not lose the opportunity of developing that embryo in every human breast, which, by the *greed* of the world, is held latent to a deplorable degree, and which, when developed and exercised, causes the spontaneous exclamation from wondering tongues, "Behold how these men love one another."

And now, companions, after thanking you most heartily for the honor conferred by electing me to the highest office in your gift, let me congratulate you on the general prosperity of our Order, and while I invoke the blessing of Almighty God for the noble work which you have accomplished in this broad State, I also implore for you His Divine assistance in the maintenance of your present integrity, and in the discharge of your increasing and arduous duties. I retire from this office with the consciousness that less has been done, and that not so well done, as might have been had you chosen from your number some one more skilled and less engrossed in business. He who passes this chair, and learns not the lesson that earnest *labor* is one of the great requirements of our Order, and fails to impress that upon the minds of the listening representatives of the Craft, discharges not his whole duty. *Labor*, then, for by labor alone can we expect the harvest.

And now, that I am about to withdraw from your companionship, to seek the companionship of Masons in another State, I carry with me a full and grateful heart.

KNIGHTS TEMPLAR EMBLEMS.

In *Clarke's Heraldry* will be found the following illustrations of the emblems of the Knights Templar, which will undoubtedly be read with interest by our Companions of the Chivalric Order:

"The dress of the *Pilgrim* was an under vest with an *outer robe*, having half open sleeves, showing the under sleeves, which continued to the wrists. On his head, a broad-brimmed *hat*, with a shell in front; on his feet, *sandals*, or short laced boots; in his hand a *staff*, and by his side a *scrip*.

"*An Escollop Shell* was the Pilgrim's ensign in their pilgrimages to holy places. They were worn on their hoods and hats, and were of such a distinguishing character that Pope Alexander IV., by a bull, forbade the use of them but to pilgrims who were truly noble.

"A *Calvary Cross* represents the cross on which our Saviour suffered on Mount Calvary, and is always set upon *three steps*, termed grices. The three steps, are said to signify the three qualities whereby we mount up to Christ, 'Hope, Faith and Charity.'

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"A *Patriarchal Cross* is so called from its being appropriated to patriarchs. It is said the Patriarchal Cross is crossed twice, to denote that the work of redemption, which was wrought on the cross, extended to both Jews and Gentiles.

"The *Crozier* (according to Polydore Virgil) was given to bishops to chastize the vices of the people. It is called *Baculis Pastoralis*, as given to them in respect to their pastoral charge and superintendence over their flocks, as well as for feeding them with wholesome doctrine, as for defending them from the incursions of the wolf, wherein they imitate the good and watchful shepherd, to whose crook this crozier has a resemblance.

"The *Cock* is a bird of noble courage; he is always prepared for battle, having his comb for a *helmet*, his beak for a *cutlass* to wound the enemy, and is a complete warrior, armed *cap-a-pie*. He hath legs armed with *spurs*, giving example to the valiant soldier, to resist dangers by fight and not by flight." —*Key Stone.*

GRAND CHAPTER, INDIANA.

Dear Brother Billings — We closed yesterday one of the most harmonious convocations of our Grand Chapter, at Fort Wayne, that we have ever had. Nearly all the subordinate Chapters were represented. We had not a single case of grievance to adjust. Our subordinates are mostly flourishing, and doing a great deal of work, yet they are guarding well the entrance. We granted charters to eight new chapters; in fine, we may say, that Capitulary Masonry is in a very flourishing condition, in Indiana. The companions at Fort Wayne acquitted themselves nobly in their attentions to the Grand Chapter. They seemed to vie as to who could do the most to make the Grand Chapter and visiting companions feel at home during their stay. They gave the Grand Chapter and visiting companions one of the finest banquets we ever attended. *Companion Freeman*, H. P., of *Fort Wayne Chapter*, made himself decidedly useful in getting up the banquet, and at the tables he seemed to be perfectly happy, waiting on the companions and making them feel they had done a good thing in coming to Fort Wayne. The banquet was prepared at the Myers House, and all praise is due to the gentlemanly proprietors for the magnificent repast provided. We retired from the banquet, feeling it had been good for us to be there.

They have in Fort Wayne one of the finest halls in the state. It is tastefully finished and arranged, the ceiling representing the starry-decked Heavens. All this may be attributed to the labor, zeal and liberality of P. G. H. P. *Sol. D. Bayless*, who resides in Fort Wayne. *Comp. Bayless* was sick and not able to be with us, which we all regretted very much, indeed, for he has been with us so long in our annual convocations that he has become one of the fixtures for labor in the general bodies. Few men, if any, have labored more assiduously for Masonry, in Indiana, than has Comp. Bayless; no man is more devoted to the interests of the craft than he. A worthy Comp. in distress never goes away from him unprovided. His hand is always open to the relief of the

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widow and orphan of a Mason. He has, perhaps, given as much to distressed Masons, widows and orphans, to the poor generally, to the cause of education and religion, as any man in the state, according to his ability, in consequence of which he has drawn around him a host of warm, devoted friends.

At the earnest request of Comp. Bayless, the General Chapter visited him at his residence in a body the second day of the session, about noon, and entered his capacious parlors and large room adjoining, where he was lying, where we witnessed one of the most affecting scenes it has ever been our lot to behold. After the Comps. had all taken him by the hand, our G. H. P. Hazelrigg addressed him on behalf of the Comps. present, in a few as appropriate and well-timed remarks as it has ever been our good fortune to listen, relating their long acquaintance, and alluding very touchingly to his devotion to the order. His remarks were delivered with such emotion as almost to forbid utterance. At the close of the remarks, and at the request of Comp. Bayless, we offered up our devotions to Deity with the Grand Chaplain, Leach, in which Comp. Bayless joined very heartily. All hearts present swelled with melancholy pleasure, and many eyes wept profusely. We all left, feeling thankful to the Giver of all good, and, we trust, all resolved to be better men, and better Masons.

Comp. Bayless said to the Grand Chaplain that he felt that the *Grand High Priest* above approved his work, forgave his impropriety, and that he should receive his wages, and through the mercy of the Lion of the tribe of Judah, gain an entrance into that house not made with hands. So mote it be.

Officers elected and installed for the ensuing year, as follows:

M. E. H. G. Hazelrigg, G. H. P.
M. E. R. J. Chesnutwoud, D. G. H. P.
M. E. Hugh Hannah, G. K.
M. E. Wm. Thomas, G. S.
M. E. Charles Fisher, G. T.
M. E. John Bramwell, G. R.
E. John Leach, G. C.
E. J. C. Bennett, G. C. H.
E. Wm. Roach, G. R. A. C.
E. Wm. Black, G. G.

JOHN LEACH.

WHAT FREEMASONRY IS NOT.

IT is not a merely convivial society. It is not a benefit society. It is not a merely secret society. And yet, paradoxical as it may appear, Freemasonry is a society, social, charitable and secret. It eminently cultivates the social virtues, and affords ample opportunities for their exercise in the hours of relaxation and refreshment. I care not for the taunts of those not of our Order who are opposed to, nor have I any sympathy for those within our pale who would dispense with, the social enjoyments attached to our meetings, which, agreeable in themselves, tend, by the amenities they encourage to reconcile animosities and smooth asperities which may have arisen—and which, I fear, are inseparable from every society, however exclusive, owing to the innate frailty and weakness of our humanity. It is certainly not a benefit society, as the qualifications required in its members at once militate against any such idea; and yet, its charities are noble and munificent to a high degree. It is a secret society only in regard to the means by which its members are bound one to another, for the purpose of recognition and the prevention of fraud and imposture. Its influence is widely extended; its usefulness co-extensive with civilization; its sympathy and aid cordially extended and cheerfully rendered where ever misery and distress are to be found.—*National Freemason.*

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EDITORIAL.

WISDOM AND HER CHILDREN.

THERE is a wise saying on record, "That wisdom is justified of her children." This is unquestionably true, whether it pertains to what is called the wisdom of this world, or the wisdom of the Ruler of the universe.

We are impressed with a firm faith, that whatever is demonstrated in the revelations of God to man, whether we read it in nature, or find it on record any where else, is true, and when understood, will harmonize with His wisdom. We shall find it easy to be entreated, full of mercy, good fruits, without partiality, and always free from hypocrisy. This kind of wisdom is justified of her children. It harmonizes with every thing good, and causes those who are governed and guided by her, to act wisely, and speak the truth.

So the wisdom of this world is justified of her children. But different results follow. One works for the good of humanity, the other against it. This kind of wisdom is not easy to be entreated, possesses no mercy, full of evil fruits, partial, and hypocritical.

This is the characteristic feature of that wisdom connected with this world, and she is ever represented by her offspring. Cruelty, intolerance, jealousy, ignorance and slander are her. children, and they justify their parent. We find illustrated in the anti-masonic crusade which is being so vigorously carried on now by Finney, Blanchard & Co., a complete exemplification of this truth.

We do not mention these enemies, who falsify Masonry, in order to give them more prominence; but to show that it is not in their power to injure the long fostered, and well established institution of Masonry. We firmly believe that every attempt made by them will be wisely turned by God, and such means used, that will advance the great principles of Masonry. That their slanders will develop many unwritten truths, which are only recorded upon the page of the secret ledger as evidence against them. It is not the province of the right hand of Masonry to reveal what her left hand doeth, only in self-defence, to repel the slanders which are promulgated, and which, in a great measure, deceive the ignorant. We, therefore, feel justified to reveal to the world wherein Masonry has been a good Samaritan in the family of Rev. C. G. Finney.

In the city of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Mr. Finney has a son named after himself, who is a worthy member of the masonic Fraternity. This Brother Finney, a few years ago, was accidentally shot, and came very near losing his life. His brothers of the lodge took him in charge, watched over him by day and by night, and by constant care, sympathy and love for their esteemed brother, his life was saved, and he recovered. And the lodge paid some eighty dollars to experienced watchers to take care of him, and provide for his wants. This was told us by the members of the lodge.

Yet, Mr. Finney, Sen., can so steel-harden his conscience, and declare that the good deeds and the "benevolence of Freemasonry is a sham." The influence of this base and vile institution, as he represents it, crossed the threshold of his family circle, and in true masonic love, duty and sympathy, comforted and cheerfully supplied the wants of one who is, un-

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doubtedly, dear to him. Still, like the Pharisees of old, he can come into court and testify falsely against Masonry and masons.

He oils his tongue with slander, and utters his bitter, false and poisonous denunciations against Masonry with his falsifying lips. If we must believe him,—although we have no evidence that he tells the truth—he has obligated himself to do the very thing to a brother Mason in distress that his son received. But he has gone out from us, and, Judas-like, has betrayed the Order, as he represents.

It must appear to every true Mason that he who can become so low as to utter the sayings that he has, must ever have been a rough, uncouth, and a rotten ashler. It hardly seems credible that a person who has had the moral and Christian advantages thrown around him, could utter such bitterness. Say nothing about what Masonry has done for his selfish and illiberal soul.

It appears to us that he has partaken very largely of the spirit of that august assemblage, who, without a cause, condemned a prominent individual of the world's history, when no crime could be proven, but from the vileness of their own corrupt hearts, cried, "Away with him, put him to death."

In all ages of the world, prejudice, bigotry and fanaticism have condemned without judge, jury or witness. Every principle must be discarded which does not harmonize with the narrowness of bigots. All individuals antagonistic to them must be condemned and executed without evidence.

Prejudice and intolerance are sustained, and supported by self-righteousness and slander. And the minds which feed upon such moral dainties, will utter falsehoods against every principle and person who condemns them in their course. It is surprisingly strange that the Rev. Mr. Finney will so persistently revile Masons and Masonry, when they have been such noble benefactors in his own family.

An individual who will do this, needs the converting power of *God* and *truth* again, to prepare his heart anew to the appreciation of the divine favor. A true, heart and soul conversion to God, and every thing right, will close the mouth of the slanderer; and he will be taught to love and curse not. A draught from the pure fountain of truth, of love, and the espousing of the benign principles of Christianity, or the precepts of Masonry will make him good, and will not allow him to revile his enemies, much less his true friends.

OUR PRECIOUS STONES.

THERE are some kinds of stone that are never used as material in building, nor operated upon by the gavel or hammer of the Mason. They are not found in the quarry, nor removed from their resting-place by the pick-ax, the crowbar, or the blast. The arch and the pillar, the key-stone and the chapter are constructed without their aid. Not so much because they are naturally unsuited to such use, or incapable of any part in construction, or because they are too precious, and too refined in their natures, to occupy positions more suited to those of coarser texture.

Of course, we here refer to the diamond, ruby, emerald, and other gems of like character. They, with those of cruder formation, all come under the general name of stones. They are never used in constructing the walls that Masonry erects, but these walls are frequently built to protect and preserve them from depredation. The strongest possible efforts of the art, assisted by the heaviest and most intricate machinery of bolts and bars, are often employed to secure their safety. This, it should be observed, is owing to the exceedingly precious estimation in which they are held. The effort to possess and preserve is in proportion to their valuation, for if we did not set great store by them, we would care but little about their preservation. They are really more highly prized than gold itself, or any other earthly treasure. A piece of gold, of the size and weight of a diamond, is not worth near as much, and the great diamond of crown

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jewels of Great Britain could not be bought for many hundred times its weight in gold.

As parallel to this train of reflections, we mention that Freemasonry also has her precious stones—jewels that are more precious than silver or gold. They are so much more valuable than mere building stone, that, like the other jewels of which we have been speaking, walls are built to protect them. We refer, of course, to our mothers, wives, daughters and sisters. They are not seen in our lodges for the same reason that precious stones are not in walls and arches. They do not belong there. Our lodges are built to protect them, for let us assure our lady readers, that though they are not expected to join us and take part in our rough work and subject themselves to the discipline of the lodge, yet they are surrounded by a cordon of faithful hearts ready to avenge the first look that would threaten them with insult. There is no mother, wife, daughter or sister of either of us that all the others are not bound to protect as his own. Thus our precious stones have no place in the construction of our walls, and the outside objection that Masonry does not admit women to its lodges is without force.

S. Ashton.

THE GRAND COMMUNICATION OF ILLINOIS.

This strong and powerful organization convened in its Annual Communication on the 6th and 7th of October, 5868. A large delegation were in attendance from the subordinate lodges. Near fifty new lodges were chartered and admitted into the great family as co-laborers in the masonic vineyard.

The annual gathering of the Grand Lodge was made more interesting than usual, by its being preceded by one of the most magnificent celebrations upon record connected with the craft in our beautiful state. The laying of the corner stone of the new state house was a splendid affair. Grand Master Gorin, assisted by his proper grand officers, performed the customary services with that accuracy which made the brotherhood feel proud and thankful to God for the sublime ceremonies of our Fraternity. All who were privileged to partake seemed to express a glow of gratitude to the Giver of all good, for the beneficial influences of these social institutions. After the stone was placed in its appropriate position, and the work pronounced well done, the members, with many others, were marched to the Springfield skating rink, where some twelve hundred Masons were seated at the banquet, and partook of the rich viands that were freely furnished by the good citizens of Springfield, and arranged by the Messrs. Leland.

This social interview of the Grand Lodge forms one of the strong links in the chain of the history of masonry in this jurisdiction long to be remembered.

There was much business transacted, some of which should adorn the historic page, while some things would mar the page of any history. This turning the sessions of our Grand Communications into a pattern of some political caucus and pipe-laying is, to say the least, most outrageously unmasonic. This electioneering in and about the temple of Masonry is a bad feature, and intolerable.

The practice of politicians is, to go out and button-hole every voter, and the people are led up to the polls as the sheep is to the slaughter. But in and about the masonic temple every one should be left to his own free will, and go out after the man whose every qualification they think best fits him for the station.

We have no particular objections to make to any whose fortune it was to be selected at this Grand Communication. We have no "ax to grind;" yet we feel justified to raise our voice against the practice that seems to prevail in many of our jurisdictions.

The Grand Lodge of Illinois has become a great body, capable of wielding a powerful influence for good or evil. Therefore, it behooves every true craftsman to watch all the avenues to masonry. It is the duty of every mason to discountenance all un-

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masonic conduct. Yet speak in terms of kindness of those who may thoughtlessly err and walk astray. It should be the desire of all true masons to have the work upon the temple go up plumb, and all the materials fitted to corner together and prove a perfect symmetrical edifice.

As a general thing, we firmly believe that the mass of our brotherhood are right in their motives, and intend to do all in their power for the good of masonry. We do not expect that all will see through our glasses, any more than we can through theirs. Still, it is the province of every member to kindly caution all against every appearance of evil.

The following brothers were elected for the ensuing masonic year:

ELECTIONS.

H. G. Reynolds, Springfield, Grand Master.

D. C. Cregier, Chicago, Deputy.

J. A. Hawley, Dixon, S. G. Warden.

G. E. Lounsbury, Mound City, J. G. Warden.

Harrison Dills, Quincy, G. Treasurer.

Orlin H. Miner, Springfield, G. Secretary.

D. P. Bunn, Champaign, G. Chaplain.

Joseph Robbins, Quincy, G. Orator.

John P. Ferns, Chicago, G. Tyler.

THE GRAND COUNCIL

convened, and accomplished the business necessary for its perpetuity.

ELECTIONS.

John M. Pearson, Alton, G. Puissant.

Wm. M. Avise, Deputy.

H. W. Hubbard, G. Th. Illustrious.

W. A. Levanway, G. P. Con. of Work.

Charles Fisher, Springfield, G. Treasurer.

J. C. Reynolds, Springfield, G. Recorder.

Charles Spalding, G. Capt. Guard.

A. R. Robinson, G. Sentinel.

GRAND CHAPTER.

This grand organization has become a power in our state; not to control politics or mold religion, but to assist in molding the morals of the people, to carry the walls of her magnificent temple up plumb.

ELECTIONS.

James H. Miles, Chicago, G. H. P.

John M. Pearson, Alton, Deputy.

A. A. Murray, Decatur, G. King.

James A. Hawley, G. Scribe.

H. G. Reynolds, Springfield, G. Secretary.

Harrison Dills, Quincy, G. Treasurer.

James C. Luckey, Polo, G. Capt. Host.

W. M. Avise, Quincy, G. Prin, Sojourner.

THE SECRET BALLOT.

THIS is one of the fixed and permanent regulations of the Masonic Order. No one has the right to question the result of a ballot; neither has any one the right to even intimate the character of his own ballot. Every one must take the result as absolute, and from which there can be no friendly or unfriendly legislation.

The law is plain, and there can be no misunderstanding of its import and utility. It starts out with an interpretation that each individual member shall have the undoubted and unqualified privilege to cast just such a ballot, as may seem best to him, for the good of the institution. And that vote must be in *secret*. He can not, and must not show, or tell how he votes, and no one has a right to question or intimate to any one how he voted. If one could be allowed to show his ballot, so as to clear himself, then all could have the same privilege, and in so doing it could be discovered how every one voted, and the secrecy of the ballot would be destroyed.

Then again, even after a ballot has been taken and the candidate declared unanimously elected by the members present, he cannot be made a mason if any member of the lodge objects. From the fact, there must be harmony in the symbolic lodge, or the work must cease.

THE ORDER OF THE SACRED TEMPLE.

MR. BILLINGS, — *Dear Sir:* I have received the September number of the MYSTIC STAR, containing an inquiry from A. M. Graham, of Fort Wayne, Indiana, in regard to the nature, objects, and principles of the Order of the Sacred Temple, and I cheerfully avail myself of your invitation to answer the same through the columns of your valuable journal, although it will be impossible to do full jus-

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tice to the subject in an article of the proper length for your pages.

The Order of the Sacred Temple is a strictly moral institution, and is designed for the social and intellectual improvement of woman. Its membership is limited to the wives, widows, mothers, sisters, daughters and neices of worthy Master Masons. It has four degrees, which teach and exemplify woman's duties in the social, and especially the domestic circle. It has also a degree of "Honorary Brotherhood," which may be conferred upon any Master Mason in good standing, when unanimously elected to receive the same by the temple to which he applies for the degree. But such degree entitles the recipient to no secrets of the order beyond those of the degree itself, and the right of visiting the temple while working in the same. An honorary brother has no voice in the business of the temple, nor any authority to confer the degree, by communication, or otherwise. Yet the degree of Honorary Brotherhood is not to be regarded as a subordinate or side degree, since it is an acknowledged feature of the institution, fully recognized and endorsed by our supreme constitution. Its object is to provide our husbands, fathers, and brothers, with a means of securing those sisterly attentions to which our own obligations entitle them, while we, through the same channel, claim that masonic courtesy and protection, to which we, as the *Worthy* relatives of Worthy Master Masons, are entitled. Thus this degree serves as a connecting link between the Masonic Institution and the Masonic Temple.

The great object of our order is, to unite the mental and moral strength of our own sex, and make those virtues which tend so eminently to grace and adorn the family circle, felt more sensibly upon society, and upon all mankind. The ceremonies of conferring our degrees are exceedingly beautiful and impressive, but as the order is a secret one, I am not at liberty to say more in regard to them. The enterprise is woman's, since the order is the offspring of her genius, and no man can ever lawfully have any knowledge of its secrets, further than those of the degree of Honorary Brotherhood, and no man can exert a controling power, or interfere in any way with our business. Yet we cordially invite, and claim the favor and influence of all good men, in furthering the interests of the Sacred Temple. Nor need any fear that association with this order will render woman less attractive at home. A thousand little rills find their glad way down rugged mountain sides, through flowery meads, and soft embowering shades, and finally, all uniting in one mighty river, sweep on majestically to their great receptacle, and the mighty ocean is the result. So is it the theory of our order, that woman's influence, and holy love, arising in the pure spring of domestic joys, should flow outward and onward in a thousand bright rills of affection and purity, blending their sweetness, and uniting their strength, until it becomes the broad and mighty river, sweeping before it vice and sin, and finally forming a great ocean of "light, life, truth, and beauty" which shall gladden the shore of every land, and smile back its loveliness to God.

We have not excluded our husbands and brothers from a full knowledge of all our degrees, because we would hesitate to entrust them with our secrets, or from a fear that they would disapprove of their objects and influence, but from an honest conviction that in our earnest efforts to elevate, and improve our sex morally and intellectually, we can labor more successfully alone.

Our reasons for making our society a secret one, I shall not attempt to give here, because it could not be well done in a brief article like this, and because the same arguments that are advanced in supporting other secret orders of a similar nature, may with equal justice be applied to the Sacred Temple. We can not boast, as can masons, of the antiquity of our order, but we remember that there must have been a time when even masonry was young, and yet contained the same ele-

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ments of life and prosperity as now. So the Sacred Temple contains, we believe, the elements of success in its composition. It has already met and overcome great obstacles, and we hope and expect to see it yet standing beside masonry, as a sister institution, not less worthy, prosperous, and respected, dispensing its rich blessings upon all who come within its benign and genial influence.

Mr. Editor, this article might be extended in length, but is already as long as is proper for your columns, therefore I will close by referring your correspondent, A. M. Graham, and all others who may wish further information in regard to the new order, or who may wish to secure the organization of temples in their own vicinity, to the following ladies, both residents of Hillsdale, Mich.: Mrs. M. A. Hazlett, Supreme Matron of the Supreme Sacred Temple; Mrs. S. W. Cook, Grand Secretary.

A MEMBER.

A GARRISON TAKEN.

AT Hillsboro, Indiana, there was a small insignificant skirmish line of antics formed by the United Brethren church. They commenced their guerrilla warfare upon all secret organizations. Their forces were commanded by the Rev. General Garrison, a broken-down circus-actor.

One of his borrowed assertions was, "that a member of the church could not be an honest man, and be a Mason." This may be true, taking himself as a standard, and, judging by his own moral worthiness, no one could know a part of his assertion better than himself. He knew that he was a stranger to an honest and an upright life, even without Masonry. A feint of Christianity has failed to make him an honest man, and from his stand-point of uprightness, it is very doubtful whether the church and Masonry both could prepare his heart for the work.

The Masons of the place invited another minister, a worthy member of the Christian cause and Masonry, to measure swords with this General Garrison. The enemy was flanked upon the right and left, blockaded in front, and cut off from a retreat. Their big gun was spiked, and *it is now all quiet* in the region of Hillsboro. The fraternity is prospering finely, and watching the enemy, who find some clouds in the East when they present themselves at the outer door of the temple. Good will come out of evil.

ENVY.

ENVY can never hide herself. Her acts are ever visible, and her objects and designs become conspicuous as she attempts to palm herself off for uprightness and honesty. Her accusations are without any foundation in truth or equity; and she judges without truthful witnesses.

She will always exaggerate defects, construe a disappointment into a willful fraud committed by some one chosen as a victim. Her conversation will be as smooth and perfect, to the unsuspecting, as the calm and peaceful lake. Her eyes will sparkle in harmony with the bright sunbeams of heaven, when the heart is filled to overflowing with the gall of bitterness,

She stands out against all truth, with an obstinate will, and fury, against all merit and right. Hasty in conclusions for self, insensible to all moral laws, brutal and inwardly gross.

SCANDAL.

IN a moral point of view, scandal is like a counterfeit bill, or bogus coin. The one who receives and undertakes to pass them as genuine, is considered as guilty as the one who first gave them circulation.

In either case, ignorance can not be made as a plea of justification. We have no business to be ignorant, says the law, in passing bad money. And we certainly have no right to traduce and scandalize the character of another, and plead ignorance. And no one has the right to make an attempt to destroy or impair the reputation of any one, for difference in opinion. When an individual attempts to blast the character of another person, upon the warped judgment of his own mind, he will act selfishly. And the at-

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tempt will result and resolve itself in scandal. And he is morally guilty before all law as a counterfeiter.

MASONIC EMBLEMS.

AGAIN Bro. Ashton has seen proper to publish another article upon the subject of "Wearing Masonic Emblems." We would pass it by unnoticed, were it not for the attempt to interpret the law, as we think, wrongfully.

We have designed THE MYSTIC STAR to be a medium of free expression on all subjects calculated to promote peace, harmony and good-will among the brotherhood. The sentiments expressed by Bro. Ashton in the July number are somewhat smoothed in our October issue. The rough, wire edge is not quite as severe. But we object to his assumed interpretation of the law. We do not understand that G. M. Gorin, in his address, when he discountenanced "the use of Masonic emblems, or signs, or modes of advertising in business, not exclusively Masonic, be forbidden, under penalty of expulsion," had any any allusion whatever to a brother wearing a simple Masonic *pin*, or his *mark*, even in sight. Neither did the committee put that construction upon the Grand Master's address in their report, nor the Grand Lodge, when the report was adopted.

The meaning is not, that a brother subjects himself to *expulsion* if he wears a pin or his mark. From the fact that a large proportion of the members then present, when the report of the committee was adopted, were wearing emblems. At the late session of the Grand Lodge there were many of the members who had upon their person some Masonic emblem. Were any expelled? Were complaints filed against any brother? No; neither could it be done under the law. Simply because that is not the *meaning of the law*. A wrong interpretation of law will do more damage and mischief than the practice which is condemned.

Suppose that this is what the law means, and the system of expulsion for wearing emblems should be enforced, three-fourths of the membership would be *expelled*, and as *worthy* as those who would remain. Could any good come out of such a result? Let the Grand Lodge attempt to enforce such an interpretation of that law, and it would in a short time abandon it as unprofitable business.

The "*fraternal regard*" that one brother may see fit to withhold from another, because he does not see things as he does, or understand the law as he does, *may be Masonic;* if so, it is not the kind of Masonry we have been instructed in.

And it may be possible that when we withhold that "*fraternal regard*," and refuse to "*accord*" it to a brother, we may ourselves suffer the greater loss. It may be among the possibilities; yea, it may be very probable, that when we set ourselves up as the umpires of the motives of others, simply because we see upon their person a Masonic emblem, we may close the door against as good a heart as our own.

OFFICERS OF THE TRIENNIAL GRAND BODIES.

THE General Grand Chapter held its Triennial Convocation in the city of St. Louis, on Sept. 17th, and elected the following officers for the ensuing three years:

Jas. M. Austin, of New York, Gen. G. H. P.

R. S. Brum, of South Carolina, Dep. Gen. G. H. P.

Wm. Hacker, of Indiana, Gen. G. K.

Martin Collins, of Missouri, Gen. G. S.

J. McClellan, of Massachusetts, Gen. G. Treas.

J. D. Caldwell, of Ohio, Gen. G. Sec.

Isaac S. Titus, of California, Gen. G. C. of H.

O. H. Miner, of Illinois, Gen. G. R. A. C.

GRAND ENCAMPMENT.

Wm. S. Gardner, of Massachusetts, G. M.

J. Q. A. Fellows, of Louisiana, Dep. G. M.

K. Jarvis, of Ohio, G. G.

Geo. W. Bell, of Missouri, G. C. Gen.

J. Frizzell, of Tennessee, G. S. W.

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W. C. Munger, of Kentucky, G. J. W.
J. W. Simons, of New York, G. Treas.
J. D. Caldwell, of Ohio, G. R.
A. Creigh, of Pennsylvania, G. S. B.
Wm. Barrett, of New Hampshire, G. S. B.
T. W. Chandler, of Georgia, G. W.

REMITTING MONEY FOR THE "MYSTIC STAR."

We have paid a heavy tax to the purloiners, connected with Uncle Sam's department. There is an outrageous system of mail robberies practiced somewhere. Constantly we are losing money. And hereafter, we say to our subscribers, either REGISTER your letters, or send a POST OFFICE ORDER. Three hundred dollars per annum would not make us good for the losses we have sustained. We can not be responsible any longer for money put into a letter unless it is *registered.*

OBITUARY.

Our esteemed Brother, James Gardner, of Abingdon, Ill., has taken his earthly dimit from his Lodge below to that Grand Lodge above, where perfect peace and harmony reigns; where Divine Wisdom and Love rule supreme over all spirits in that beautiful clime of immortality.

He was a Scotchman by birth, and had returned to the scenes of his childhood, and had scarcely exchanged those friendly greetings ere he was prostrated in death. A man of strict integrity, a ripe scholar, with an unblemished character, and an upright Mason, has left us. May the brotherhood practice his virtues, and strive to leave behind us a life pure and holy.

T. J. Gassett.

Abingdon, Nov. 1868.

HOMŒOPATHIC.

We have received from Prof. C. Woodhouse, a case of medicine, containing forty prescriptions, accompanied with a book of 180 pages, designed for families and travelers. The author has carefully, and in a concise manner, compiled this work for all who are inclined to Homœopathy. The object is to qualify the people to cure themselves of the aches and pains to which humanity is heir.

His *Treatise of Domestic Practice* is valuable in more ways than one. The reader is not compelled to wade through pages to obtain an idea. Over 200 different forms of diseases are noticed, and remedies pointed out in the case for the cure. We admire the book, from the fact it is of itself *Homœopathic;* all verbiage of description is avoided, and consistent with the theory.

The ordinary price of the 40 medicines will cost much more than the book and case altogether.

Book, $1.35; case, $5. The medicines are carefully and properly marked in large vials.

The case and book sent by express for $6.00.

Address, Dr. Charles Woodhouse,
Rutland, Vermont.

THE MASONIC RECORD.

This is a new monthly just issued from Nashville, Tenn. We welcome it with pleasure and extend the right hand of fellowship. May it be a valuable accession to our list, and prove itself well skilled in recording the events of Masonic interest. The number before us looks well, and reads better; 64 pages, $3 00 per annum.

Bro. Parvin has again laid us under obligations for a bound volume of the Grand Lodge proceedings, from 1864 to 1868, inclusive. This is a very valuable work. We truly appreciate the present, and shall try to find time to cull items for the pages of the Star. Our Iowa brotherhood are wide awake in the good cause; may their wisdom and strength never be less.

Brother H. R. Cabery, of Chicago, 60 State street, keeps on hand all Masonic goods which are used by the different Orders. Any thing that is wanted can be obtained by ordering, as reasonable prices as at any other establishment. We cheerfully recommend our worthy brother to the fraternity in all the Northwest. Bro. C. believes he can do as well, if not better, by you than any other house in the West. Give him an opportunity. See advertisement on last page of cover.

The Salt Works in Saginaw, Mich., are worthy of a passing notice, and more particularly the works in Saginaw city, in which Bro. Spiller is interested. Some months ago, we received a barrel of the whitest salt from his establishment that we ever beheld; the white, driven snow is not more so. There is no better salt made in America than at this place. To any one making butter, or salting any thing, it is a satisfaction to use such a pure article. Brother Spiller will accept our thanks for the present.

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THE MYSTIC STAR.

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

VOL. IX. A.L. 5868—DECEMBER—A.D. 1868. No. 6.

FREEMASONRY.

FREEMASONRY is said to be, and bears, in some important respects, internal evidence of being, an Institution of very great antiquity. Many masonic traditions are probably of comparatively modern origin; yet, there is sufficient reason to justify the belief that the Grand Masonic Legend, out of which has grown, in some sense, the Institution, its history, and its work, runs far back into the early dawn of our human civilization.

There is doubtless in this idea of antiquity, and in what it brings down from out of the dim, shadowy "Long, Long Ago," a special charm for a great many minds; but the time upon which we have come, is characteristically, almost fiercely, iconoclastic. Nothing is sacred, simply because it is venerable. A daring analytical criticism is abroad, proving itself a wonderful solvent; and every where, under the hurrying feet of our modern method and its swift processes, lie the trampled ruins of civilizations, economies, institutions, and institutes, that but a little time ago, were venerated, because they were old. There is no longer any sanctification in the sanctities of time alone. Shrines and altars, hallowed by the worship of ages, are unheeded dust, in the common pathway of the million. The very names of gods, at the thunder of whose oracles the whole world trembled, and whose sacred mystic rites were the pomp and pride of empires, are forgotten. The spirit is new, and the times are new. "The Age" belongs to the most "liberal persuasion,"—to the thought that gives "enlargement" to our idea of a "finished man,"—and the cosmopolitan positivism, that by its grand miracles, so outrunning those of the old mythologists, giving deeper meaning, and broader scope to the ideas of life, and law; prepares so magnificently for his recoming. There is a new meaning in the word "work," *work*, embracing the idea of all industries, whether they be of business, commerce, science, art, religion, learning, liberty, or philanthropy; which has increased their effective force a thousand fold, during the last decade; and the busy craft of the world are called from labor to refreshment, under a rule by which labor brings its own refreshment, in the corn and wine of

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human ameliorations and prosperities. The quarries are full of workmen, and and there was never a time when there were so many masters, in every department, as now. The lines are growing clear, and coming into shape, on the great tressel board, and man, in his own name, brings the entire old world up to read on the spiral scroll which winds around the columns of the new ideal, the words—MAKE WAY FOR PROGRESS; saying, THAT is what I go for! A whole century of progress, is sometimes crowded into a week of years. A great many philosophies found to have been conceits, and a great many full blown conceits have been exploded. Pretension, every where, and of every kind, has gone, or is just going, to the wall. Man is the aim; and the aim involves that in man, which makes him the most manly. The ancient symbol, and its mystic rite, have passed into the modern reality,—UTILITARIANISM, being the master word spoken in every sacred circle, where men are being "raised" in the scale of being; and as against the old, a rival royalty is rising up in the KINGLINESS OF MEN. We can hardly estimate or realize, how much the old has been superseded by the new. And yet, it may be considered as one of the most remarkable things connected with it, Freemasonry has always attached to it, men of all times, and in all conditions and stations of life; and through all this ordeal of time, by which so many things have been tried, and found wanting, it has come down not only unimpaired, but with a continually growing power and usefulness. The world has grown beyond the usefulness of other things, and they have passed away. But go where we will, especially in communities of the highest intelligence and culture, and this institution greets us as a great practical social power, resting upon the basis of convictions less and less dim, of social laws the most sublime, and representing a vast constituency in no way inferior to that of any other institution in the world. I am not here to glorify, by any declamation of which I may be master, an institution which, since it masters me, can need nothing at my hands: but to speak, it may be, a timely and fitting word of the glory of an institution that has made itself illustrious in the annals of time, and that is destined to make itself still more illustrious, in the time to come. And why not? It is a matter of little moment when it dates its origin. All institutions grow out of, and such as endure, meet the conditions of a human want. If this institution is of any value, now, it is valuable, not because it is ancient, but because it is full of good fruits,—because it exercises a salutary formative influence upon mind and conduct; because it is helpful, in the broad, just, genial, and generous sense of this term. The world abounds with trite pretensions and feeble imitations. But it is a great solemn world, with a solemn meaning, involving solemn obligations and responsibilities. Its great interest is always the great human tragedy. The ancient marvel of mortal existence is being forever repeated, yet each fresh generation lives it anew. God never repeats a human soul, or a human generation. Every new pair of eyes, and every age, looks upon His universe with new

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emotions; and the world and life is ever ready to take a new glory for their sake, and under their doing. All fresh hands find ever their waiting work. The dead past inevitably buries its dead, with whatsoever of honor belongs to its instruments, and to those who have wrought. Meanwhile, the human tide of life rolls on, and each generation, in the many forms which life puts on, in its ampler unfolding, lives, and rejoices, and suffers, in itself, puts forth the fruit of its own energies, gathers its harvest of success and failure, and by right of its own experience, may give to the word and deed and instrument of human help, something new, and true, and beautiful, if it will. In this incomplete, hurrying life, wherein there is so much of need, and where so much is waiting to be done,—where nothing seems to be quite finished, and our lot is never beyond contingencies,—where all human joys come in disconnected, or broken fragments, and there is so much mutual dependence; it is a comfort to know that God drops into the hands of his children their special task, and makes each one responsible for his proportion of help for the common want, that may fall to the want of all.

We are not to think meanly of our mission, or of the gifts which enable us to fulfill it. We may say, the world would be better and happier, were it otherwise, or would men do different. But we have little choice. The world is this very moment, and every moment, just what God's wisdom and goodness make it. And as for men, inexorable laws shape the circumstances of life which make them what they are. The first lesson of the inner temple of this institution, is faith and trust in God.

The human lot is not what we would have chosen; but he who has chosen, has determined wisely. There are feet which walk in adverse paths. There is toil, uncongenial, and poorly requited. The crowning joy of success which we think would make labor light, and all peace possible, is denied to many. Then there are misfortunes, accidents, sickness, and death, entailing their consequence of trouble, and sorrow, and helplessness, and dependence. Blessed are they, that without letting the left hand know what the right hand doeth, carry the help of God's bounty out to meet the conditions of this want. And blessed is the institution that planting us squarely upon the truth of brotherhood, obligates us to this human service; far more than we realize, perhaps, we draw from the conditions of this ministration, that profound experience, which more than any thing else enriches us; and constitutes the choicest wealth we have, to hold, or to confer upon others. There is nothing diviner in all the really noble teachings of Freemasonry, than that in which it shows us that our grandest possibility is in lowly gifts and devout labor. The ideals that the world worships stand alone in their centuries, and apart from the lowly.

Homer wrote the Odyssey, Alexander conquered the East, Cæsar founded an empire, and carried its civilization over the West; and the world has never tired of chanting their praise. But there are no songs singing in the brains of such as these, nor hymns which stir in the heart the sweet

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pulses of human sympathy, and they will not descend to the lowly cabin, or sit in the shadow of human sorrow. The smallest things which cause any human woe to lift its eyes to the sky, is of greater worth; and the divinest of all benedictions, the blessing of the widow and the fatherless. There is no beauty like that which visits these in their affliction. Burns sang his sweetest song to the humble daisies of his native mountain heath; and may we not celebrate the unpretending charity, not less lovely in its beautiful blossoming, and the greenness which its heart-fields bear through the year round of centuries, and which causes the fragrance of brotherly sympathies, and the help of generous hearts, to the widowed, and the orphaned; and that permits no brother to fall any where into any extremity of misfortune, for which there is no help? Have these rescued ones,—these homes, made cheerful and glad,—these thousands of orphans snatched from hopeless poverty, and the wretchedness of ignorance and its entoilment of life-long degradation, and helped to education and respectability, no monument of glory? Surely they are not without their value in the sight of Him who said: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me." Who shall say that deeds like these are the weak utterances of the divinest human emotion, that they are poor pictures of the world's great beauty of love, when the very heart of God beats in them? Let no man despise these things which so carry the fragrance of comfort, and the benediction of help to human hearts that otherwise had known no joy. These "resolutions on the death of a brother, and of sympathy with the widowed wife, and fatherless children," seem "common-place," and "cheap," enough,—and so they would be, were this all! But I have known widows who have hidden them away in their work-basket; and as they have sat alone by the cheerful evening fire, kindled from the winter stock of coals that had somehow found their way to the empty scuttle, drew them forth amid the shadows of that lonely home, from which the "light of other days" had gone out forever, to read them over and over again, in the hushed silence of gentle wife-memories, with tears of gratitude, every one of which was a benediction upon the brotherhood that would not leave her to suffer in her want. What right have men to despise, or speak against that which carries sympathy and comfort to hurt human hearts, and help to human want—this human grace, the very presence of which is a benediction upon them that are ready to perish,—which finds its way every where, under lowly roofs, and beside cottage hearths, in esthetic libraries, and luxurious drawing rooms; a very embodiment of the beauty of common things, showing the charm of Heaven's own simplicity in love. To "contribute to the relief of distressed worthy brothers, their widows and orphans," is a divine obligation; and the fulfillment of it is the fulfilling of a divine law. And this ministry of benevolence, in which the brotherhood of the mystic tie unites in the *gamut* of human want, in deeds of help for notes, the hymn of sympathetic hearts, peals into a grand psalm of beauty, the echoes of which, stirring

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the cadence of the hearts the world over, that otherwise had known no joy, rises a sweet savor unto Him, the pulse-beat of whose own heart is in all noble doing. But this is not all, nor the best. For such a work and influence as that which the wide mission of the institution involves,—for such a work and influence as the world requires, there is needed MEN, men of mind and heart. And such as these it aims to make of those who find their way through the portals of her temples, and come under the influence of her great lessons.

The highest aim of the institution is manhood in man,—wisdom, strength, and beauty in character and life. The moral beauty, which the masonic ideal contemplates, can rest only on the basis of wisdom and strength. There is no moral beauty, but in the flowering of these. As the beauty of the universe which so gladdens the hearts of all creatures, unrolls from the infinity of God's wisdom and strength, so from the inward wisdom and strength is to unroll the beauty of the life of man. There has ever been, in a profoundly deep sense, a look eastward in the life of man. The West has always been the symbol of darkness, mental and moral.

In the East arises the light. From the East goes forth the commandment: "*Fiat lux!*" and out of the West, men rise up and go forth to meet it. From out of the East, learning, the arts, civilization, poetry, and religion, have swept westward over the world; and over the world men have risen up from the West to meet their enlightenment. Masonry, catching the significant suggestion of this fact, utilizes it and acts upon it,—it being the work of every lodge to teach men how to leave this West and approach the East, by the well regulated steps of a consistent moral advancement. When the descendants of the great deluvian Patriarch said: "Go to, let us build us a a city, and a tower whose top shall reach unto Heaven," they forecast the the moral ideal of man, the leading trait of the human mind, and its inevitable tending toward a substantial exposition of itself in its heroic, or moral mood. From that primitive beginning which essayed the building of unburned bricks and untempered mortar into the still starry splendor of that grand sky, which is the type of the mighty mystery which awaits the human esthetic achievement, we know what the grand science of architecture has become. The forms of that noblest of human industries, the institution of masonry takes up, and makes a general esthetic symbolism of a moral industry, which regards life as a human building into the moral conditions of a symmetrical and noble manhood. Operative masonry becomes speculative in this esthetic symbolism; speculative masonry becoming again operative in this moral building: From the rough to the perfect "ashlar." Taking for her materials *men* from out of the quarry of the world, rough, unsymmetrical, angular, she fits them as finished stones, well and faithfully tried, for the spiritual temple into which humanity is being builded. Placing every initiate upon his feet, an "upright man," and putting into his hands the symbolic "working tools of the craft," which represent all the grand industries of "brotherly love, relief and

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truth," in the legislation of which are the wisdom, strength and beauty of human life; it makes every man an architect of his own character in the development and carrying forward of all his faculties and powers, into a symmetrical and and harmoniously proportioned manhood. Taking up the maxim that "every man has a right to every thing,"—every thing that his extremity requires; every thing that will make him more manly; it helps him to these ends. The mass is like the atom,—and conversely. As nature, in the play of all her laws, is in the atom; so are all the sciences and all the arts implicated in operative masonry. Seizing this grand fact of the correlation, and inter-implication of all the sciences and arts, speculative masonry makes their suggestion its instruments of a grand esthetic teaching; and, within the circle of its influence, the man finds a new and healthful air, which regenerates, invigorates and inspires the mind, and imparts a sympathetic enlargement to its own native powers and methods.

"A drop of water balances the sea."

And so a human mind balances the whole moral order of the universe, *and is adequate to it all.* The culture of masonry undertakes to put the mind in possession of itself,—of its own powers. Its symbolism is as the telescope to the astronomer,—as language to the critic,—the means of a grand esthetic aim, which raises a rival royalty in the monarchy of souls, the regal kingliness of men against the temple of worldly estate. Its splendid symbolism finds the single mind equipollent to all that its almost cosmic suggestion contains, or outlines. Over all other utilities, I must hold its chief value to be metaphysical. I use this word metaphysics as the equivalent of the science of morals. The chief value is not in any powers to be obtained, but in developed powers, and in the *test* of powers. It brings a man up, face to face with himself, to a man's questioning of his own immeasurable nature, helps him to clear answers, and teaches him the reach of the human powers and their resource. Upon this doctrine of the essential and practical equivalence of the soul to the sublimest moral ideal, the institution is really founded. Its whole form and letter is constructed with constant reference to the regalness of the inward human power to be, which it believes to exist in the million. The importance of one person is its justification; and it lives by obeying, not in appearance, but the reality, which a *man* ideally is. "The sublime point of experience is the value of a sufficient man." Around this cosmic centrality the whole institution gathers, and every symbol is only a hint of some one of its coming facts. Multiply this first value by two, or more, more such, who understand and support each other, and you have the lodge. Whatever else there be of germ, of law, or symbol, is body for this soul to be inspired by it. Form, law, symbolism, thus inspired, are as the air and vapor that hang around us, which has to become solid and substantial oaks.

That the form, and law, and symbol may, under an inadequate administration, become a mechanical system, and the brotherhood fail to realize its chief values, may be conceded. But this can not be held to invalidate the prin-

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ciple. As the sun, all tremulous and instinct with the warming and quickening generosities of God's own soul of love, rises in the east to open and govern the days and seasons, and rolling His light like a smile of divine beneficence westward to evoke the beauty of the fruitful fields and ripen it into the corn and wine of autumn harvests; so the master, inspired by that which is soul of all its mystic form, arises in the east to open and govern his lodge, and evoke the beauty which lies hidden in the native fruitfulness of minds and hearts. The true master is never a hidden man; and of the true workman, his own work and its cultures, form the eye to see the master. Every form, every law, every type, has its equivalent in the nature of man. The law of form is form of the law within. It has its body, but it also has its soul.

Its whole grand symbolism is a fable, with its moral luminously blazing through it. The form is the merest mechanics without this soul which inspires it. The form itself, *to us*, is ever as is our sensibility: is therefore hostile to all ignorance; friendly, transparent, delightful to knowledge. There is no use in the symbol that does not show its real perfection in the mind-sphere. The man who knocks at its door asks for his own mind and heart. The wisdom of its law is offered to his intellect; the strength of its virtue to his conscience, and its beauty appeals to his sentiment and imagination. In finding what it proffers him, he finds *himself*. The institution is sanative, refining, elevating, not only, but it gives a man the development of his own resources. On this power, the emphasis of the whole form and symbolism is laid.

It gives a man, for materials, his own faculties and powers; teaches him how and for what ends to use them, and as the reward or result of his work, gives him, himself built up into the realization of the creative ideal in him. The foundation, therefore, of the institution and its cultures is identical with the foundation of character, that is to say, a cosmopolitan moral sentiment. This is the fountain of its power. And this it is that so preserves its perpetual greenness, and that so hides the wrinkles of its antiquity under violets and roses and morning dew. Drawing its perpetually enlarging resource from the perpetual enlargement of every science and art, it sweeps away old and narrow prepossessions, and compels a faith in some sense commensurate with the grander orlits of life, and the universal ethical laws which it discloses. The principle is susceptible of the broadest application, and society itself might be constructed upon it without any surprise to the moral sentiment. Indeed, the institution is, in its final and deeper sense, both prophetic and symptomatic, of such a vaster interpretation and result.

The ideal may not be realized. The ideal of civil government,—the ideal of the church is not realized. We insist upon the institution of masonry, as we insist upon the church, for the sake of the ideal, and as its instrument. It may be that the principles of masonry are not exemplified as they should be in the life of the brotherhood. So the principles of religion are not exemplified as they

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should be by the membership of the church. From this, we argue, the greater necessity of the church, and conversely. If progress is being made in the direction which they point, and if they are helped to the ends which they contemplate, these facts are a sufficient justification of their existence. It may be that, as in the church, so in masonry, there is danger of the elevation of the symbol over the thing symbolized; that we shall rest too much in the mere mechanics of masonic formula. I think this is our real danger, and that there is much in the press of overcrowding ritual or floor work, which absorbs so much time and attention to the exclusion of all other considerations to aggravate the evil. Much, also, in the pride of being, and the absorbing desire to be "letter proof" in the matter of ceremonial. I think that some time, in at least one convocation in each month, should be consecrated to the esthetic aims of the institution.

We can not afford to study the mechanics of the institution, and not its essence also.

There is no use in the form if the robust truth of the system does not disclose itself in the mental sphere. We must put the ideal rules into such practice, as will make them liberties instead of bonds. When the mind is surrendered to moral sentiment, that is virtue. An honest man hates cheap successes,—all tinsel that is held for show. I know well to what reflecting and practical persons I speak, and I only need say, that what you have, obligates you to its whole generosity. An honest will working with joy in the cause of truth, lifts its possessor to power as a benefactor. Make your lodge what its symbolism suggests and means, and fathers shall eagerly send their sons to it for its benefit. A mason is a *man*, multiplied into all that which the masonic symbolism represents. He who traces in its symbolism its significance, touches there the conditions under which he is to carry his life forward to the final complement of all its esthetic powers. He reaches to that to which he aspires, through the development of that within him which, under its suggestion, he obeys. It teaches us that our life is hindered only by our own moral perversities; that it is within ourselves that nature is obstructed, only stuttering forth now and then into action; and the inference which it deduces from this fact is a very clear one: That it is, therefore, within ourselves, and under those conditions in which our own native manhood comes out freely and fully in the harmony of all its powers; burning away all hindrances with the flame of its enthusiasm, resolving imagination, sentiment, insight, conviction into settled purpose, lifting character to the level of ideas; that we come into that which it expects us to be. Masonry administers for the sake of manhood in men. Around this central purpose and aim its whole economy revolves. It is our help to this result. And this is its claim, its commendation: that it is true to the possibiiities, and the want of human nature, and the want of the world. The world wants *men*. Old dynasties are dying. The conventionalisms of a thousand years are breaking up, and the world is waiting for the new succession in which the amplest rule is to

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be given to the noblest thought. Thrones, dominions and principalities are before us in the coming future for men. Presidential chairs, senate chambers, the judge's bench, pulpits, all want MEN. They are wanted *every where*. Let the institution raise her craftsmen to the regalness of this sublime degree, and she shall have more than vindicated her right to a proud position among the institutions of the earth.

PERVERSIONS OF FREEMASONRY.

FREEMASONRY can not be prostituted to sectarian or political or selfish purposes with impunity.

In Mexico, in two competing rites were embraced on the one side the aristocracy, upon the other the democracy, and such became council chambers for securing unity and concert of action, both in civil government and revolutionary projects. This almost destroyed Freemasonry, and certainly rendered it, to a great extent, even to this hour, powerless and inefficient. So it can not be made a Protestant institution or organ without affecting its stability and its integrity, and its great principle of universality.

While Freemasonry exerts a powerful influence against civil and spiritual despotism, she must not organize against them and enter into a formal contest. She must ever recollect that her mission is one of influence and not of power—to drop the leaven in every body, ecclesiastical and political, and permeate the whole body of all nations with light and love and truth.

So, also, Freemasonry must not identify herself with any civil government. There has been too much of this, too much entanglement with the state in the way of seeking charters and protection from legislatures, and in endeavoring to present, under patriotic excitement, Freemasonry as a direct aid to government. A good mason will be a good citizen, and as a citizen will serve his country. But the country of the Freemason, as such, is the whole world, and his brethren are the entire human family. He loves all men, relieves all men, and blesses all men.

With regret do we see, also, in the rapid admission of men whose antecedents have not been sufficiently ascertained by examining committees, a growth of personal abuse and an appeal to faction. Watchwords are invented which may become the symbol of party, and their potency may be felt by the wisest and the best, impelling interest to gripe more firmly its gain, sanctifying the enmity of the heart, converting charity itself into crime, and clothing cruelty in the garb of justice. Shall this fell monster of faction rend the bosom of our fraternity and drink her life-blood? Shall not Freemasonry continue sacred to charity, and her peaceful inclosure remain free from the unhallowed intrusion of mercenary hypocrisy and selfishness? Shall faction be permitted with a train of harpies to pollute the Masonic banquet, to poison the cup of charity, and breathe a deadly taint over all our privileges? Shall the remedy for masonic apathy be the drug of coarseness, and abuse that maddens—the incentive to benevolence the selfishness of the trickster and the cheat? Let us put off all profane armor—cast down the weapons borrowed from out-

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side strife—hush the clangor of discord and terminate our border wars, our ritual strifes, our party animosities and contests, by striking the "truce of God and fraternity."

We have made the name of Freemasonry subservient to our sordid and party interests. We are doing much to bring Freemasonry into contempt and to arm her foes with weapons against it. Our divisions constitute a last and best hope for the enemies of Freemasonry and universal charity. Where lodges are split into unrelenting factions, where the maxims and plots of political parties are employed, is not Freemasonry rendered obnoxious to just opprobrium?

Masonic scnism, like all schisms, disguises hideous features under a mask that deceives some of our best brethren. It transforms itself into an angel of light. Error is the mimic of truth, as hypocrisy is the simular of virtue. Under the *name* of charity and Freemasonry and fraternity, the votaries of schism and error are rallied. When detected, it changes its form and shifts its ground. Driven from one fortress, it is soon intrenched in another, from which it holds out a treacherous flag again to deceive. Let not the true brother dread the ascendancy of falsehood. These masonic errors were refuted and consigned to oblivion by our forefathers. They will soon pass away to their long hibernation. The progress of the fraternity, in any particular period, is not to be estimated by the fact that no false brethren arise, but by the rapidity with which they sink into obscurity.

The tendency of party spirit in Freemasonry *to pervert* its love and truth is not the least evil. It exaggerates some things and wholly suppresses others. It separates forms from the spirit of Freemasonry. It makes Masonic Pharisees, and Freemasonry becomes a lifeless form or a floating theory, or it is the preternatural activity of a perverted principle. Under the influence of party spirit, every opinion, however erroneous, every dogma, however destructive, is intrenched in an almost impregnable fortress.

We want no party spirit and no sects in Freemasonry. We desire one masonry only, stretching over the whole earth, without divisions or parties—a masonry united on our few essential principles, with liberty upon many things, and charity in all—identified with no one government or church—the friend of all that is good every where—preserving all that is pure and holy and of good report, and promoting progress in every organization towards the perfection of all good.—*Square.*

THE LADDER WHICH JACOB SAW ASCENDING FROM EARTH TO HEAVEN.

BY M. W. ALFRED, M.D.

This beautiful figure of a ladder reaching from earth to heaven, as seen by Jacob in his dream at Padan Aram, is happily, though briefly, alluded to in the Masonic instructions of the first degree of our order, and serves to impress the mind of the initiate, that between this world and the world to come, there is still remaining a means of communication and intercourse. This thought is truly animating,

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since we are related by ties of enduring affinity to both worlds.

The heavens are not brass above us, nor the skies porphyry over our heads; but the inhabitants of the celestial world are continually descending this figurative ladder, and again ascending by three lofty steps, from Faith to Hope, from Hope to Charity, which constitutes the very essence of Heaven, since "God is love," and where he is, is Heaven.

Jacob, after having received the blessing of Isaac his father, set off on his journey to Padan Aram, to seek the home of a man of his kindred named Laban. But ere he reached the home of his friend, night began to gather darkly around him, and as no tent nor house was nigh, he concluded to make a stone his pillow, darkness his blanket, and a starry canopy his roof, while he sought his much needed repose in slumber. In this capacious apartment he slept, and dreamed, and in his dreams God was with him, and showed him the frame work standing firmly on earth, and leaning upon the heavenly throne, while angels by its aid kept intercourse between earth and Heaven. This consecrated place he named Beth El, which signified the *House of God.* That house was a truly primitive place of worship. Of the same model were the lodges of our ancient brethren, on the hill's high aclivity, or in the deep recesses of the sombre vale.

The house where Jacob at this time held converse with the Deity, presented no artistic grandeur, no marble walls, no concourse of worshipers. No bell rang aloft to tell the appointed hour. No organ swelled the soul-stirring strains which move the heart to adoration; and yet it was the "House of God," for he was present. "And Jacob awaked out of his sleep and said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place,' and he called the name of that place Beth-El."

It is sweet to bask in the dense green wood,
Where the branches wave on high,
And roam 'mid the trees which so long have stood,
Still reaching toward yonder sky.

Here the native flowers by the ripling rill,
Bend so modestly and so gay,
As songs of delight the wild birds trill
To the gladsome hours of day.

How truly sublime is this grand Retreat,
This arbor, God's sylvan home,
The heart it inspires with joys replete
Through its sacred courts to roam.

'Tis truly the place of the Maker's rest,
The house where he deigns to dwell,
All pure and serene in its loveliness,
His mansion, His home—Beth-El.

Calm, pure, and devout be the thoughts that rise,
From these sylvan halls on high,
When an humble heart is our sacrifice
To our Father we draw nigh.

THE SECTS OF THE JEWS.

[The following extracts have been furnished us by the learned brother, who is the the teacher of the Israelite congregation in this city, in answer to our request that he should give us an article (or articles) on the sects of the Jews, particularly on that sect who were Freemasons of the Gentile, *Judaized.*]

Religious persecutions had been on the increase. The daily intercourse with the heathen nations continued to

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be pregnant with dangers to the pure doctrines of Moses, and, therefore, the largest portion of the Rabbis redoubled their energies to make the Holy Writ properly understood, and to prevent any new interpretation of the same.

They required from true, conscientious motives a strict and punctual observance of the religious ceremonies which were now daily increased. A large portion of the Mosaic law in itself was but a farce to secure Israel against the influence of heathen religions and customs; but a new bulwark was added thereto by the introduction of traditional laws, the observance of which was as rigidly enforced as that of the written divine law itself.

Another party, however, without renouncing Judaism, gave up the old, exclusive Jewish customs and adopted Greek manners and civilization. Between the two parties stood a third of a more moderate character. Thus, at the end of the Maccabean wars, we find three different sects, called forth by mutual hostilities and antipathies:

The Pharisees, the Sadduces, and the Essenes.

THE ESSENES,

Residing for the most part on the borders of the Dead Sea, were a kind of Jewish monks, who led a quiet life, almost monastic and ascetic. They hated luxury, and so abhorred covetousness and selfishness that they introduced community of property. Their principal religious dotrines were:

Unity of God; immortality of the soul; purifications after death and eternal reward and punishment.

Their principle moral doctrine was love; love to God, to our fellow-men and to virtue. They advocated celibacy, and were allowed to take an oath only when initiated into society. The novice received an ax, an apron and a white dress—emblems of industry and cleanliness. The society was organized into three different degrees. Int› as many classes they divided their schools and officers. This sect composed only of men, who abhorred all worldly enjoyment, numbered a great many members, not only in Judea, but in other countries, especially in Egypt.

It is true, their doctrines were excellent, but their scrupulous abstinence, their strict seclusion, their philosophy on the creation, their mystical doctrines of the spirits and he communion these latter held with men, led them to an arrogant self-admiration and the less gifted members to believe in miracles. Enjoying the reputation of performing wonders they exercised the most pernicious influence over the superstitious people. When the academy of Tiberias was destroyed in 360 this sect became extinct. —*The Evergreen.*

SECRET SOCIETIES.

BY MRS. JANE M. JACKSON.

AMONG these societies, we find in history the Templists of Saint Graul, in Germany. These men were known by their invincible power. Their neophytes were carefully instructed, and when initiated into the ceremonies of the sect, they were sent abroad to gain proselytes, disguised in features and poorly clothed. They endured hunger and braved even death. So secret in their arrivals and departures, they were called "The Invisibles.

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They corresponded with each other in hieroglyphics. Over the doors of their temples were engraved the words of liberty, fraternity and equality. Among their numbers who claimed distinction as prophets and alchemists, we find Caglistro and St. Germain. Also on record is the secret society of the Cabalists. The Jewish Rabbins pretend this science came to them by revelation, transmitted to this nation by Scripture. It is by a combination of letters and words that renders them significant in the prediction of future events. The name of Cabal implies close union and secret intrigues.

The Rosicrucians were a band of hermetical philosophers, first known about the seventeenth century. They made great pretensions to science, as having the power to prolong life, create gold and precious stones, to rule mankind by invisible powers. They held rendezvous in Egypt, on Mount Sinai and in Jerusalem. They converse in a strange dialect, wholly unintelligible to those not versed in the language. Their dress of state consisted of long robes of white satin, faced with purple, the breast covered with gems engraved in strange characters, a cross and death's head, with ribbons embroidered with mystical signs. Sometimes they wore masks, and were clothed entirely in black. Far from the haunts of men, deep in subterranean caves, they met in secret. Before mysterious and powerful judges their neophytes were presented, blindfolded and guarded as prisoners. If after many times they were found worthy, they were bound by oaths, that no Rosicrucian dare break, no torture force him to divulge. Their students penetrated deep into all mysteries of science, intellectually deep; discarding superficial knowledge. Profound mathematicians, skilled in astronomy, versed in all its various phenomena, painting, music; each fine art was a duty to acquire as well as a pleasure. Their symbols and signs so dark and difficult to others, yet so clear in solution to them that they could meet at certain hours, no matter how far distant from their temples, for talismans moved the powerful machinery, and as the key was held by master hands, it appeared but one dial—the whole brotherhood but one man.

The antiquity of Freemasonry tests its worth. History proves by series of great and noble deeds its rights to the gratitude of mankind. The Bible is the source from whence the members derive rules of action which their order prescribes as "universal benevolence." Masonry counts among its votaries eminent men, distinguished for learning, piety and goodness. These constellations shine as emblems of their order, like stars immortal in splendor. Their faith pointed to a God of love, their souls were filled with aspirations of a glorious future. Their charities performed by taking an erring brother gently by the hand and leading him to the mercy-seat, walking side by side with him, encouraging him by advice and unmistaken kindness to return to virtue, never losing sight of the penitent until he is restored to his lodge and society, received in trust and faith, surrounded by brotherly love. The wanderer thus treated, will regard his good name in the future, will venerate his fraternity; it will be to him his haven of rest, as

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well as where justice is found. Masons should look upon the lodge as a school for progress; that it rests on holy ground, consecrated to virtue, religion and morality; that God is its Grand Master. Although it is veiled in secresy that the uninitiated may not penetrate, it will be known to the world by charities, bringing peace to the dying husband, to the bereaved widow a certain refuge, to orphans the kindest of protectors. A school where its members learn to guard their reputations as jewels beyond price, their examples a glorious inheritance to descend to their posterity.

WHAT DOES MASONRY TEACH?

This is a question that every Mason should ask himself, on taking a step upon the mystic ladder, each round of which has its own peculiar lessons, taught only there.

What are these lessons? is a pertinent inquiry, and one which, if not satisfactorily understood by the initiate, he may travel from the ground-floor of the temple to the secret vaults, and yet will know nothing of Masonry.

Faith, hope, and charity, the three principal rounds of the mystic ladder, are kept prominently in view: Faith in God, hope of immortality, and charity to all mankind, should never be forgotten by any Mason. No matter how dark the clouds that lower above his head, the glimmering star of faith will, if he has been properly taught, penetrate the densest gloom, and by its cheering rays, remind him of the Grand Master above, who numbers even the hairs of his head, and inspires his heart with hope—the flower that never dies.

The boundless canopy, the starry-decked heavens, are alone to circumscribe his charity. The good Samaritan, binding up the wounds, and providing for the necessities of "him who had fallen among thieves," should ever be present when affliction calls.

Temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, how solemnly impressed upon the mind, and alas! how often forgotten and neglected.

What a sad sight to see him, who has entered the porch of the temple, who has stood within its doors, forget that temperance is a "virtue that should be the constant practice of every Mason." Yet how often do we see it? Alas! for frail humanity. Let the broad mantle of brotherly love spread its folds around an erring brother, and win him back, when he strays from the right. Let it teach us to prudently admonish, reprehend with justice, and show that fortitude which is necessary to enable us to undergo the pain of seeing the teachings of Masonry forgotten by its votaries.—*La Crosse Democrat.*

POLITICAL DOCTRINES.

1. The Mason is always devoted to his country. In serving it he pays a dear and sacred debt; in defending it, it is his property and himself that he defends.

2. Fortunate or unfortunate, he belongs wholly to his country.

3. He is submissive to the laws. The law being the same for all, he obeys it; for he knows that others obey it, and it establishes, assures and

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preserves his rights against pretensions that might deprive him of them. It is imperfect! still he obeys it, because he knows that the individual ought to yield to the general will, which has made, received or recognized the law. He is faithful to his government. Every government should be sustained and defended by whomsoever has accepted it; and to live under it, is to accept it. He thus yields to his duty, if not to his affections.

3. He never conspires to destroy or change the authority that rules his country; because he essentially respects the public tranquility; because he knows that intestine dissensions invite the interference of foreign nations, and that it is better to obey an absolute prince than a foreign master. To the love of public peace and of one's country, no sacrifices are too great.

Love, fidelity, obedience and resignation when our hopes are disappointed are the qualities that belong to the Freemason.

RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES.

1. Catholic, Protestant, Hebrew or Mahommedan, the Freemason follows the religion of his fathers. He scrupulously observes its ceremonial when it satisfies his heart; with simplicity, modesty and a perfect decent respect, when it is not, to him, all that it is to others.

2. If he obeys customs and does not refuse to perform his duty to society, by abandoning a worship which his fathers respected and followed, which those of his own religion follow, in which he was reared, in which he is perhaps constrained to continue: yet, when by himself, alone with that Supreme God, and when the simplicity of his heart sees in all his splendor, he humbly prostrates himself before his grandeur and power, and feels that to that Deity his genius and his noblest virtues are the only homage worthy to be offered.

3. He does not blame, and still less condemns the religion of others.

4. He does not seek to convert others. He knows that God demands an account of his works alone, and he does not make himself responsible for the errors or weakness of others men, his equals, who, like him, are favored and loved by the Divinity.

5. He avoids the hypocrite, whom he judges and despises.

6. He wars, with energy, and in the way of virtue, against fanaticism and superstition.

7. If he attacks those who are in pretence only, devout, it is by contrasting their words with their acts.—*The Square.*

MASONIC EMBLEMS TYPIFIED IN THE HEAVENLY STATE OF CHILDREN.—Bickersteth's beautiful poem of the present year, entitled "The Yesterday, To-day and Forever, contains, among many exquisite passages, the following, in which the imagery placed by Hiram Abiff upon the architrave of the Brazen Pillars is charmingly referred *to the heavenly state of children.* Will the *Dispatch* make room for this real gem?

* * * "Infancy
Is one thing, manhood one. And babes, though part
Of the true archetypal house of God
Built on the heavenly Zion, are not now,
Nor will be ever, massive rocks, rough-hewn,
Or ponderous corner-stones, or fluted shafts

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Of columns, or far-shadowing pinnacles,
But rather as the *delicate lily-work,*
By Hiram wrought for Solomon of old,
Enwreathed upon the brazen chapiters,
Or flowers of lilies round the molten sea.
Innumerable flowers thus bloom and blush
In Heaven." * * * —*N. Y. Dispatch.*

LIBRARY IN FREEMASONS' HALL.

[In establishing a Library in Freemasons' hall, our St. Louis brethren have given us a praiseworthy example. It is fervently hoped the Fraternity may profit by it and go and do likewise.—Ed.]

On the third floor of the new hall is a large room set apart for a library and the board of relief.

The room is capable of seating some sixty persons, and there are cases for several hundred volumes already put up.

We have one or two practical suggestions to offer, viz.: let the members of lodges, and other bodies meeting in the hall, subscribe and get a good substantial matting for the floor, and let every Mason in the city donate such books (or money for books) as he can spare, and thus make this room a general Masonic reading room for the fraternity in, and visitors to, St. Louis.

It can easily be made one of the pleasantest rendezvous in the city, and will be an excellent place for the craft to consult the Masonic periodicals of the day, as well as find plenty of miscellaneous matter.

We would here request of our Masonic exchanges to send us an extra copy on our "ex" list for the library room, and any duplicate copies of proceedings will be thankfully received from Grand Secretaries.

This can also be made a useful room for instructing candidates through the day.

We have already collected a good nucleus for a library. Come, brethren, awake to the importance of this room.

The donor's name will be put in each book.—*Freemason.*

A CONFIDENT INDIVIDUAL.

A good story is told of a confident individual, evidently well "read up" in the mysteries, who applied at the outer reception room of a Boston Masonic lodge for admission. An eminent brother, who was quietly sitting there, but made no sign that he was any body, requested the stranger to be seated and he would send in for proper persons to examine the credentials of the visitor.

"O, it's no matter about that; I'm all right," said the applicant, making some extraordinary passes with his hands, and contortions of his visage.

"That may be, but I think they always examine strangers who desire to visit the lodge," said the attending brother.

"Well, I'm ready for 'em," said the visitor confidently.

"Glad to hear it;—that is quite an elaborate breastpin you have there," said the other, looking with some interest at a big gilt letter G, which the visitor had conspicuously displayed on his shirt bosom.

"Ya-as, that's a Masonic pin," replied the wearer, swelling out his breast.

"Indeed! Letter G. Well I suppose you know what that means?"

"O, yes—certainly—letter G—*stands for Jerusalem*—a sorter headquarters for us Masons, you know."

The querist didn't know it, and the applicant, it is almost unnecessary to state, did not get any further into the lodge.

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HOME DEPARTMENT.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.

"For a bright manhood there is no such word as *fail*."

Success is generally regarded, in the opinion of the public, as the best test of a man; and there is some foundation for the opinion. But impressions greatly vary as to what constitutes true success. With the greater number it means success in business, and making money. Of one we hear it said—"There goes a successful man; he has made thirty thousand pounds within the last twelve months." Of another—"There you see a man who commenced life as a laborer: but by dint of industry, perseverance, and energy, he has amassed a large fortune, bought a landed estate, and lives the life of a country gentleman, though he can hardly yet write his own name: *that's* what I call success." Or of another—"That is Mr. ——, the great astronomer, who was originally the son of a small farmer, and by diligent study and application he has now reached the first rank among scientific men; yet they say he is very poor, and can barely make the ends meet." We suspect that most people would rather exchange places with the laborer than with the astronomer, so ready are we to estimate success and worldly position according to the money standard.

The idea instilled into the minds of most boys, from early life, is that of "getting on." The parents test themselves by their own success in this respect; and they impart the same notion to their children. "Mak siller, Jock," said a Scotch laird to his son, "mak siller—honestly if you can, but mak it." The same counsel, if not in the same words, is that which is imparted, at least by example, if not in express language, to most boys. They have set before them the glory of making their fortunes. That is their "mission," and many perform it diligently, heeding little else but money-making throughout life. Public opinion justifies them in their course—public opinion approving above all things the man who has "made his fortune." But public opinion is not always correct; and sometimes, as in this case, it is obnoxious to the sarcastic query of the French wit, who once asked, "And, pray, how many fools does it take to make a public!"

Yet worldly success, considered in the money aspect, is by no means a thing to be undervalued. It is a very proper object of desire, and ought to be pursued—honestly. A man's success in the accumulation of wealth, indicates that he is possessed of at least some virtues: it is true they are of the lower sort—still they are estimable. It is not necessary that a man shall be largely gifted with intelligence, or that he shall have a

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benevolent disposition, to enable him to accumulate money. Let him scrape long and diligently, and he will grow rich in time. Diligence and perseverance are virtues enough for the mere money-maker. But it is possible that the gold, when made may lie very heavy indeed upon all the other virtues, and crush both mind and heart under their load.

Worldly success *may*, however, be pursued and achieved with the help of intelligence; and it may be used, as it always ought to be used, as the means of self-improvement and of enlarged benevolence. It is as noble an aim to be a great merchant or manufacturer, as to be a great statesman or philosopher—provided the end is attained by noble means. A merchant or manufacturer can help on humanity as well as other men—can benefit others while he is enriching himself, and set before the world a valuable example of intelligent industry and enterprise. He can exhibit honesty in high places—for in these days we need examples of honesty very much; indeed, a wit has observed, that in the arithmetic of the counter, two and two do *not* make four. And to test that remark, you have only to gauge a modern pint bottle.

But many successful merchants have declared, that in the end, "Honesty is always the best policy." The honest man may not get rich so fast as the dishonest one, but the success will be of a truer kind, earned without fraud, injustice, or crime. "He cozened me not, but his own conscience," said old Bishop Latimer, of a cutler who had made him pay two pence for a knife not worth a penny. Even though honesty should bring *ill* success, still a man must be honest. Better lose all and save honor. "Mak siller" by all means, but make it honestly; otherwise, as the Scriptures express it, in such terrible words—"it will eat your flesh as it were fire."

Success in life is also attained through the practice of economy—another excellent virtue. But money is so often esteemed as a means of enabling us to take front seats in society, to live in better style, and to produce a glare in the faces of other people, that even many of those persons who have achieved apparent "success in life," are not particularly observant of this homely virtue. We are fonder of living up to the means, and of living beyond the means, than of living within them. But the end comes at last; and what may have seemed a success, often proves a bubble.

Fortunes are made by perseverence; though many try to achieve them as generals do a victory—at a blow. They make a dash at success—speculate largely, and are ready to venture every thing upon a cast. They regard the share and stock market as another Aladdin's Lamp—only give it a rub, and lo! the genii are expected to come with gold at their bidding. But unhappily the speculator as often rubs the wrong as the right way, and then, instead of a gain, there is a loss. And even when there is a gain in that matter, it does a man but little good; for "what is got over the ——'s back"—you know the familiar proverb well enough, we dare say. The eager-to-be-rich people miss the mark because of their very eagerness.

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They have not the patience to wait; and DeMaistre, the wise Frenchman, says, that "to know how to wait, is the great means of success."

Success in life requires the daily practice of other familiar virtues; as for instance, punctuality, prudence, foresight, caution—and yet, also, decision and enterprise. Let a man practice these virtues faithfully, and he will most infallibly succeed in life—that is, he will succeed in accumulating money and rising in social position.

But what avails it all unless the possession of the money makes the man better, wiser, and happier? Is it not the life that has ended merely in the accumulation of a huge pile of gold to all intents and purposes a failure, unless the man has been thereby somewhat elevated in the dignity of a thinking being—made more fitted to enjoy life himself, and to communicate blessings to others?

And here let us say, that the success in life which is merely tested by the money standard is an altogether false one. So far as the virtues go which are necessary to be practiced by a successful man of business, they are very well, and the money accumulated is also very good; but in itself it is only so much dross, unless it is used as a means of enjoyment and usefulness. Thousands of men are now making their fortunes by gold-gathering at the Australian diggings. By late advices from Melbourne, there is one laboring man who, after six months digging, had accumulated £24,000 in the bank. There was a success! But what did it amount to? The man had accumulated as much metal as would sell in the world's market for the sum above mentioned. There are thousands of other men scraping and digging in the mud and dirt round about Mount Alexander and Ballarat, who are also accumulating gold with like rapidity, and with extraordinary success. And the men return with their gold, richer—ablor to command the luxuries of life—with more abundant means of entering upon a career of dissipation; but no better men, no more deserving of admiration, no more worthy of esteem or applause—often, indeed, worse men, hardened in heart, and corrupted in nature, because of their very wealth.

We must set up some other test than gold, then, for true success in life. What shall it be? In this country the possession of acres gives a man a great weight in society; and it generally gives him a high standing. A long rent-roll and as long a pedigree—these are the standards of success come down to us from the feudal times. But the gold-gatherers are coming in upon those men, and buying them out. We have successful laborers, successful merchants, successful bankers, and successful manufacturers, becoming large landed proprietors, and rapidly taking the place of the old squires and landed aristocracy of the country. But this is only the power of gold in another form; and we must have another test besides either breadth of acres or length of purse. As for birth, we can all boast of that. The pedigree of the meanest is as long as that of the greatest. Many of us have lost count, but we all look back to Adam. We do not know that any nobleman can get beyond that.

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The truest test of success in life is Character. Has a man built up, not a fortune, but a well-disciplined, well-regulated character? Has he acquired, not mere gold or acres, but virtue, benevolence and wisdom? Is he distinguished, not for his ingots, but for his philanthropy? That is the only true test of a man.

Gold is every day becoming of less consideration in society. There are so many rich men already, and likely to be so many more richer still, that the possession of mere wealth will entitle a man to no consideration of itself unless accompanied by some other more rational claims to distinction and respect. The rulers of opinion—the men of mark of society in this day, are most of them self-raised men. They may be rich men—that is very well so far; but they are also men of moral power—of scientific skill—of enlightened judgment—and of large public spirit. It is not the mere power of the till which these men wield, but the power which works in their moral character and disciplined experience. These are the strong men in Parliament now—one of whom was a weaver-boy, another a commercial traveler, and a third a pit-man's boy. Yet these individuals exercise a greater power in society than the roll of dukes or the bench of bishops. One has distinguished himself by his pen, another by his legislative power, and the third by his works—unrivaled in any age. These men are embodiments of success in the truest and highest sense.

It is personal qualities, not the accident of birth or the accumulation of gold or acres, which tell upon society at large. Money is power, it is true; but so are intelligence, public spirit, and moral virtue, powers, too, and far nobler powers. The making of a fortune may enable many to enter the lists of the fashionable and the genteel classes, but it does no more. To be esteemed there, they must possess qualities of mind, manners, or heart, else they were mere rich people—nothing more. There are men in the city almost as rich as Crœsus, who have no consideration extended to them—who elicit no respect—and why? They are but money-bags. Compare them, for instance, with the pamphleteer who gives us the penny postage, and how infinitely less respectable are they! It is the same throughout society. The men of weight—the successful and the useful men—are not necessarily rich men. They are men of sterling character—men of probity and moral excellence. Even the poor man, though he possesses but little of this world's goods, may, in the self-consciousness of a well cultivated nature—of opportunities used, and not abused—of a life spent and improved to the best of his ability—look down, without the slightest feeling of envy, upon the mere man of worldy success—the man of money-bags and acres.

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*LINES ON MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.**

Oh, who hath stood beside that spot, of that holiest spot of earth,
Where sleeps the cold, unconscious dust of her who gave him birth,
Nor felt the memory of her love from being's earliest years,
Come o'er him with subduing power and melt his soul to tears.

***Supposed to be written by Zenas Nash, Jr., of Ann Arbor, Michigan.**

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My mother, as I bend beside thy lowly
place of rest,
Beneath the drooping willow-boughs
whose foliage shades thy breast,
What rushing thoughts of other times
across my spirit sweep,
And thrill my bosom's inmost chords with
anguish keen and deep,

I think of childhood's halcyon days, its
sunny hours of glee,
When it was happiness to play around a
mother's knee,
When thy consoling voice could all my
transient griefs beguile,
And it was bliss supreme to meet thy kind,
approving smile.

I think of youth's enchanted spring, its
scenes of feverish joy,
When passion swayed with restless power,
thine ardent, wayward boy,
And thy still watchful tenderness, thy still
untiring care,
With precious counsel warned my steps
from folly's latent snare.

I think of manhood's summer prime, its
aspirations high,
Its cherished hope, its glorious dreams, its
fond idolatry,
And sad reverse its sky o'ercast, its pros-
pects veiled in shade,
Its warm and generous feelings chilled, in-
sulted, crushed, betrayed.

And then I think, O, how the thought can
soothe my pensive mind,
If all the world were cold besides, my
mother, thou wert kind,
And thy undying love, thro' time and
change still fondly true,
No selfish feelings e'er alloyed, no dimin-
ution knew.

For years of painful absence rolled their
shadows o'er my head,
Yet when I met thee once again, too soon
again to part;
Soft in thy languid eye, still gleamed af-
fection radiance smiles
And from thy lips, love's sweetest tones
hailed thy returning child.

Those lips are silent now, with Death's
cold seal imprest,
Those fond emotions are all stilled in deep
undreaming rest;
No wintry storm can ever break the slum-
bers of thy tomb,
Nor summer's glorious sunshine pierce
thy grave's unlighted gloom.

And I must breathe the unheeded sigh
that can not reach thine ear,
And o'er thy chilly couch distill the un-
availing tear;
Then turn, perhaps, and o'er the world's
wide surface seek in vain,
A mother's love!—that priceless gem, I
ne'er shall find again.

Yet, when I think what heavenly peace,
what hopes serene and high
Around thy passing spirit beamed, and lit
thy closing eye,
What more than mortal beauty graced thy
pale unbreathing clay,
And what an air of blest repose on its calm
features lay.

Oh, no! I would not call thee back to earth's
ungenial soil,
Again to bear life's darksome doom, its
anguish and its toil;
Forgive, blest shade! my selfish love, I
would not drag thee down
From glory's clime, nor from thy brow
tear the angelic crown.

For high above the star-lit dome is thy
sublime abode,
Amid the adoring hosts that bend before
the throne of God!
And in that undecaying house, a mansion
bright is thine,
Procured by the Redeemer's blood, pre-
pared by hands divine.

Mother, farewell! the evening shades are
gathering round my head,
And I must leave thee now, to rest with all
the quiet dead;
I leave thee but a moment, brief shall this
our parting be,
Thy sorrowing son, perchance, may soon
return to dwell with thee.

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Oh! if thy sainted spirit bends from its
bright seat above,
To watch o'er those on earth, who once
claimed thy maternal love,
Wilt thou not hover round my path, and
bless thy suppliant child,
And guide me while I yet may roam the
world's unfriendly wild?

I know thou wilt, and when I cast these
mortal garments by,
To soothe my parting soul, be thou my
guardian angel nigh.
O, then may earth's endearing ties, so
rudely severed here,
Unite where eyes are never dimmed, with
nature's parting tear.

ABOUT EDITORS.

BENJAMIN Franklin has the credit of saying, that "the best editor is scissors," by which he probably meant, that the editor who recognizes the fact of there being in the world many good writers besides himself and avails himself of the good things they have written, will make the most interesting and acceptable newspaper. Men who know most about making newspapers do not estimate an editor's labors by the number of columns he writes, but by the general completeness and finish of his paper as a whole. The following paragraph, written by an Englishman of large experience, contains the gist of the whole matter:

"A good editor or competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or a poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers of travel, have been tried, and nearly every one has failed. 'I can,' said an editor of the London *Times*, 'find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense.' Nearly all successful editors are of this description. A good editor seldom writes much for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, alters, and combines; and after doing all well, he has but little time for composition. To *write* for a paper is one thing—to *edit* a paper is another."

A GENTLE REBUKE.

A LADY riding in a car on the New York Central railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occuping the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for vacation.

He used much profane language greatly to the annoyance of the young lady.

She thought she would rebuke him, and on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

STUDENT.—"Yes, madam I have mastered the languages quite well."

YOUNG LADY.—"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

STUDENT.—"Quite fluently."

YOUNG LADY.—"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

STUDENT.—"With great pleasure, I am at your service."

YOUNG LADY.—"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

We may well suppose the young lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be-gentleman.

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EDITORIAL.

THE MASONIC TROWEL.

THIS co-laboring journal came, after some delay, for November, laden with excellent reading, and many well adjusted articles. We find much to admire, and some which we can not approbate. This is not very strange, however, as *Grand Master Reynolds* looks at things from his own stand-point, and we from ours.

We thank him for the kind and brotherly notice he gives THE STAR, and the apology for its being behind time. He knew the circumstances which were thrown around us, that we could neither forsee nor prevent, which caused the delay, and the persistent persecution which we endured, that cost us both money and time, in necessarily defending ourselves from a great *wrong*. And we feel grateful to our brother for his manifest kindness. May his journal continue to *live* and prosper, ever "spreading the cement of brotherly love."

But we beg leave to correct one statement made in the notice. "It says THE STAR seems to be the organ of the Seymour branch of the Memphis Rite. We advise our brother to avoid the whole thing." This is an error into which our worthy Grand Master has fallen. THE STAR is not an organ of any particular branch or rite. It has taken the ground that every order has the *right* to be heard in its own defence, and stand upon its worth, or fall for want of merit. We are willing to give each a hearing, and, as a true masonic journalist, we are not able to discover any other position safe for us to take. Since we commenced our observations of the craft, and the study of masonry, which was nearly a quarter of a century ago, we have seen much of the practice of denunciation, and seeming intolerance of one order against another. And, in due course of time, after a better knowledge of each becomes known, and the motives of each more minutely and masonically learned and understood, the contending parties become reconciled, and greet each other as friends.

Now, what does such history prove but that the whole system of *truths*, and the manner and mode of teaching and illustrating them, is not all confined to one order. We do not learn, when we look at facts, that there is such a "thing" as a "Seymour branch." Brother Harry J. Seymour possesses the legitimate and official documents for the Peinitine Rite of Memphis, from the grand bodies of masonry in France and Italy, which organizations are as legitimate, in our estimation, as our own Grand Lodge, of which our brother of the *Trowel*, is the Grand Master.

Perhaps it will be said, that C. C. Burt was once authorized by Grand Master Seymour to work and establish this Rite. All of which is not denied. But when it became patent to Grand Master Seymour that Burt had lost his fellowship with masonry, that delegated power was revoked. But, nevertheless, Burt still went on with his work, and deceived many. He palmed himself off as the real head and Grand Master of the Memphis Rite, when he was only practicing clandestinely the Rite, without any authority, issuing and passing the counterfeit. Now we disclaim that there is such a thing as a "Seymour branch" of this Rite, or that THE MYSTIC STAR is its "organ." We claim that the Memphis Rite has rights as well as other bodies.

Again, our brother has fallen into another mistake. In one of the reasons given in the article of "*Our Paper*," why

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it should be taken, it says: "*All its articles are masonic.*" In looking over this *very* number, with its advertisements, we find nearly twenty columns, out of forty-eight, that has no more to do with masonry, than the Druids. So that the articles are not "*all masonic,*" and because they are not, is no objection,—in our estimation.

We quite sympathize with brother R., in his "loss of money by mail," having again and again experienced the same ourselves, and with him believe, that not only *will* but *now* does even rest upon such as have added perjury to theft and robbery. We believe that one who is deaf to moral and masonic rights, and can wrong a poor publisher of a subscription a kind patron sends through the mail, has a *curse like a millstone* resting upon him. And we trust such may not believe that it is put off indefinitely. If so, we pray they will be like the Paddy that stole one of the old lady's pigs. When she threatened, that "she would testify against him at the day of judgment," said he "Faith, if ye'll put it off that long, I'll take two of them."

JURISPRUDENCE.

The 10th decision of the Grand Master, reads as follows: "When a candidate has received the first degree, change of residence within the same grand lodge jurisdiction does not change the lodge jurisdiction over the remaining degrees, unless by consent." This is right as far as it goes.

Question. Are we to understand by this decision, that if a change of residence is made without the grand lodge jurisdiction, that the candidate can receive the remaining degrees, without the consent of the lodge that gave him the first? This is what this decision implies. If so, is it masonic, and in accordance with ancient regulations and instructions, or even modern practice? We see at a glance that this could not be. A candidate lives near the line of two jurisdictions, he knocks at the door of the lodge where he resides, is received and initiated, he moves twenty rods from his former residence, but across the line into another grand lodge jurisdiction. The lodge claiming his later residence as their masonic territory, go to work and confer upon him the remaining degrees without the consent of the neighboring lodge over the line. Suppose that his former lodge refuses to give him the remaining degrees? The lodge, in the jurisdiction into which he has moved, makes no inquiry, goes on independently, and finishes the work of another master. Bad law, dangerous decision, which will produce discord and confusion in the craft.

The 17th decision reads thus: "An applicant rejected for advancement to second or third degree, may apply again at the next regular communication.

Query. Can he apply at all if he fails to apply at the next?" To this query, we answer emphatically, he can. If the grand lodge has *no law* on the subject, the application for advancement can be made at any regular communication, and every one, as long as he is rejected. We can readily see wherein the applicant could be wronged if this were not the case. Suppose some unforseen event should transpire that an application could not be made at the next communication? Are we to understand that he is forever debarred from receiving the remaining degrees? If we understand the true import if the Grand Master's query, it is that if the application is not made at the next communication of his lodge, he can not apply afterwards.

But to settle this point whether the query of the Grand Master is correct or not, we refer to the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of 1864, page 34, to a resolution which was presented by the committee on Jurisprudence, and adopted.

Resolved, That an Entered Aprentice or Fellow Craft, after being rejected, can renew his application for advancement at every regular meeting, unless charges are preferred; and a lodge can give him a ballot whenever they deem it expedient, at any regular meeting.

This, we would say, fully answers the query of our Grand Master, which he has appended to decision No. 17. But if there were no law touching this point, we can not see how it could be otherwise. For in the 15th decision, we are instructed relative to "the one year law in relation to

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candidates," applies to applicants for initiation. *See Sec.* 38 *Gr. Lodge By-Laws.*

This by-law is quite sufficient to govern the craft without any other law upon the point in question. But to make it clear, so that no one need to err, the grand lodge made a law in 1864, and how our Grand Master could throw in such a stumbling block as his "*query*," we can not understand, unless it were to cause his constituents to more diligently study "*the law* and the testimony," and ask fewer questions upon simple points, where every mason should "be posted," which would be a benefit to all.

We have not taken up our co-laborer of the *Trowel* and Grand Master, this month, because we wish to find fault. Not in the least. But we have a sincere desire that our *Grand East*, walk squarely upon the plank. And that he wander not into "by and forbidden paths."

"*IN GOD WE PUT OUR TRUST.*"

EVERY Craftsman of the Order is familiar with this declaration. All know its meaning, and all should readily acknowledge its utility; for no one can consistently become the happy recipient of Masonry without freely acknowledging *trust in God.*

It matters but little, as far as the real intrinsic principles of Masonry are concerned, to what sect or party we may belong. As far as the teachings of Masonry are inculcated, we may give a preference to the Jewish, Christian, or Mohammedan faith. Still one thing must be solemnly affirmed—"trust in God." In the lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, all other outside isms of faith, touching our religious or political proclivities, are respected alike.

When Masons, as brothers, have withdrawn from the strife and turmoils of the world, and are closeted secretly from the influences of prejudice and selfishness, they unite to hush all human tempests and check all party discord.

The sectionalisms of the world, and the imaginary boundary lines of nationality, are overleaped, and men of all climes, with all their diversified opinions, meet upon the level, and in harmony respond *in God we put our trust.*

When we measure and correctly estimate Masonry, we find a broad platform, one which will, in some good degree, respond to the better and nobler feelings of humanity; one upon which all well-disposed men, men of large hearts and generous souls, who have a desire to be governed by correct motives, and who cherish virtue and honor, will meet and cultivate an equality. They will determine upon having a brotherhood purged from evil, notwithstanding the many diverging lines of sects and parties.

While the trust of Masons is in God, no true Christian should become an enemy to the Order. For this trust, when cultivated and fostered by the teachings of the Craft, will direct the footsteps of every member to the Divine throne. It is this trust that the world needs, and it is needed in a greater light than when taught by the self-righteous bigot; for when we are led by such blind guides, we are likely to lose all trust and confidence in God.

The best and most effectual guide that man can have, is that system which has the broadest plan for the amelioration of suffering and short-sighted humanity. It will point the lone traveler across the desert waste of time, to the high eminence where reigns eternal love, truth, wisdom, and God can be seen and enjoyed.

MASONIC MEASURE.

WE all know that mason's work is measured by the perch, yard or foot. A little reflection will teach the merest novice that such work is well done, or otherwise, accordingly as it is solid or compact, and well bound together by a sufficient cement, and a scientific construction. Of course, as in every other trade, there are also good and incompetent workmen.

Now, as "charity thinketh no evil," and as we all are brethren, so a mason is bound to make the largest allowance for any apparent error in the work of a brother. This is a most difficult task to learn, and

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yet more difficult lesson to practice. We are all too apt to measure other men's wheat by our own bushel, and estimate them accordingly. A man of narrow, contracted views and feelings, is very apt to make just as narrow an estimate of his brother's work. Some men are so constituted that they can not do ample justice to the fullness of a brother's heart, and can not give him credit for what he is really entitled to. His best acts are in this way attributed to the most unworthy motives; he is treated accordingly, and thus is laid the groundwork for a long and bitter quarrel.

The true mason, however, is taught to pursue a very different course. He knows, practically, that the cement in building a wall sometimes is made to cover some very imperfect work. It may occasionally be necessary or expedient to use very small stones, but if these be well covered and cemented together, the wall in this part will be as good and strong as in any other. Just so, in spreading the cement of love over the shortcoming or poor work of a brother. It will cover a multitude of sins. It will make an erring brother precious in our sight, and well deserving our best care. In this way we are taught to be charitable, to our brethren first, and then to the world.

Therefore, when we measure a brother's work, let us do according to just rule. Let us make allowances where they are necessary, and estimate according to what is intended. A proper degree of charity is not incompatible with strict justice, and will redound to the good of all concerned.

S. Ashton.

THE MYSTIC STAR.

Four years ago we became connected with the interests of this journal. We enjoyed the co-labors of our worthy brother *Chaplin* one year, when we took the whole charge of it. We have worked hard, early and late, and our energies have been directed to produce a work at least acceptable. And we believe we have been as successful as others who have embarked in a like enterprise.

The business and editorial management of The Star will be in hands of Bro. J. S. Hanna & Co., at the commencement of the coming year. We shall work for its prosperity and triumph as we ever have; but the labor will be more divided, and what each one does can be more perfectly finished.

We sincerely thank our many good brothers that have stood by The Star, and cheered us by their contributions and "material aid." Some few there are who, from carelessness or necessity, have not remembered us by remitting our dues, but we are happy to say their name is not legion.

The Star will have new managers at the helm, yet we trust it will lose none of its interest or usefulness. Therefore we ask all of our patrons to continue their former support, and help us to make it a still brighter Star than it ever has been. Long may its glad ray cheer and enlighten the pathway of many Masonic pilgrims.

We express our thanks to the editorial corps of Masonic journals for the kind words of encouragement we have so many times and oft received from them.

GUARDING THE TEMPLE.

It occurs quite frequently that an imaginary wrong finds a lodgment in a selfish mind. And to remove this fancied injury, an unscrupulous grasper hesitates not to reach forth his hand, for that which is not his own, and eat the bread of others for naught. Such will try to make it appear that they are great sufferers, and complain if any obstacles are thrown in their way, to prevent them from accomplishing their ends.

Such men exist, and it behooves every true mason to carefully guard the entrance into the temple. In selecting the material for the masonic edifice, great care and wisdom should be manifested, and put none into the walls but such as will add strength.

In operative Masonry, the Master Workman is careful upon this one thing. And those who are the custodians of the speculative system should not be less vigilant, in erecting the grand superstructure

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of the moral and intellectual temple. There is no use or place for a selfish, unprincipled man in masonry. A bigot, a fanatic or a hypocrite can be of no use in building up the walls of the speculative art.

Men who are chosen for masonry, represent blocks of stone taken from the quarry, and to be safe, useful and lasting, must be firm and free from blemish; so, in selecting men for this moral temple, we must have an ashler that can be squared and fitted for some place in the work. It will be a useless task to work upon material where no square can be found. Time will be lost, and the work prove worthless.

As the operative art is designed to erect for us comfortable dwellings, to shield us from the inclemency of the weather, and protect us from the cold and storms, so it is with the speculative or symbolic art. It inculcates and instills in the mind and soul of the mason, who is true to her teachings, principles which will shield him from every storm of evil and ruin, that may sweep like a tempest over the land, corrupting the unguarded, and destroying the unprotected.

How essential then to guard our masonic temple! To be vigilant watchmen at the door! This is manifestly necessary in selecting those who may enter the door of the temple. It is equally as necessary for each one to guard his own mind and soul; and let no impure desires, corrupt principles or unworthy motives gain a residence in the heart. Let each one do his duty, in all these respects, and *wisdom*, *strength* and *beauty* will adorn the masonic temple, and crown our labor with a triumphant victory.

A CHARACTERISTIC FEATURE OF MASONRY.

MASONRY presents itself to the world, made up of truths, and great principles; and when presented to a reflective mind that drinks in those truths and principles, she stamps her own peculiar feature upon that mind. Masonry being a system illustrated by emblems and designs, she transfers her indivisible character upon a heart prepared, in such a manner as not to be mistaken for any thing unreal, or counterfeit. If an individual looks upon masonry as being some bogus institution, it is good evidence that he is unprepared for those sublime truths she teaches.

The most charming feature found in freemasonry is unity. We find her one and the same all over this broad earth, wherever her footprints are found. It can make no difference where her peaceful banner is unfurled, or her loyal standard is planted. The same benign principles are taught, and the same effect produced, the world over. Upon her banner,—although invisible to the profane—is inscribed "*Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth.*" By her the same ends are sought; the same identical language is spoken, and understood by the craft, among all nations, in every clime

In harmony, in beauty and sublime grandeur, she presents a system of morals, well defined, and calculated to smoothe the rugged paths of human life. She being so near perfect in all of her designs, no change in her nature or character can be offered, or adopted. Whenever and wherever a change has been presented, she has become depreciated, in exact proportion to the change introduced.

As a perfect system, masonry is like gold;—fine gold, it can not be made more valuable by adding a portion of some metal not worth one-tenth as much as the gold. By making it legal, we may pass it. But the real intrinsic value is not there. Why? From the fact it is not all gold.

So with masonry. In its beginning it was a clear system of truth, uneclipsed by any white-washed or polished falsehood. Truth, then, ever was, ever has been, and ever must be an attribute of the divine mind, for it is unchangeable and permanent. What was truth, must ever be the same.

So with masonry, as a system with her moral ethics. The whole superstructure is based upon such principles as are connected with the eternal upholding of truth, sustained by evidence, not subject to impeachment.

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The unity, the harmony, the principles, and the truthfulness of masonry, must remain as firm as the eternal pillars of the universe, and as permanent as God and his throne, before whom every mason should bow in humble reverence.

Just as long as masonry is erected upon the system of truth, it must remain, and no power can destroy it. Let every true mason remember that truth is none the less a truth, if all believe and foster a falsehood. Masonry being founded upon the principles of justice, love and goodwill to men, it can never be changed to be any thing else, even if the whole world should secede, and declare it false. All of those noble principles would remain unalterably fixed the same.

The Blanchardites, the Finneyites, and all the deliberations of the anti-masonic convention the world over, with the bulls of the Pope to assist them, can not effect any thing, or contribute one iota to the downfall of masonry, or even injure it in the least.

The only way their opposition can affect freemasonry, will be to assist in removing some of the superfluous corners of some of the ashlars, that masonry has undertaken to square, and prepare for her temple; or disclose the rotten hearts of others, which are unfit for her edifice. And for this work every true-hearted mason will thank them. We will not thank them for their evil intentions; any more than our ancient brother Joseph thanked his brethren for their evil designs, and wickedness of heart. But we do,—as he did,—thank God for overruling the evil, and turning it to good account, in developing the power of truth, and the usefulness and utility of masonry in human society.

In the hands of an Infinite Ruler, they are instruments for good, notwithstanding the vileness of their hearts. Every demonstration of this nature causes the Order to watch the door more vigilantly. The inquiry will be more carefully made whether there has been a true preparation of heart, or whether it is a mere idle curiosity, that prompts the neophite to knock at the door of the masonic temple.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RACINE, WIS., Dec. 4th, 1868.

DEAR MYSTIC STAR: Having promised you a few lines in reference to our "great brotherhood," I think I may as well begin with the "Belle City of the Lakes."

Your correspondent had the pleasure of visiting Racine Commandery, No. 7, Knights Templar, on the occasion of their annual election of officers, Dec. 2nd, 1868. He was received with that courtesy for which the Sir Knights of Racine are so justly celebrated, and passed a very pleasant evening with them.

Masonry seems to be in a very flourishing condition here. The various Masonic bodies are as follows:

"Racine Lodge, No. 18," with 140 members; "Belle City Lodge, No. 92," with a membership of 80; "Orient Chapter, No. 12," 60 members. "Racine Council, No. 6," 30 members; and "Racine Commandery, No. 7," with a membership of 50 Sir Knights.

The Masonic Hall here is one of the largest in the State, being 45 by 95 feet, with large and convenient anterooms, banquet hall, etc., etc., well furnished with all the paraphernalia for conferring the various degrees in due and ancient form.

The members of the Fraternity here seem actuated by very kindly feelings toward each other, and are not unmindful of the stranger that is within their gates.

The following are the officers elect in the Commandery for the ensuing Masonic Year:

NATHANIEL BAILIE, E. C.
STEPHEN BULL, Gen'l.
ROBERT H. BAKER, Capt. Gen'l.
JOHN ELKINS, Treasurer.
S. C. YOUT. Recorder.

May their happiness increase with their years, and their shadows never grow less.

Courteously yours,

ST. BERNARD.

AS NO day is without clouds, so no fortune is without some shadow.

MANY a person who talks of laying down his life, had much better elevate it.

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